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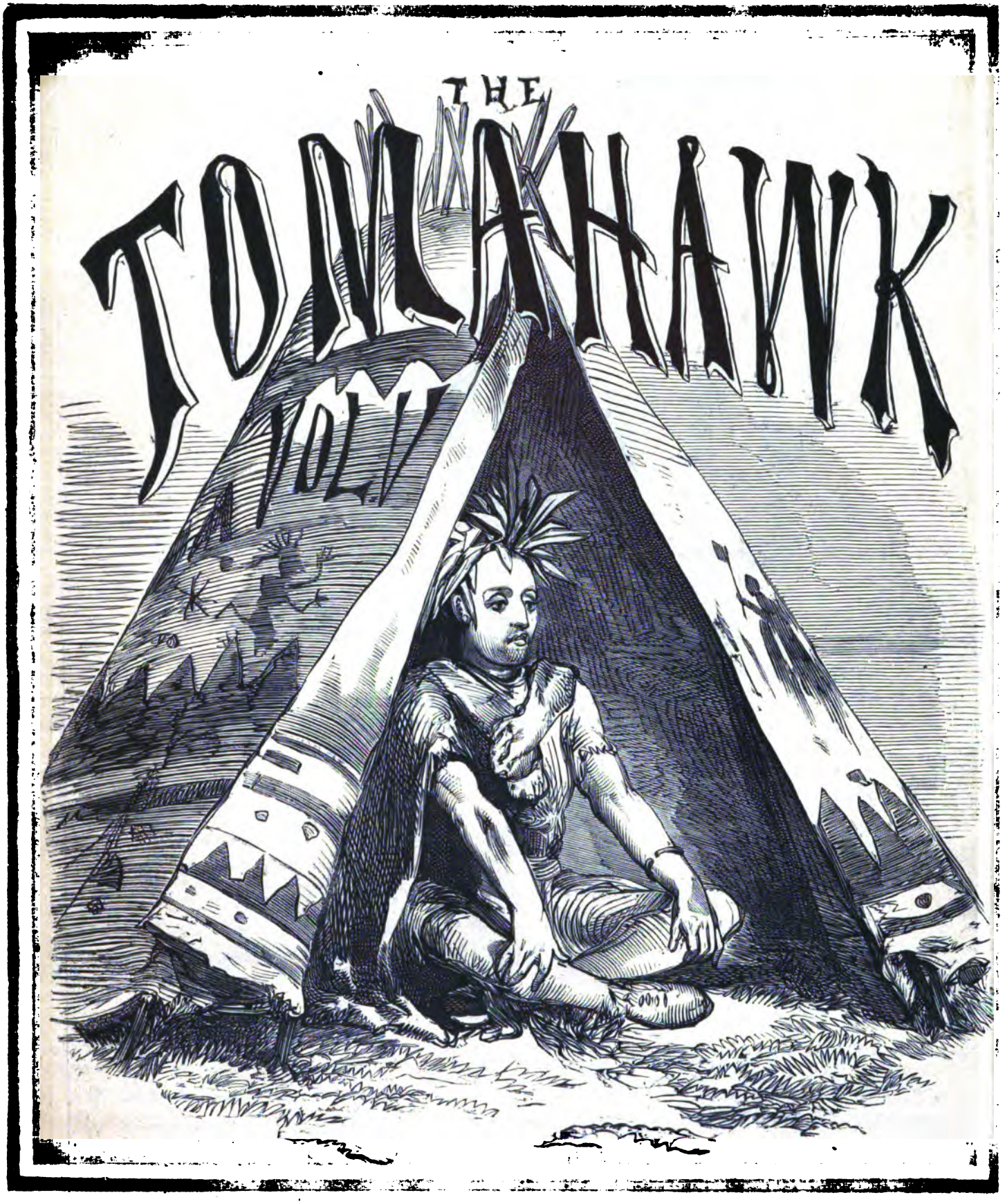
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918



LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.
1869.

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FROM
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1918

LONDON:
M'GOWAN AND CO., STEAM PRINTERS,
16 GREAT WINDMILL STREET.

FROM his Wigwam TOMAHAWK regards the World. TOMAHAWK the elder—the man of many Volumes—Volumes Five in Number—full of Wisdom, Mirth, and Gladness.

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK sees the wicked fat and prosperous, very fat and rather prosperous—full of gold and having plenty; men of straw and made of humbug—men who very often spoil the widow, spoil the widow, rob the orphan. Prating oft of largish fortunes made by specs both safe and swifty, specs that yield a noble income—specs that yet bring nought but ruin.

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK sees a City fine and mighty, full of houses made of beauty, a river clean and lovely, a bridge of fine proportions—proportions grand and useful, a bridge quite new this very summer, new and better than the other—Blackfriars is its name. And he sees a spanning highway crossing o'er a tide of traffic, traffic very full and crowded, crowded and inconvenient, and in Holborn is it found. And he sees another highway which is close unto a palace, a house oft called the Mansion, where lives the great Lord Mayor. But the highway is quite spoilèd, spoilèd and made quite useless, by a block of ugly houses, houses most impeding, impeding not convenient, making the road so narrow, so narrow and so noxious, to merchants whose time work is valued as it were golden, whose moments are most precious, filling them with sorrow, with sorrow and yet with anger at minutes often wasted in the Poultry's narrow

road. And TOMAHAWK has said so, a score of times most truly, and yet repeats, yes, once more, "THE POULTRY MUST COME DOWN!"

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK looks at the World abroad with its troubles and its Councils its rumours and its murmurings. With its Rocheforts sharp and bitter, bitter, false, and Godless, With its France harbouring treason, and its Egypt caving under. And he thinks, "Oh my dear my darling England, my loved and only true land, how blessed art thou in this time, when all are near to war!" And he plucks the red red berry, and waves the branch of green leaves, the leaves called Mistletoe, the emblems of peace to all men, and love, and home goodwill.

And he smokes the fragrant Peace Pipe, and he loves the coming new year, and he holds the hand of friendship, to those whose hearts are wounded, wounded in the heat of battle, wounded with his sword of goosequill. Asking them to smoke the Peace Pipe as the Christmas bells are ringing in the cold but cheery night air, bells that tell of joy and gladness, bells that call us all together, telling us that we are brothers, brothers all in one religion. And he greets both foes and kinsmen, wishing them all sorts of goodness, wishing them

A Merry Christmas.

Wishing all a Happy New Year—happy, happy, very happy,

Wishing Them a Glad New Year!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 113.] *LONDON, JULY 3, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

GAMBLERS AND THE LAW.

The subject of our Cartoon this week is one that will suggest very serious thoughts to those who are capable of such a mental exercise. The glaring inequality of the laws against gambling, if not in intention, at least in the practical working of them, must have caused those, who know of what importance it is to maintain respect for the law, very grave anxiety. Our picture is no exaggeration; the publican who allows card-playing for money in his house is easily indicted and punished; the man who attempts to win money by his skill at cards in the public ways can be summarily arrested as a rogue and vagabond; but the so-called Club, where night after night hundreds and thousands change hands over the whist table, where the foolish inexperienced youth buys wisdom and experience, too often at the price of his whole fortune, if he buys it at all, where the ruin of a whole family is an easy night's work,—this private gambling house is, if not countenanced by the law, entirely out of its jurisdiction. It is the same with betting; while small commission agents and shopkeepers with sporting propensities are vigorously seized by the police, and the "hossy" clerk, who has risked his five pounds, is in person impounded without mercy, the grand Betting Rooms of the Club, where tens of thousands are risked by men with not so many hundreds, where the flower of the highborn youth of England is engaged in hopelessly impoverishing, not its own fortunes only, but those of all dear to them; where Dukes, and Marquises, and young owners of half a county, are recklessly squandering the wealth which should diffuse comfort and happiness around them,—there no officer of the law dare intrude; there, unchecked, the fearful mania of gambling works ruin and misery to thousands, and while the poorer and humbler imitators of these privileged persons are fined and imprisoned, the titled fools and the rogues that prey on them laugh all authority to scorn.

We do not shut our eyes to the great difficulties which beset this question. Supposing that a law were passed which limited the stakes and bets at cards or on racing, there are a thousand ways of evading the law. To give the police the right of entry into the Clubs would be a monstrous violation of personal liberty to which the upper classes would never submit. All that the law can do seems to have been done; but the very act of rendering gambling debts irrecoverable at law has only had this effect, that a man will make any sacrifice to pay a gambling debt; and, not only that, but the necessity of paying immediately drives the loser into the hands of those who avail themselves of the pressing nature o the debt to extort the most exorbitant interest. Hence arise the terrible mischief of gambling; in the first case, the trans action being an illegal one, a false feeling of honour binds al gamblers to pay their losings at cards, or on the turf, before the pay any of their legal debts; a man who thinks nothing o keeping a tradesman waiting years for his money, and of puttin him off with false promises from day to day, would sooner com mit suicide, almost, than be a defaulter in the Club, or at Tatter sall's. All losses at cards have to be paid the next day, all bet on the next Monday after the day of the race. Say a ma worth £10,000 a-year, which is invested in good securities, lose to the extent of £15,000; his capital, at five per cent. would b £200,000; so that it may be said that he can well afford to los £15,000 if he is foolish enough to do so. But persons wit £10,000 a-year have generally a yearly expenditure of at leas £8,000 a-year, so that they are not likely to have more avail able capital than £5,000, if they have that. £10,000 has to b raised between Friday night and Monday morning, in the cas of racing debts, or, if lost at the card table, in twenty-four hours Can this be done without considerable sacrifice, or havin resort to usurers? And is not the withdrawal of such a sun an injury to the money market, which, if repeated, must becom serious? The money lost in gambling is no gain to the com munity at large. It changes hands too quickly, and no gamble who risks the enormous sums now-a-days risked at race meetings is able to invest his winnings for any time, however great the be. For it is the very nature of his business, that being entirel illegitimate and not recognized by the law, he can have no asset but the money absolutely in his bank; no "good debts" ca exist in such a profession, for were he to die to-morrow, his heir and executors cannot recover a farthing of the money owing to hin at law. They have nothing but the honour of the debtors to rel upon; and, however far that may be strained, it is not such valuable commodity that it can be changed into gold or bank note at a moment's notice. The mere spendthrift is a fool, and ver often a rogue; but the money he squanders in extravagance at leas goes into the pockets of legitimate traders, for the most part the mere gambler's goes into the pockets of others who ma lose it all the next week to others who, in their turn, may los it the next; so that a large amount of capital is practicall withdrawn from the resources of the country.

It may be said that betting-men and other gamblers must live True; but they live generally on credit, and, for the most part they are obliged to keep all their ready money to meet thei gaming liabilities; and if they "go smash," the tradesman i

the greatest loser: every penny that can be screwed out of their estate has gone to the Ring and to the usurers.

The meaning of this long disquisition on the financial aspect of the question is, that herein lies the ground on which the Government of the country has a right to interfere with the mad excesses of gamblers. It is not an injury to themselves only, or to their helpless wives and children, that these villains do: it is an injury to the State; and on that ground we most decidedly advocate the interference of the law with madmen whose insanity takes the form of squandering their wealth, and their good name, in card-playing and horse-racing; with the rogues, whose roguery takes the form of inciting young men to this madness, of encouraging them in it, and of giving them means of continuing it.

We do not consider interference with individual liberty a desirable thing, but here it is decidedly necessary; and we trust that a law will soon be passed similar to that which exists in some of the American States, whereby the authorities or next of kin are able to intervene in cases of reckless extravagance, and secure the property of the young fool from the depredations which he, and rogues, are making on it.

As to the immunity of Clubs,—that is a more difficult question; but we would like to ask, if any Club were to set up an opposition to the night-houses, whether the police could not interfere? On the grounds of common sense and justice, they ought to be able to interfere with these private gambling-hells which now exist openly in our midst, and defy alike the law and decency.

To appeal to the good sense of the aristocracy themselves to set their faces against a monster which is mainly of their own creation, and by whose devastating hand many of their most wealthy and high-born members are daily falling, is, we fear, useless. The co-operative principle has been much developed lately; but it never has, and, we fear, never will, be employed in this Christian country as an agent in the cause of morality; as a means of fighting against those gigantic evils which, bred and fostered by the internal corruption of society, are, we trust, gradually eating away that fabric; for on its ruins there will be erected some institution under which the simple and pure principles of right and wrong will be honestly recognized and practised.

CHRISTO IN PAUPERIBUS.

We wish to direct the attention of those very confident Englishmen, who devoutly believe that this is a blessed land, flowing with milk and honey, to the following fact. Last week an old man, described in the police report as "over seventy years of age," was brought up before one of the metropolitan magistrates on a charge of begging. It was elicited from him in the course of examination that he had for some time been an inmate of a workhouse, but that being too old to labour, and yet brutally forced to do so, he had changed such shelter and food as the humane institution afforded him for the streets. When recommended by the magistrate to again resort to the union for support, the "prisoner" replied, that sooner than undergo the savage bullying he had met with while a recipient of parochial charity, he would rather die. The magistrate, after rebuking him properly for being in great misery and distress, sent him to prison for seven days, as a punishment for attempting their illegal alleviation. So the case ended, and we suppose, very possibly, that the public will never hear anything of it again.

Now, we would like to ask the smug, self-righteous, goody-goody people, who are always canting about our sole prerogative to the title of "God's people upon earth," what they have to say to a state of society that interprets the Gospel in this fashion? Of course, practical men will meet the comment by urging that the old man had relief at hand if he chose to apply for it, and that when so much poverty is about it becomes a mere refinement of sentimentalism to cavil at an occasional case of this sort.

Our only reply is, that as long as such a case is possible, we have literally no charity whatever in our midst. What would not have been said by manly and generous Englishmen, as represented by a penny, or even a threepenny press, had this particular begging case been disposed of in a similar fashion in Spain or France? Indeed, the whole thing reads like an account of some Pagan savagery. We might go through the details, names and places being changed, and expect to see them headed "Barbarous Method of Treating the Aged Poor in China." At least, we ought scarcely to recognise them as affording the materials for a common every-day story in the first and "most Christian country" in the world! But what *is* the use of words? Over and over again have we pointed out the one great significant fact of England's brutality to her poor,—but without the slightest stir of a result in any quarter whatsoever. We may persuade ourselves we are a righteous people—we may preach it from the pulpit till we are hoarse—but we shall not be able to prove as much to our neighbours, who watch us, and weigh us not by what we boast but by what we *do*. Continental Europe may not be without her faults, but we question whether anywhere has she sunk to our miserable level in this matter of treatment of the poor. Things might be better on the other side of the water, but as yet they have not reached the last height of civilization. They do not send men of seventy to prison because they are too old to work!

VERBUM SAPIENTI

FRIEND John, I have observed you much of late.
Come closer, for methinks thine ear is deaf
To any words of wisdom but thine own.
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, take for glass
The steel of TOMAHAWK'S well-polished blade,
And in that mirror stoop to read yourself,
Not as yourself would paint the picture, but
In your true habit as you live and are.

Why, friend, *you* would outshine all other stars
And dim the sky of politics (as seen
Through glasses focussed to the owner's sight)
To the faint twinkle of a farthing dip,
When *you*, the central sun, art pleased to shine!
You speak, the world must listen to *your* voice:
Big threats, and over-hasty sentences
Of statesmanlike intolerance may flow
In wild profusion from *your* honeyed tongue;
Yet all the world must cheer *your* utterance
And vow t'was Innocence that drove your pen!
(A *magnum bonum you* would call it, friend,
Though born of goose's wing.) *Your* sounding brass
Needs more than "*childish tinkering*." *You*, John Bull,
Are licensed to run riot as you please
Within the china shop of prejudice;
The crock'ry of good taste may smash at will,
Or pound the plate glass of propriety
Beneath the cloven foot of arrogance,
As is *your* noble nature! Like old Jove,
Throned on th' Olympus of your self-esteem,
You frown, and th' Upper House must grin, and bear
Their sad hereditary lack of brains,
And smoothe their ruffled ermine at your nod!—

Lik'st thou the picture? Wer't thy first offence,
This blowing off objectionable steam
We well might pardon thee. But have a care:
Err not a third time, lest thou fall, and find
No hand to set thee on thy legs again.
"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this!"

NEW VULGARISM.—"Tite as a knight" will be used in future instead of "drunk as a lord," in commemoration of the recent honour paid to the Member for Bath.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

THE Council of the Royal Dramatic College appears to have wisely decided that there shall be no Fancy Fair at the Crystal Palace this year, as the usual entertainment, which was last year quite a failure, has not been advertised, and we suppose that the Royal Dramatic College Benefit which took place at Drury Lane Theatre at the commencement of last week, is to be considered a substitute for the fête and revels at Sydenham. As showing a concourse of actors the bill of fare at Drury Lane may perhaps to some have proved attractive, but it is impossible to conceive how people, possessing average intelligence, can find any pleasure in witnessing half-a-dozen or more fragments of second and third rate plays put on the stage and acted in an ungenuine and slovenly manner. If the Dramatic College benefits are really to be made attractive, we would advise the authorities of the institution to provide more substantial entertainments for their patrons, such, for instance, as a complete performance of the *Rivals*, or *The School for Scandal*, which, with the histrionic resources at their command, could easily be arranged. At all events, even if the "amusements" are to be given piecemeal, there is no occasion to advertise accepted failures such as one, if not more, of the plays given on Monday week, by allowing them to creep their way into the programme.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IT is not our custom to insert letters addressed to us; indeed, from the many thousand communications received in the course of each week, it would be invidious, not to say impossible, to select those best worthy of publication; so, as a rule, we consign them, one and all, to our Mammoth waste-paper basket. As, however, we have recently been literally inundated with bushels of appeals from all classes of the public on the subject of the atrocious conduct of the metropolitan water-carts, we, for once, depart from our principle, and publish three of the 9,821 letters sent us on this momentous question.

(LETTER No. 19.)

Belgrave Square, Friday.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Why are you silent when (I enclose my photograph) ladies—I mean young ladies—are in the case? Those horrid water-carts are worse than ever. They water every crossing three times over, and we poor girls who wear those pretty new shoes with satin rosettes (see photograph) get them spoilt every time we go out of doors. Why, I actually got *up to my heels* in a pool of muddy water one of the finest days last week in crossing over to play croquet in our square. It's not the least use thinking of saying anything to the water-cart men, for my friend, Bella, once asked one of them not to water the crossing, when he said something so *dreadful* that *I couldn't get Bella to tell me what it was.* Do, TOMAHAWK, dear, have pity on us, and speak to Mr. Gladstone, or some sort of person like that, about it. Yours affectionately,

EMILY.

P.S. Could you not get some of the horrid men put in prison? I know Sir Thomas Henry, and he is *such* a nice man. I'm sure he would do it to oblige me.

(LETTER No. 1061.)

25th June, South Kensington.

A ratepayer presents his compliments to TOMAHAWK, and begs to inform him that he pays 1¼d. in the pound for street watering. This he does not consider includes watering the crossings, nor does he think it absolutely necessary to souce the streets with an extra supply of water on rainy afternoons. A ratepayer has spoken to the police, written to the vestry, petitioned the Board of Works, and memorialized the House of Commons, but, failing redress, he now addresses the highest tribunal of the realm, and summons TOMAHAWK to his aid.

(LETTER No. 7499.)

Scotland Yard.

SIR,—Wot's the use of reporting of them water-carts for watering the crossings when the inspector says, says he, "It's all bosh;" but I know better, and I says it's agin the law. Numbers as is the ladies, young and old, who have spoke to me about 'em; but I never says nothing now, for last time I said to one of these water-carters who was a-standing alongside the pavement, "Now, move on, my man, and let the crossing dry," he pulls the string, a-watering of my legs, and goes down the street a-covering all the crossings with floods of water, before my very eyes. So I have wrote to you, sir, who, I'm sure, will see that the law is righted.

Your obedient servant,

POLICEMAN A A 1 1.

If further excuse were needed for putting the above letters into type, we might plead the remarkable fact of the public and police being for once of one mind on any subject; but beyond this, the nuisance of wet streets in all weathers is really becoming unbearable, and the time has arrived for some action being taken in the matter.

A HORSE MARINE.

IT is at length officially announced that Mr. Lushington has accepted the appointment of Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty recently held by Mr. Romaine. It is not often that places as good as this go begging, and the delay that has occurred in appointing Mr. Romaine's successor is now satisfactorily explained—for it appears, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that prior to the departure of Colonel Clarke in his mission to Jabde, Mr. Childers felt himself justified in offering to this officer the vacant post. It seems, however, that the offer was declined on the plea that its acceptance would have involved the necessity of Colonel Clarke abandoning the further pursuit of his profession.

Mr. Childers really seems bent on rendering his administration at Whitehall in every respect remarkable. After having originated more grievances than half-a-dozen of his successors will have time to redress, he now ignores all claims of the Navy for civil employment at head-quarters, and by selecting Colonel Clarke to be Mr. Romaine's successor, not only picks out a gentleman of all others, who, as a military man, can have no knowledge of the duties of the place, but gives mortal offence to every officer of the service he has the honour to control. If this is retrenchment and reform, the sooner Ministers practise extravagance and conservatism, the better.

"OUT OF EVIL COMETH GOOD."

AS this is the height of the London Season, and the period usually chosen by country cousins for a "fortnight in town," it may be useful to many of our readers afflicted with such visitors, to be in possession of the following programme, which, provided the weather continues as hot as it has recently been, can never fail in reducing the originally proposed two weeks to a period of two days:—

FIRST DAY.

Morning.—From South Kensington to Baker Street and back by the Underground Railway (1st class) for shopping in Oxford Street.

Afternoon.—A chair in the newly-formed walk, by the carriage drive (no shade), in Hyde Park from 4.30 to 6.

Evening.—A visit to the Opera in the Amphitheatre Stalls; the back rows, which are above the level of the chandelier, are preferable. The opera chosen should be *Guglielmo Tell* or *Les Huguenots.*

SECOND DAY.

Morning.—A visit to the Royal Academy.

Afternoon.—A concert at the Crystal Palace.

Evening.—An "evening party" in any small house at Bayswater or Brompton, provided the invitations sent out are not less than 150.

If the above entertainments are carefully administered, on the morning of the third day the visitor will usually fail to appear at breakfast, and start for home *vid* Euston Square, King's Cross, or Paddington Station, as the case may be, in the course of the afternoon.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for June.

Price 1*s.*

LONDON, JULY 3, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE plaintiff gained his cause in the libel case of Cadogan *versus* Piper. The defendant will lose nothing, because, of course, some one will have "to pay the Piper."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been reduced to a penny! Well, it was worth twopence—a few people (who had good reason for disliking it) said, even twopence-halfpenny!

LOYAUTE NA HONTE (Loyalty knows not shame) is the motto of the rather illustrious Duke of Newcastle. Well—looking at the recent proceedings at Carlton Terrace, we are bound to confess there is something in a motto after all!

POOR Dr. Thom will have to bear the expense of the Overend, Gurney, and Co. prosecution. He should not be surprised—one cannot touch a joint-stock company without finding it nothing but (as the French would say) *chère* (share?)

THE senior Member for Bath must literally have been getting himself into hot water. They are going to make a knight of him! *Plaisanterie* apart, what has unfortunate Mr. Tite ever done that he should be consigned to that ridiculous limbo of ex-Lord Mayors, tradesmen, and Colonial grandees,—the knightage of England?

THE uniform of the English army is to be changed—soldiers in future are to wear the "Norfolk jacket," instead of the "Regulation tunic." We understand that H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has ordered the new garment to be made of the plainest and simplest materials, on the score that Shakespeare, "or one of those fellows," observed in his lifetime "Jacket of Norfolk, be not so bold." We are delighted to find H.R.H. so "well up" in his "British Poets."

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

EVERYONE will be glad to hear that Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, is to be maintained *en permanence* at Portsmouth; but we think that the Admiralty Circular just issued with regard to the men who are to hold the ship is framed in somewhat of a sentimental spirit. Orders have been issued that men from each of the light infantry divisions of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, together with a proportion of gunners from the Royal Marine Artillery, shall be selected for service on board the ship with the following qualifications:—

"The men selected to have three years time to complete for pension, to have the largest number of good conduct badges that is granted, and, if practicable, to have been distinguished in active service."

Far be it from us to suggest that a short visit of a few hours' duration, on the payment of a small fee, is not sufficient to surfeit the most enthusiastic marine with the good ship *Victory;* but we really think that three years' service on board a very old and inconvenient hulk in Portsmouth Harbour is scarcely the recompense for good conduct which old and tried soldiers might expect. We shall be sorry to see the *Victory* turned into a convict prison, but if this must be the case, it would be fairer that its prisoners should have done something to merit their incarceration.

THE BAGSMAN ABROAD.

NO one can accuse the French Government of extravagance in its administration. The most expensive department of the State in France, as it is here, is the Foreign Office, and even there retrenchment is the order of the day. It is now announced by the *Journal Officiel* that the Foreign Office messengers are to be abolished, and their duties are in future to be performed by the various railway companies of the Empire. In France, however, a Foreign Office messenger is an overworked veteran, with a small salary, occupying a position something better than a *gendarme*, and something worse than an ordinary courier, and with nothing whatever in common with our extravagantly-remunerated British Queen's messenger, who does a quarter the work for four times the pay of his fellow-craftsman across the Channel. If, then, there is room for retrenchment in the messenger staff of the French Foreign Office, what a field for wholesale reductions must not there be in ours? We trust that the authorities at Whitehall may profit by the example set them, and that arrangements may be entered into under which the conveyance of despatches may be henceforth entrusted, not to gentlemen who have taken to railway travelling late in life, but to the less expensive, but none the less secure, capabilities of the Parcels Delivery Companies.

AN EXTRACT CAREFULLY TAKEN FROM "DE-BETT'S PEERAGE."

Newcastle, Duke of (*Pelham Clinton*).

HENRY PELHAM ALEXANDER PELHAM CLINTON, sixth duke. Born January 25th, 1834; succeeded his father in 1864; was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford; was M.P. for Newark 1857-9; is a Deputy-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire; late Lieutenant in the Sherwood Rangers; was appointed Grand Master of the Freemasons of Nottinghamshire, 1865; married 1861, and has issue, living, &c., &c. Did nothing particular in the House of Lords, but a good deal peculiar on the turf, 1864-69. Figured in the Bankruptcy Court June, 1869, in connection with various enormous claims upon his estate. Owed over £90,000 to a Mr. Padwick, and was further charged by a Mr. Robert Morris, of Carlton Chambers, Regent Street, of having borrowed, on a joint and promissory note with another peer, £10,000, at the soundly financial and ducal rate of thirty per cent. per annum.

SEAT—*Clumber, Worksop, Nottinghamshire.*

TOWN RESIDENCE *(at present optional).*

PATRON OF ELEVEN LIVINGS.—Shire Oak Chapel, &c., &c.

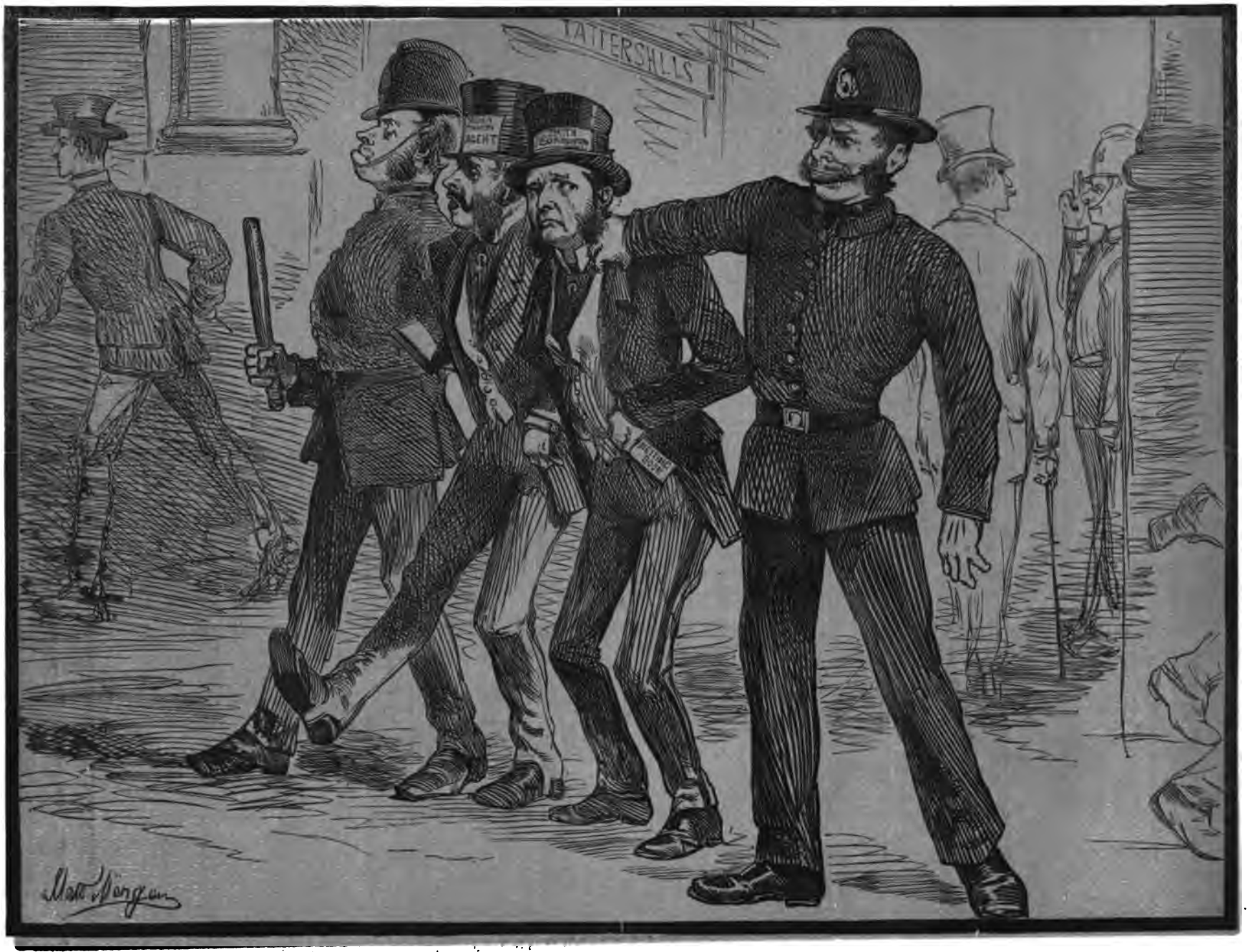
CREATIONS.—Earl of Lincoln, 1572. Duke of Newcastle, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, in the Peerage of Great Britain, 1756. The ancient baronies of Basinghall and Whitecross Street annexed, by process of civil law, 1869.

CREST (*Pelham*).—A peacock in pride, proper.

MOTTO.—*Loyalty knows not shame!*

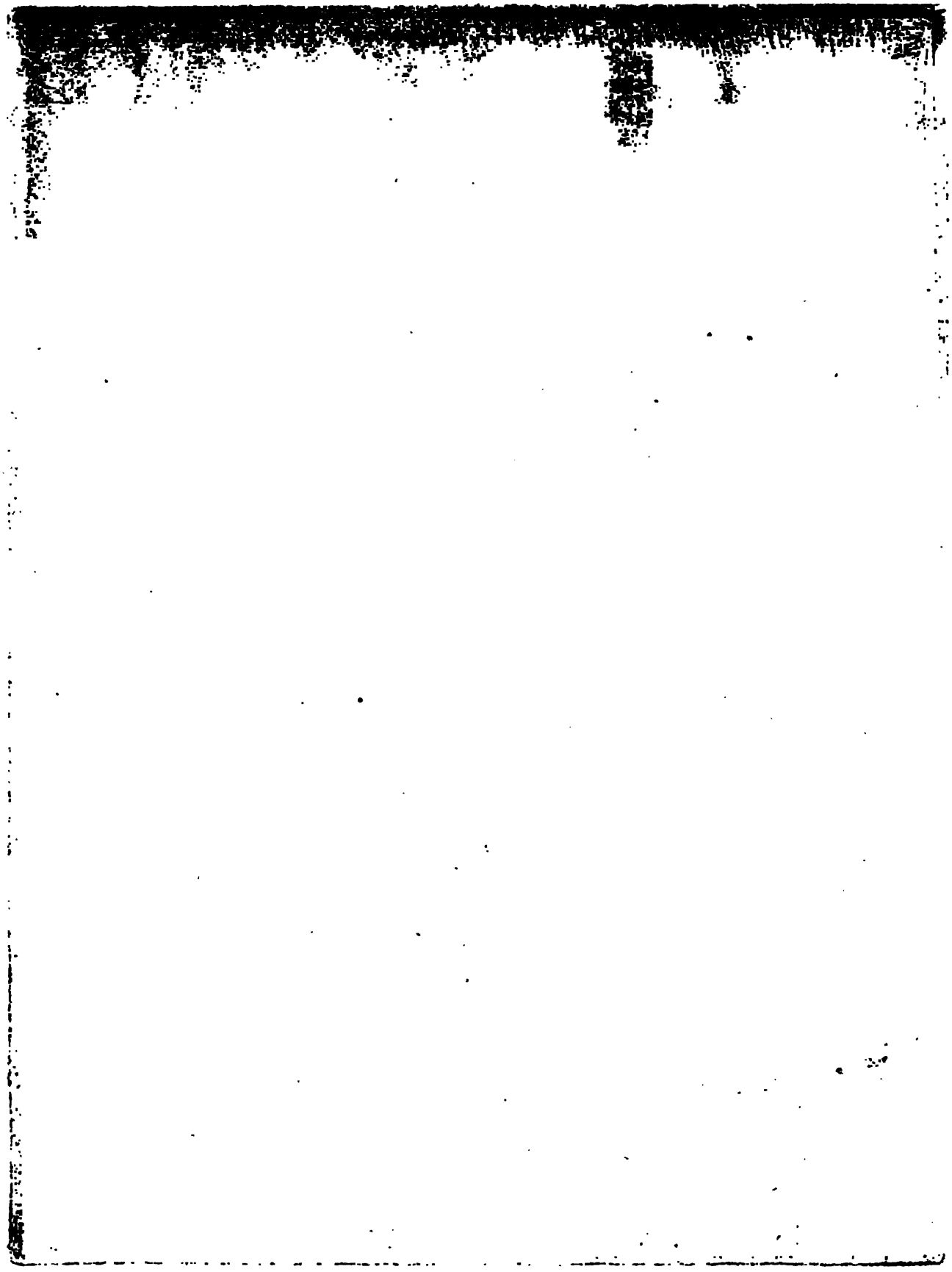
REAL CRIME.

SEE *THE POLICE REPORTS.*



MERE PLAY.

VIDE *THE VERDICT OF SOCIETY.*



"*MARY WARNER.*"

(A "NEW and original drama, by Tom Taylor, Esq." (*vide* the playbill), taken from William Gilbert's story of "Margaret Meadows, a Tale for the Pharisees," without (*very much* without) the author's permission).

TOMAHAWK has not read Mr. Gilbert's novel (which is said to be excellent by the best judges), but he *has* seen Mr. Taylor's piece at the Haymarket. From said piece TOMAHAWK will attempt to construct a story—bearing no great resemblance to *The Tale for the Pharisees*, of course, but sufficiently like here and there to the "new and original drama" at the Haymarket to be recognisable.

Chapter I.—At the Works.

The works of Dutton and Downes were peculiar. They consisted of a parlour furnished chiefly with cash-boxes and doors, and an apartment enclosing pasteboard wheels and painted wood cranks—neither wheels nor cranks being of the smallest use to anybody or anything. Dutton was fussy and obtrusive, and bore a strong resemblance to Mr. Clark (a comedian at the Haymarket, who seems to be the same man in every piece in which he appears), and Downes was remarkable for nothing but his wig, which had a false forehead attached to it. They were both on terms of easy familiarity with Tollit, a vulgar and uneducated sergeant of police. In their employ were two engineers—George Warner and Bob Levitt. George was fat, elderly, and honest. Levitt lean, young, and crafty. One of the many cash boxes left lying about the room was stolen, and suspicion pointed to Warner. Suspicion, as usual, was wrong!

Chapter II.—George Warner's Lodging.

"I am so glad to see you," angrily murmured Mrs. Warner, the wife of George, to Milly Rigg, a young girl who wore a blue dress with three flounces, to denote that she was going rapidly to the bad.

Mary Warner was a stern woman, with a harsh spasmodic voice, who looked as if her whole life were spent in committing murder, except the moments set apart for recreation and manslaughter. She scowled horribly at Milly as she made the above remark.

"You are very kind, but I had far sooner go to Cremorne with Bob Levitt," said Milly, with a shudder.

"Ha! ha ha! Cremorne! Listen to my cur-r-se!" She stopped short, and continued more calmly, "This is not *Leah*, and I must not cur-r-r-se—at least, as yet! Come (ha! ha! how I hate her! would that she were dead!), look at my baby, and get quickly (ha! ha! how I hate it! would that it were poison!) the pigeon pie! See (ha! ha! how I hate this mockery! would that I could scream with rage!), I wish to be genial."

Milly would have replied, but that Dutton, Downes, and Tollit broke into the room at this moment. They were immediately followed by Warner.

"What! ye break into my room!" cried the fat and elderly engineer, "why, con——"

"Stop!" shouted Mary Warner, "if bad language *is* to be used, let *me* cur-r-r-r-se them!"

"Who stole the money box?" asked Tollit.

"Why, I did!" replied Mary, with an awful yell.

"We thought so," said everybody; and she was carted off (cursing horribly the while) to prison. Quite right too.

Chapter III.—In Prison.

MARY WARNER soon got used to prison. There was one thing surprised her—her husband did not come to see her, but then it didn't surprise any one else. Not at all strange, but very true. However, one day the poor man made up his mind to visit his vixen of a wife.

"How are you, my dear?" said the fat and elderly engineer.

"Didn't I do a clever thing stealing that box?"

"Well, you know I can't quite say that, my dear—people have prejudices."

"Then you don't praise me!" she screamed, with her eyes starting out of her head.

"Hum! Well, I can't say *exactly* that I do!"

"Ingrate!" shouted his wife with a strong American accent. "May my cur-r-r-r-rse rest upon you for ever!"

And she used bad language for an hour and a half. It wasn't pretty of her.

Chapter IV.—The Westminster Police Court.

AFTER leaving his wife, Warner, the fat and elderly engineer, became very prosperous. He invented lots of things, among the rest a hat of peculiar construction, which he wore frequently about his own house, especially in the drawing-room. He became very rich, and indulged in costly luxuries, such as lounging about the purlieus of Westminster on winter nights, making friends of the metropolitan police magistrates, &c., &c. In fact, to quote the words of a certain duchess (one of his acquaintance), "he really was an awful 'and at going it." One night he was prowling, as usual, about the worst haunts in Westminster, when Milly Rigg accosted him and stole his watch. The police, of course, took up another woman in lieu of the real culprit—in fact, they arrested Mary Warner, who had served her time, and was now given to bad language more than ever. Mary had become so accustomed to swearing, that she even cursed and swore in her dreams!

Warner called upon Mr. Scriven, a stipendiary magistrate, and tried to bribe him to give a decision in his favour by asking him to dinner. The worthy magistrate jumped at the offer, and promised to do the best for him, and then the pair went into court. The moment Mr. Scriven appeared at his desk his demeanour changed; he no longer was a courtly gentleman, but turned into a buffoon, cutting jokes, and indulging in practical facetiæ.

"When is a door not a door?" asked the worthy magistrate, with an idiotic grin. "Now, you sar, do you gib it up? Golly, golly!"

"When it's a jar, your wash-up!" replied Sergeant Tollit, with a wink; and the answer was greeted with roars of laughter.

"Wash-up for worship, you know," said Mr. Scriven, turning to Warner, who was seated on the bench, "really, very good indeed."

Then the magistrate, looking round the court with a merry twinkle in his eye, saw an old woman coughing. He ordered her "to be carried out," and the waggish manœuvre was managed with yells of merriment.

"We now really *must* be serious," said Mr. Scriven, wiping his eyes—he had been laughing heartily—"what is that woman charged with?"

He pointed to Mary, who now filled the prisoner's dock.

"With accosting that gentleman," replied Tollit; "and it will accost her very dear" (roars of laughter).

"Accost for cost, you know," said Mr. Scriven to Warner, as before; "really, very quaint—very quaint indeed!" he continued in a louder tone;—"but there, a truce to wild waggery. What have you to say, woman?"

"——! ——!! ——!!!" was the startling reply.

"That voice!" cried Warner. "It is my wife!!!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed the magistrate; "well, really, that excuses everything. Set the poor woman free!"

Chapter V.—Warner's House.

A NUMBER of guests were assembled at Warner's waiting for dinner. They were in full evening dress, with the exception of Mr. Scrivin, who, being very hungry, was only in half-full evening dress. Suddenly a little girl of six years old bounded into the room and began to bore everybody. She said she had been sent by her father, who would soon arrive in the drawing-room.

"Very annoying," said Scrivin, "to have to wait. But see how extravagant Warner is. It is winter, and yet he has summer flowers in his conservatory, a limelight, and a pasteboard fountain!"

At this moment Warner hurried into the room in morning dress.

"My dear friends," he said, "I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that I feel rather bored."

"We have come to dinner," cried Mr. Scriven.

"I know you have," admitted Warner, "but there—I know you will go—now do, that's a dear!" There was no movement. "What! my words are useless. Know then, ye haughty ones, that the cook has always a policeman in readiness in the kitchen."

They went away murmuring, he defied them to the last, and the little girl was left alone. Not for long, though. Soon Mary crept into the room, and began to kiss her and cry over her.

"Is this the last act of *Leah?*" asked the little innocent.

"Very like it, darling, very like it," replied Mary, with a gurgling sob, and then she began to curse. Warner rushed in and clasped her to his portly breast.

"My love!" he cried. They kissed copiously, and then he said, "What has become of Bob Levitt and Milly Rigg?"

"The first stole the cash-box, and the second abstracted your watch. Cur-r-r-rse them!"

"Nay, loved one, was it not the consequence of going in blue flounces and velvet coats to Cremorne?"

"It was! Cur-r-r-r-r-r-rse Cre—"

"Nay, darling!" said Warner, looking into her black, black eyes, "Curse not Cremorne, for fear lest Mr. E. T. Smith (to whom the place belongs), should summon us. Yes, loved one, summon us for libel."

She swallowed her curse, it made her very ill, and she died in awful agonies!

THE END.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Shakespearana Genealogica. Compiled by GEORGE RUSSELL FRENCH. Macmillan and Co., 1869.

A most excellent work and a very useful one this, a fit companion to the best edition of Shakespeare (the Cambridge one), for it is the best, spite of its faults. This work is quite indispensable to the student of Shakespeare: it gives an account of the historical characters introduced, as well as some very probable speculations on the origin of some of the characters in "Hamlet," and some very interesting notes on Shakespeare's own family. This may read like an advertisement; but we beg to say we bought the book, have paid for it, and intend to keep it; therefore we have a right to praise it. If we may venture to add that we have made Shakespeare our most delightful and constant study, our praise may seem less presumptuous than it otherwise might, if not so impartial.

The Annals of our Time. By JOSEPH IRVING. London: Macmillan and Co.

Another most valuable book. Really, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., you have not perhaps the best magazine, but you certainly bring out some books which atone for your monthly cradle of "Tom Brown in Oxford" and "Realmah." The journalist owes to Mr. Irving a debt of gratitude which he will find it hard to pay. Fewer omissions and inaccuracies we never detected in any work of this class. By the aid of this book the writer may at once get a clear and correct account of any facts to which it refers, while it serves as an index to any file of newspapers which one may be happy enough to possess. Inaccuracy after the publication of this work is inexcusable in those who discuss the topics of the day. Compilers are like accompanyists—they get very little praise in return for a great deal of labour and judgment. Mr. Joseph Irving, accept our thanks and commendations, and, in the words of Arnold's first Latin Prose Book, "*Macte virtute esto*"—give us more "Annals."

Thoughts on Men and Things. By ANGELINA GUSHINGTON. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

To say that this little work was not readable would be to make a statement open to contradiction. There is a certain class of people always glad to devour all tattle relating to high church, parsons, croquet, bishops, and girls just out; but we think Miss Gushington has spun out her reflections to a somewhat overwhelming extent. In the Preface to her Third Edition, Miss Gushington declares:—

"Mamma will have it that I have injured my prospects by writing a book. She says it is universally admitted that every one who writes is either clever, or wishes to be thought clever."

We quite agree with mamma that Miss Gushington's prospects have been injured by rushing into print, although we cannot endorse her latter assertion. No one after reading *Thoughts on Men and Things* will either think the fair authoress clever, or do her the injustice to suppose that she expects to be thought so.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing a Library Edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle—the great philosopher—we cannot say the great historian. Spite of the wilful obscurities which encumber the gems of thought in his works, no one who loves truth and hates humbug but must delight in Carlyle's writings. As the third great expounder of German literature after Coleridge and De Quincey, all the educated portion of England owes him much; his noble simplicity of character, combined as it is with moral dignity and fearless unworldliness, must endear him to every heart. This is an edition which is worthy of the author—a remark which we cannot utter concerning an edition of Dickens, lately issued by the same firm.

TO THE RESCUE!

So the great Overend, Gurney, and Co. scandal is to come off in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Guildhall, before the Lord Chief Justice, on the 2nd proximo. This is a refreshing bit of news. Not so, however, is the following, which we take as it stands, from the columns of a reliable contemporary:—

"The prosecutor, Dr. Thom, applied a day or two since to the Home Office, that the Government would instruct counsel for the prosecution. This being declined, Dr. Thom said he should conduct the case in person, as he could not undertake the enormous cost which would be incurred if he instructed counsel. It is understood that the Lord Chief Justice refuses to allow Dr. Thom to appear, and the latter writes to the papers that he will be constrained, on the day of trial, to raise a preliminary question as to his duties and his rights, which may prove to be more important than even the main point at issue."

Now, does this, or does this not, amount to something more than a broad hint that the whole scandal is going to be hushed up? The course of a few days may possibly shed a more satisfactory light on the proceedings; yet still, while there is the remotest chance that the ends of justice in this notorious case may be defeated by the gross iniquities that clog up the administration of English law, no honest man ought to hold his peace. It is to the interest of every man of us—who may leave a widow or children to be cruelly ruined by some such concern as was Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co.'s—to come forward in aid of Dr. Thom. More, it is the absolute *duty* of every member of the community to do his best to assist him. Dr. Thom in this matter represents every Englishman who has a penny of which he may be robbed under the protection of outrageous legal fictions. Before these words are in print the idea may possibly have been well developed; but if it has not been, by all means let subscriptions for the purpose of defraying Dr. Thom's costs be opened on all sides. TOMAHAWK will not be backward himself in a cause like this, and he will be bound that every one who feels the magnitude of the issue at stake will follow his example. English justice boasts of a good many glaring anomalies; but if such a scandal as the failure of Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co., is to escape judgment through some court technicalities, the sooner we have a legal revolution the better. For twenty years there has not been a case before the public that has merited more completely the rigours—whatever they may be—of the criminal law.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT COMMON THINGS.

WE hear that practice on velocipedes will in future be allowed in Hyde Park, on the carriage road on the north side of the Serpentine, from the time of opening the gates until ten a.m. Surely this is but a small concession. If bicycles are to be permitted at all it is ridiculous to insist that their riders should turn night into day by having to parade the park at sunrise. Of course it would be very wrong to permit these dangerous nonentities to whisk in and out the carriages in the drive at the most crowded hour of the afternoon; but there can be no reason that within certain reasonable limits velocipedes should not be tolerated. It is not for the want of resistance on the part of the police (who, by the way, can have little interest in the matter) or the opposition of carriage owners (with whom we are ready to sympathize, to a certain extent), that the velocipede movement has not been stamped out; but bicycles have become "a great fact," and as such will declare themselves—though at present under certain restrictions—even within the sacred limits of Hyde Park.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 114] *LONDON, JULY* 10, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

PEERLESS HONOUR.

HEREDITARY Peerage is on its trial now, socially as well as politically. We do not think that the conduct of the House of Peers with regard to the Irish question will do anything but advance the respect and honour in which, as a legislative body, the Peers are held. However much we may differ from the arguments used and the conclusions arrived at, we cannot deny that the spirit of many of the amendments proposed shows a higher sense of justice and statesmanship than has ever distinguished the House of Commons, either as individuals or as a whole. In fact, the existence of a body of legislators whose position depends neither on the caprice of mobs, nor on the favour of party leaders, is of great benefit to a State. We never denied this; and, whatever our detractors may say, we have never advocated the abolition of the House of Lords as the House of Lords. What we do maintain is, that the more just, the more wise, the more truly noble the intellectual, industrious, and legislative members of the Hereditary Peerage show themselves, the more conscientiously they do their duties, the more necessary it is to relieve them from the contamination of the idle, the vicious, the useless members of their body, who, whether assisting in the deliberations and discussions of the Upper House or no, have still the right to give a vote on all questions brought before that House, and cannot, under any circumstances, except imprisonment, be deprived of that right. It is reform, not abolition, of the Peerage that we advocate, in the interest of the Peers themselves no less than in the interest of the country.

The evil done by the scandalous conduct of individuals whose position, owing to no merit of their own, is a high one in the land, is incalculable. It tends to advance the influence and doctrines of the most ignorant demagogues, and to disgust moderate people, whose sense of right and wrong is not affected by a title, so effectually that they are ready to join in the cry against the whole body for the offences of some of its meanest members. It is often said by those who live upon the skirts of the ermine, that "these vulgar writers" attack a Lord or a Prince for doing things which John Smith or Tom Brown (no allusion to the member for Frome) can do with impunity. Quite true; but an hereditary legislator, or a junior member of the Peerage, cannot expect to enjoy the enormous privileges that he does without some responsibility. John Smith can go bankrupt without exciting much astonishment, commiseration, or censure; but a Duke cannot. While large estates, immense political influence, great social and political privileges, are attached to a Dukedom, people will expect the noble owner of these advantages to devote his time and money to something better than gambling and dissipation. If he will consent to make over his possessions with their responsibilities to some one who is not unworthy of the former or contemptuous of the latter, then he may go to the dogs as fast as he likes. His family and friends may suffer, it is true, and his moral guilt will be none the less as regards himself; but he will not do so much injury to public morality, as he must do in his eminent and privileged position.

Let us just consider how Hereditary Peerage presents itself to the public in the persons of some of its members at the present moment. A Duke and his two brothers are passing through the Bankruptcy Court with various degrees of dishonour. Another noble Duke, not unknown on the Turf, has paraded his violation of the marriage vow so openly as to bring on him the tardy rebuke of fashionable journals. An Earl is being sold up by one of the associated blood-suckers, who like their blood blue, and seem to have no difficulty in gratifying their taste. The eldest son and heir of an eminent Peer and ex-Chancellor, who must succeed some day to the title that his father's intellect, if not his uprightness, won for him, is an unconvicted forger at large; a man who has shown no mercy to his nearest relations, who has drained the purse of a too generous and noble-hearted brother, who has shown himself insensible alike to gratitude and shame. Unblushing, unrelenting, he has dragged through the mire the name of father, brother, sister, wife, of everybody connected with him. Were he by birth the pauper that he is now by crime, he would be safe within some gaol, or working at the quarries of Portland; as it is, this just punishment is denied him, and he shows that he knows how to avail himself of such forbearance. Another Peer, who has been attacked in print, not altogether without foundation, assaults his accuser, ostensibly on the grounds of reverence for his father's memory. He had better have shown that reverence by the tenour of his life than by an isolated exploit of courage like this. He had better have remembered what was due to his position when he succeeded to his father's title, not now when the title has little weight in the eyes of those who sit as the legislators of the people. He is the chosen companion of the Heir-Apparent; we will say no more of him. If he has the sympathy of the public with him now, let him try for the future to deserve it.

We have not yet exhausted the list of these scandals which have brought the very existence of Hereditary Peerage into danger. Compared with the number of noble, intellectual, upright, and pure-hearted men whom we could select from among the Peers, these black sheep may seem an

insignificant few. But, as we said before, it is the penalty of hereditary wealth and position, that their possessors' private lives are to a certain extent the care and property of the public. A few, a very few, notorious instances of profligacy or extravagance in Hereditary Peers bring down an avalanche of abuse on the whole order; because people feel that while they owe their position to no merit of their own, they have only themselves to blame for their vices. Every advantage of education, of good society, of wealth is theirs. Every honourable profession is open to them. For them the State provides innumerable means of employment. To the Stock Exchange, to the heaven of Directorship they need no "Open Sesame." Before them tradesmen bow down, and open their hearts and ledgers. To them the law is forbearing, merciful. Pleasure of all kind, work of all kind is within their reach. They are stamped from their cradle with a recommendation to all society. Nearly the whole population of England, Scotland, and great part of Ireland is unanimous in a blind worship of their possible merits. Nowhere are snobbism and toadyism so universal as in this country. Nowhere is tuft-hunting so honourable, so lucrative a profession. Nowhere is the unreasoning respect for titles and riches, for themselves alone, so rampant. Were George IV. to return to-day with all his habits and companions the whole realm, or that part of it which makes itself chiefly heard and seen, would bow down to him. But with all this love for rank and money there is in this country a nucleus of noble stubbornness, of titanic obstinacy, which, if roused in a good cause—and the reverence for good and hatred of evil is not only the best cause, but in itself the strongest—is irresistible. As education advances, as the last remnants of feudalism die away, so will the worship of mere rank decline, and the people will look for brains beneath a coronet, for a heart behind the ermine. They will demand then that the hereditary aristocracy shall consent to be judged either by an internal censorship, or by an external tribunal; if this be impossible, then they will demand the abolition of that law which renders it impossible for a man, whatever be his vices or his crimes, who is born a Peer, ever to be anything else but a Peer and hereditary legislator of Great Britain.

A RETENTIVE MEMORY.

A RETENTIVE memory is a very valuable possession, but, apparently, it has its disadvantages. For instance, in an author, when allied to a not very exuberant imagination, and a limited power of invention, it is apt to lead its possessor into an unconscious plagiarism, which, however impossible to detect it may appear to him, is not so to others. Mr. Tom Taylor would appear to be the most unfortunate victim of a singularly retentive memory, if we may judge from the letter which he has published in the *Times*, in answer to the suggestion that he had derived from a novel of Mr. William Gilbert's the plot and a great part of the dialogue of his last dramatic success—*Mary Warner*.

Mr. Tom Taylor, whose modesty is as widely known as his name, begins by alluding to the notice in the *Times* as a flattering one. He then goes on to allude to the report as to the origin of his original drama. The next paragraph of his letter we must give *in extenso*; it is so very straightforward and so characteristically *naive*:—

"I can only say that the critic of the *Athenæum* must be speaking at second hand, and that he has been misinformed. *Mary Warner* is not an adaptation of *Margaret Meadows*. The only feature it has in common with Mr. Gilbert's story (so far as I remember the latter) is that in both an innocent woman takes on herself the guilt of another; but Margaret Meadows sacrifices herself for a son, Mary Warner for a husband; and the son is guilty, while the husband is innocent, and this innocence is the pivot of interest in the play, and gives its novelty and effect to the situation in the visitor's cell at Brixton. If there is one sentence of dialogue identical in the play and the story it must be little less than a miracle, for it is some years since I read *Margaret Meadows*, and I wrote every word of the dialogue of *Mary Warner* within the last four months, without any reference to Mr. Gilbert's story."

We feel bound to give Mr. Tom Taylor the full benefit of this explanation in our columns, because we were misled into ascribing to *Mary Warner* the origin which its author was too modest, as we thought, to mention. But it would be very unfair to Mr. Tom Taylor, if not to Mr. Gilbert, to exclude the next paragraph of the letter from our columns:—

"The truth is, the play grew out of a conversation, some fifteen months ago, with Mr. Gilbert, the author of *Margaret Meadows*, who suggested the subject of a woman's accusation of herself for love of another as a good one for dramatic treatment, and who referred me to a story of his own (in *Once a Week*, if I remember aright) in which the action and expression of Mary Warner in the scene of the police-court ("Are these the hands of a thief?") are introduced. While fully conceding to Mr. Gilbert the suggestion of the subject and one of the leading incidents and situations of the play, and gladly claiming him, to this extent, as my *collaborateur*, I must disclaim the connection which your critic hints at, and the *Athenæum* critic distinctly alleges, between Mr. Gilbert's published story of *Margaret Meadows* and my play of *Mary Warner*."

It is true that this paragraph rather alters the case as stated in the former one which we quoted. It now seems compatible with possibility—we will not say probability—that Mr. Tom Taylor should have read *Margaret Meadows* with the view of dramatizing it in co-operation with its author, and that this plan having for some reason been abandoned, his retentive memory should have reproduced the story of *Margaret Meadows*, and some of the dialogue, as his own invention, without any suspicion on the part of Mr. Tom Taylor himself as to the real parentage of the drama.

But our readers will be glad to hear, on Mr. Tom Taylor's authority, that, spite of all reports to the contrary, "Mr. Gilbert and he are perfectly at one on the subject." It appears that Mr. Taylor misunderstood Mr. Gilbert's determination not to dramatize the story, so that, if the author of *Margaret Meadows* has dramatized that story, or begun to do so, his labour will have been in vain, for Mr. Tom Taylor's original genius has anticipated him. It is very kind of Mr. Gilbert to be contented with such an irregular acknowledgment of his co-operation as Mr. Tom Taylor has vouchsafed in the columns of the *Times*.

We would like to ask Mr. Tom Taylor these two questions: First, If any other dramatic author had produced a piece so nearly resembling in its leading idea and chief situation any production of his own original genius, without acknowledging the obligation, whether he would have considered such conduct honest on the part of that dramatic author?

Secondly: If Mr. Tom Taylor knew that he owed to Mr. Gilbert the suggestion of the plot of *Margaret Meadows*—we beg pardon—"*Mary Warner*," why did he have the courtesy to ask that gentleman whether he would allow him to make use of that suggestion, and produce the piece as his own original work?

We have no doubt Mr. Tom Taylor can answer these questions satisfactorily to himself. Mr. Tom Taylor's organ in the Press praises *Mary Warner*, as it does all the productions of its contributors, most fulsomely. Mr. Tom Taylor would have done no harm to himself by acknowledging his debt, however small, to another author. He is, as it were, the Siamese Twin of dramatic literature, and is always most successful when intimately associated with some companion, whether it be a brother author or a French novel. When he produces such a work of merit as *Mary Warner*, he must not complain if the public at once suspects a dual origin.

THE LAST FROM HANWELL.

AN inventive mind has been engaged *pen*sively for years to improve our writing implements, and appears to have been successful in producing the "Owl" pen, than which we have never used a better, unless it be the "*Waverley*," which we feel sure would *weave a lie* on paper with greater rapidity than any other. So we recommend it to Diplomatists, who may find the use of this *pen* an inex*pen*sive luxury. By what rule is the nomenclature of pens guided? The "Owl" pen, a very excellent one; but why the "Owl?" "Och, sure and I see it," says Pat. "Why sure an it is meant for letters of frindship to write to a friend and say *How'l* I say ye, me boy!"

STANZAS FOR STONES.

BEING A COLLECTION OF POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

(Second Series.)

STABLE PERCY.

1.

WHAT am I? Well, at Tattersall's
You'll get your information:
Some take me for a vulgar groom
Pushed up above his station,—
A blackleg, welcher;—some, a fool!
All out! By Jove, Sir, pearls
Still go to swine:—I close a line
Of twenty British Earls!

2.

You stare? D'you think, then, blood that's blue
Will never lose its colour?
The stuff that's flowing in my veins
Each day gets dull, and duller!
Trust me, low friends, low aims, low tastes,
That never know control,
Will thicken most things, blood as well,
When you've a jockey's soul.

3.

I wasn't old when I began
My journey t'wards the gutter;
For I was quite a sporting man
When I eat bread and butter.
I'd race the ostler for a sov,—
(A handicap). He'd win;
And then, when settling day came round,
I'd let that ostler in.

4.

At Eton with a grander way
Of doing things I took up;
And though I never opened one,
I often made a book up,
And dropped about enough each term—
For I had several spills—
To swamp the cheque the gov'nor drew
To pay my schooling bills.

5.

At Oxford I tried higher stakes,
Had more extended views, Sir,
I put no end of money on,
And got it,—from the Jews, Sir,
And so at twenty-three, my state
Financially was sound.
I'd borrowed—yes. But then I owed
Scarce eighty-thousand pound!

6.

A trifle that, you'll own, when set
Against another figure.
Oh yes, my smash has been,
In all respects, *de rigueur*.
In fact, the flow'r has proved itself
Quite worthy of the bud.
I brought the house to ruin first—
Then dragged it through the mud.

7.

Ashamed am I? oh no, to blush
Was never my profession.
It isn't shame I feel to hear
Some fellow's in possession,
Let brokers crawl where countesses
Have swept;—my household gods
Be outraged, soiled, knocked down,—who cares?
Give *me* the latest odds!

8.

My ancestors? well, what of them?
They've always kept their saddle.
At Crecy, Flodden, Waterloo,
None ventured a skedaddle.
All sporting in their way—rode well—
The genuine stuff, no cross.
And *that's* why I, the last of them,
Know all about a 'oss.

9.

And as no other place in life
To fill I shall be able,
I mean to go, when I'm at home,
And settle in the stable,
If I'd begun down there, I think,
I might have saved my name,
And not brought ruin—Well the *'oss*,
Not me, is what's to blame!

WHO IS HIS BISHOP?

THE subjoined advertisement, which, for downright unblushing money-clutching impudence, beats anything of the kind that we ever remember having seen, appeared in the *Times* a few mornings since:—

THE TRUSTEES of a SMALL COUNTRY LIVING are prepared to APPOINT a RECTOR. *He must not be under seventy-five*, with unexceptionable references. Gross income about £300 a year; population 150. Good house and garden. Church recently restored. Apply to Clericus, Messrs. F. Smith and Co.'s, 13 Southampton street, Strand, London, W.C.

Really, such a scandalous, yet withal racy bid almost baffles comment! Analysed, it involves—

1.—A rare opening for veterans, who have outlived the Gospel age, to negotiate with trustees who have also outlived its precepts.

2.—An implication by the allusion to "unexceptionable references," that the whole business is such a dirty bit of jobbery, that none but very questionable veterans will apply.

3.—An admission that the 150 precious souls, thus hawked about in the market, are of little value, when weighed against the interests of the young gentleman for whom the "thing" is evidently being kept open. How can a worn-out old man of nearly eighty years of age be equal to the energy and activity required, even to look after the care of 150 souls?

4.—A hint that if his life is to be short, it is at least to be a merry one! Gross income £300 a year! Good house and garden! Poor old applicant!

Lord somebody, or nobody, we really forget his name, said the other day in debate, that no bishop could possibly live on less than £5,000 a year. Why does he not get the address of "Clericus," and talk the matter over? When a poor old curate "over seventy-five," is supposed to jump at £300, surely they might find ample material for a very spirited and entertaining conversation!

A CONSCIENTIOUS COMMISSION.

THE following paragraph appeared in the papers on Wednesday last:—

"The Royal Commissioners for the Pollution of Rivers having completed a portion of their investigations, met to-day at the offices, No. 2 Victoria street, Westminster, S.W., for the purpose of considering their report."

We are not aware who these extremely dirty gentlemen may be, or, if we even knew, we probably should shrink from publishing their names; but if we may judge from the present condition of the Thames there must be some thousands of them who bathe daily between Blackwall and Putney bridge. That the Commissioners, however, should have met for the purpose of considering their report was perhaps a rather unnecessary proceeding, for the public are quite aware how well these gentlemen have succeeded in their mission.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for July.

Price 1*s.*

LONDON, JULY 10, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. BUTT, Q.C., has been making a speech on behalf of the Fenian prisoners. He is capable of better things, for this is, we are afraid, sad *tub* oratory.

SO there is a fresh application in regard to a certain ill-fated ducal mansion! Not contented with its recent spoliation, another enemy wishes to have a hand in its sack. Another *sack* at Carlton Terrace! Why, this is literally carrying *coals* to Newcastle!

APROPOS of the French Atlantic Cable the public were startled the other day by the following scientific announcement: "The insulation is perfect, and a negative current is produced from twenty *cells*." This is not wisely, if correctly worded. Bearing in mind that the breaking of the first Atlantic Cable was literally a *sell* that set in such a decidedly negative current that no one would touch the shares at any price, it would be as well to explain more clearly the meaning of the rather unhappily chosen terms. We dare say it is all right, but *absit omen!*

NO language can be strong enough to condemn the Government for their conduct with regard to the Overend and Gurney prosecution. Their deliberate and insolent refusal to take any steps in this matter has proved that they are utterly incompetent and unwilling to deal with the great social abuses of this age. It may be said that this is not the business of a Government; but we think differently, and we have no hesitation in saying that the whole conduct of the present Government has disgusted all men whose liberality is not a mere unreasoning slavery to party leaders, or a bid for office which has been accepted, or may hope to be so. Mr. Gladstone seems anxious to display his casuistical dishonesty of mind on every possible and impossible occasion. In summing up the discussion on Mr. Eykyn's second motion on Thursday evening, he launched forth into a spirited rebuke of the speculative spirit of the age. Were Government to find funds to prosecute the directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co. for fraud, they would encourage and aid those who have gone into a rash speculation from greed of money. Can anything be more false? The very hardship of the case is that, without the knowledge of the shareholders, the respectable business of the old firm was converted into speculative, illegitimate, bill-discounting by the new company. They traded on the well-known, respected name of the old firm, and so deceived hundreds far and wide, who would never have had anything to do with the company had they known the kind of business they were carrying on. There could be no greater blow against rash speculation than for the Government to carry on this prosecution with the utmost rigour; it would show the mercantile world that no amount of religious reputation, that no name, however good, could be safely used as a cloak, or urged as a defence, for conduct essentially dishonest.

BRITANNIA'S WELCOME TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

PLAGUE of Egypt, from over the sea,
Ismail Pasha!

Viceroy, Khidevé, or whatever you be,
Jacksons, O'Tooles, and McStunners are we,
But all John Bulls in our welcome of thee,
Ismail Pasha!

Welcome him, blunder of escort and suite,
Mounted inspector, and mob in the street!
Call up the first cab his Highness to meet!
Throw his hat-box and Bradshaw and rug on the seat!
Welcome him! feast him with fourpenny treat,
One glass of old ale and a sandwich to eat!
Scatter, O Royalty, gold for his keep!
Dream, all ye tradesmen, of harvests to reap!
The Palace is empty, our pockets are deep!
Fling wide, O menial, the grand back door!
Take him, O attic, and rock him to sleep!
Strew a *viceregal* shakedown on the floor!
Welcome him, welcome him, all that is cheap!
Sing, Prima Donna, and fashion stare!
Scrape up your regiments, weak and few,
Hurry, ye Commons, and all be there,
To swell the pomp of the grand review!
Chuckle, Britannia! a Sultan? pooh!
A nobody! don't we know who's who,
Ismail Pasha!

Seeking quarters for change of air,
Come to us, love us (but pay your fare)—
Guests such as you we are happy to see;
Come to us, love us, for have we not shown,
In breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner, and tea,
Kindness to strangers as great as your own?
For Jacksons, O'Tooles, and McStunners we,
Viceroy, Khidevé, or whatever you be,
Yet thorough John Bulls in our welcome of thee,
Ismail Pasha!

KNOX AND KNOX.

WE are glad to note another instance of that invariable stern justice, *pur et simple*, which has always characterised the decisions of the worthy magistrate who presides at Marlborough Street. A certain Colonel Knox had been riding furiously in Rotten Row; and, spite the ties of a similarity of appellation, Mr. Knox on the Bench, with a heroism worthy of Brutus, ordered his military namesake to pay forty shillings for the offence. Sometimes "gentlemen"—whose claim, whatever else it may have been, to the title has certainly not been their good breeding—have been brought up at Marlborough Street, and very summarily disposed of by this even-handed magistrate; for Mr. Knox is *not* one of that worthy body who is a snob. Indeed, it has been quite refreshing to read a police report, where some big-wig has been concerned, and forgotten the respect due to the dignity of the Bench in his own self-importance. However, on the present occasion, the accused appears to have been as thorough a gentleman as the magistrate, and so the decision passed off quietly enough. The matter would not be one for public comment did it not involve the question of Mr. Knox's excellence as a magistrate. He is certainly one of the best, if not the best, on the Metropolitan Bench, and the fact should be acknowledged. Why do they not make a knight of him? Or may K-*nox* be said to be naturally noble, and so K-*nighted* already? *Plaisanterie apart*, Mr. Knox is a very estimable public servant, and we should be happy to see the fact substantially recognised.

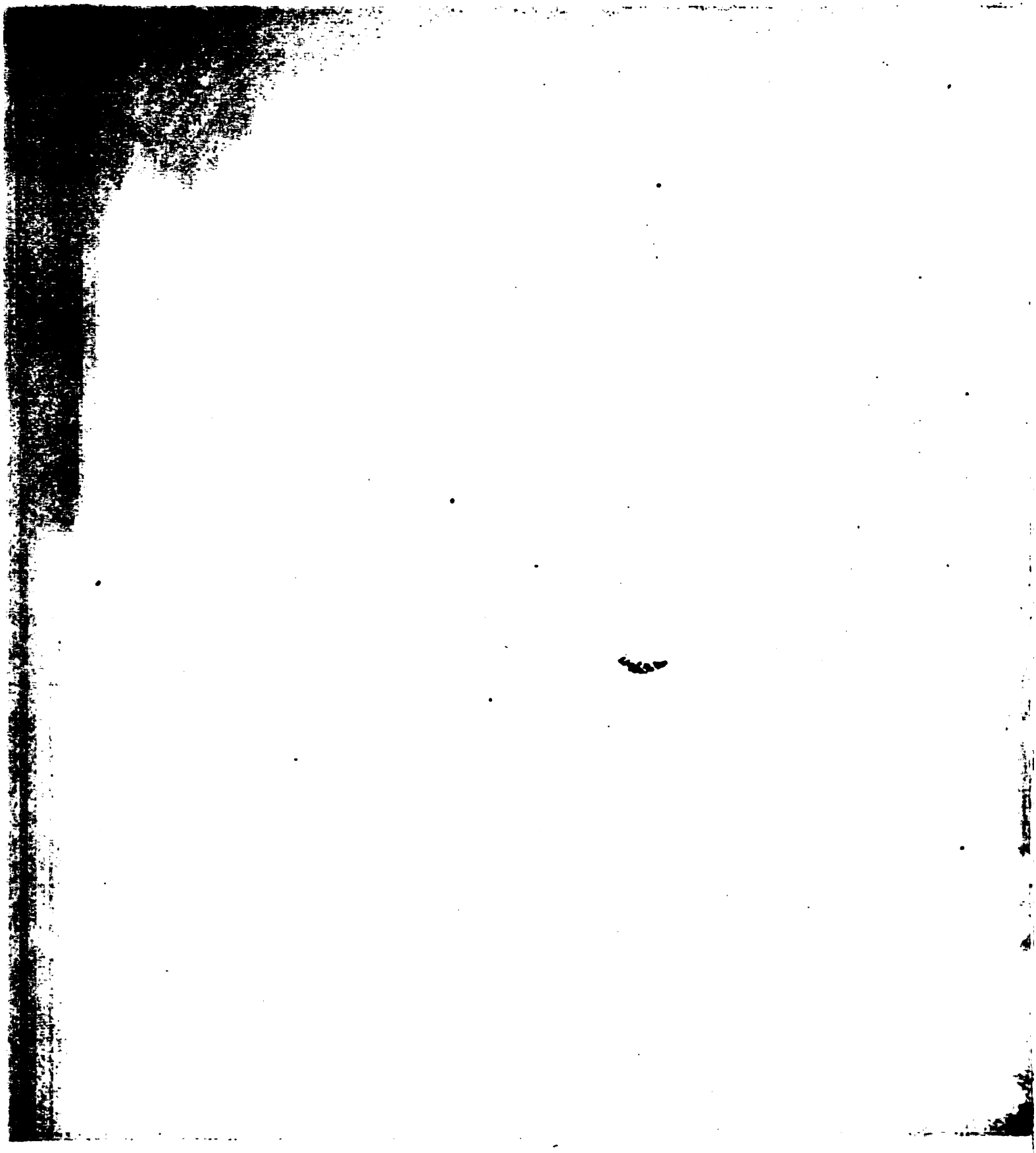
"OUR HEREDIT

WHAT I

RY LEGISLATORS;"

OR,

AY COME TO.



THE LONDON SEASON.

A TALE OF MODERN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY

THE HON. EMILY FITZ-BATTLEAXE,

Authoress of "Peer and Peasant, a Story of Park Lane;" "The Idyotts of Idyott;" "Duke Humphrey the Forger;" "Murder and Marquises," &c., &c.

Chapter XLVII.

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

MARGARET Marchioness of Margate lounged in the easiest of the easy chairs in the luxuriously furnished boudoir in the grand noble house, No. 2004 Park Lane. She was sad, and sighed as she listened to the splashing of Rimmel's scent fountain, in the little conservatory. She wiped away a tear as she regarded with *triste* eyes the beautiful piano supplied by those eminent makers, Messrs. Oeztman and Plumb. Yes, she had scarcely enough spirits to appreciate to the full the many merits of the fourth volume of the TOMAHAWK (which had been published on the 3rd of July, 1869), or the glorious grandeur of the seventh number of *Britannia* (which had just been sent round to her by one of the thousands of respectable newsvendors in town and country by whom the highly popular magazine had been published to the trade, the nobility and the gentry of Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the Colonies*). In short, Margaret Marchioness of Margate was *blasé* and bored to the last degree.

Poor (but noble) girl! That morning she had neglected to avail herself of the real sea-bath provided so admirably by Tidman's excellent preparation; she had scarcely tasted the inviting dishes of Brown and Polson's Corn Flour, although the said corn flour had been dressed in a score of luscious ways. Denman's Greek Wine (the pride of her noble father's cellar) and Collier and Sons' Chocolate Powder (the pleasantest memory of her youth) were equally disregarded on this sad morning. A new box of Parkins and Gotto's Croquet lay in a corner of the room, but as yet the noble maiden had not had the spirits to open the neat case, holding admirably the finely finished mallets and balls, hoops and staves, so soon to figure on the neatly mown lawns of the aristocracy and *beau monde*. Close to her were an assortment of Wheeler's Patent Kid Gloves; she had had them brought to her, as she had purposed selecting a pair for the flower-show at the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington—but there, she was too wretched for the task, and the gloves remained untouched.

By-and-bye there was a heavy step on the stairs (covered with Maple's carpets), and the door of the room was thrown wide open.

"At last!" murmured Margaret Marchioness of Margate, with a sigh of relief. "O Brompton! Brompton! how weary I am of waiting!"

In a moment she was clasped to a manly breast, and her finely chiselled lips were touched by a pair of soft silky moustaches.

"My darling!" cried Earl Brompton of Islington (for it was he). "My own sweet darling, you know what detained me. Could I have been here earlier?"

"Did he suffer much?" asked the lovely Marchioness, with a shudder.

"No, not much," said the young noble, gravely; "he sent for a breakfast from the 'London' (poor fellow! many's the banquet he's eaten at the corner of Chancery lane in happier times), prayed with the clergyman, was pinioned, removed to the scaffold, and— you can guess the rest. It was an affecting scene, even Calcraft snivelled!"

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," exclaimed Margaret, with tears in her eyes. "You know I am ignorant of law, but was killing his wife to get the insurance money so very *very* wrong?"

"I regret to say it was punishable by death," replied Brompton, with a heavy sigh. "But there, I must forgive my poor brother, for has he not given me an earldom, and enabled me to claim a lovely hand as white as a diamond and as pure as snow?"

"You know I love you," murmured Margaret, with a smile oh so sweet, and a blush oh so delicate. "But, my darling, what is to be done about your debts?"

"Nothing easier," answered Brompton with a smile. "I must draw a bill at three months upon my excellent uncle, the Lord Chief-Justice of Felsted, for £200,000."

"He will never accept it," said Margaret, anxiously.

"But I know his hand-writing," replied Brompton, gaily.

"Oh I do so wish you would give up forgery, you naughty boy!" said Margaret, with a smile, and she began playing with his auburn ringlets.

"My sweet little saint," he murmured, as he gazed into her deep blue eyes, "surely I may indulge myself a little, just a *very* little, give me forgery and smoking,—I ask for nothing more."

"You haven't given up the turf?"

"No; but the turf has given *me* up."

At this moment a gorgeous flunkey entered the room, and said in a respectful voice,

"Beg pardon, m'lord, but the men in possession send up their compliments and wants to know whether you'll have the auction in the dining-room or in the library."

"What do you say, my dear?" asked Brompton of the fair girl (who had gracefully resumed her seat on the entrance of the servant).

"Perhaps the dining-room would be best; it would be easier to get the furniture into that room than into the library."

"You hear her ladyship's orders," said Brompton; and the flunkey, with a low bow, withdrew.

The two young people sat together lovingly, speculating upon the promising future, and talking over the happy past for more than an hour, when a second knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Lord Brompton.

A policeman entered, and walking straight up to the young nobleman, laid his hand gently on his collar.

"Charles Edward, Earl Brompton, of Islington, I arrest you on the charge of bigamy."

"Well, I suppose I must come. I thought you would never find it out." He turned round to his trembling bride and murmured "My own dear darling, I fear we must part."

"Oh Brompton, Brompton, why didn't you tell me?" said the Lady Margaret, in an agony of tears.

"I did not wish to distress you, my own love, my own darling. Besides, my first wife was only—my grandmother!"

* All applications for terms of advertisements in the Hon. Emily Fitz-Battleaxe's novels must be made between the hours of ten and four, at the offices of Messrs. Paste and Tinsel, Cornhill.

THE PILLERS AND THE "POST."

IT has been officially announced by the Liberal journals that Mr. John Bright and Mr. W. E. Forster have resigned their membership of the Reform Club. It appears that the two right honourable gentlemen had joined Mr. Wentworth Beaumont in a requisition to the committee, proposing, in accordance with the rules of the Club, an American gentleman as a member for one month; but when the ballot was taken the candidate was black-balled, whereupon Messrs. Bright and Forster took their names off the Club. It is at the same time stated, that the matter will not be allowed to rest, but that the affair will be submitted to the decision of a general meeting.

Highly interesting as any proceeding of Mr. Bright must necessarily be to a large class of the community, nevertheless, it seems to us a little strange that the private proceedings within the four walls of a London Club House, which is essentially a private institution, should be magnified into large type paragraphs for the newspapers. The custom, however, of giving to the world such items as these of the doings of great people is, we are sorry to observe, fast gaining ground, and if it is allowed to proceed unchecked, we shall soon be reading some such announcements as the following in the leading journals—

MR. GLADSTONE.—We are able to announce that the right honourable gentleman contemplates re-decorating the drawing-rooms of his mansion in Carlton Terrace. The ceilings of the upper bed-rooms have lately been white-washed.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—His Royal Highness has just ordered upwards of a hundred boxes of cigars from his tobacconist in ordinary. It is fully believed that this supply will last his Royal Highness for some weeks.

MR. DISRAELI.—According to the latest advices from Park Lane,

the right honourable gentleman has changed his washerwoman.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—His Grace drove on a Brompton omnibus this afternoon.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—We are sorry to hear it rumoured that the patent leather boots worn by his Royal Highness on the occasion of the late review, pinched him across the toes.

Really, such *on dits* as these have quite as much right to appear in print as the paragraph about Mr. Bright and his retirement from his Club. Such small talk, however, is not fit for insertion in the rational journals, and should, in the interests of common decency, be carefully excluded.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* last week reduced its price to one penny, a step which the Editor assures us has been decided upon with no regard to any hankering after the increased profits (which he unassumingly states are now more than four times as great as the promoters of the journal ever made up their minds to expect), but solely as a concession to the thousands of its would-be readers who are unable to afford twopence a day for the "gratification" of perusing its pages. We wonder if the proprietors of the leading journal will be inspired by a similar spirit of self-sacrifice—and that a reduction in the price of their journal will be the result of the good example set by its little brother? Now that the twopenny papers are going by the board, the threepenny papers will soon be getting quite out of date. So much the better for the public, and (notwithstanding the assertion of the *Pall Mall*) so much the better for the newspaper proprietors.

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

THE Cork Yacht Club and Rear-Admiral Warden, the naval officer in command in Queenstown Harbour, are at loggerheads. It seems that the Club issued no general order to its yachts to decorate themselves with flags on the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation, whereupon the Admiral would not permit the usual decoration of the men-of-war in port at the time of the Queenstown Regatta. The Club having been informed of this, and that the gallant officer had spoken of its members as a "parcel of Fenians," not unnaturally, perhaps, struck his name off the list of members. It is a pity that such petty squabbles as this should be magnified into grave questions, and form the subject of telegrams in the daily papers. It is probable that the whole affair arose in a misunderstanding, that the Admiral was petulant, or that the Club Committee was hasty; but whatever the true state of the case may be, it matters very little, for the affair is too trivial to justify the amount of printer's ink, to say nothing of the cost of telegraphic despatches wasted over it.

IN EARNEST.

TOMAHAWK is not a snob. He means, of course, by a *snob* the genuine thing, as drawn by the great Thackeray, not the spurious article which real snobs themselves wrongly invest with that significant title; and he says this much, because he has heard growling about him, growling at him, inasmuch as he has once or twice of late, been fearless and severe when dealing with people in public positions, who have disgraced themselves, and brought, to a certain extent, a passing discredit on the orders to which they respectively have belonged. To run down a duke or a marquis because he is a duke or marquis, would of course be the act of a thorough and very decided snob. To show up one or two of these fine gentlemen, who happen to have used the exalted station which chance has given them, for the least reputable of purposes is not snobbish—on the contrary, it is a simple act of an honest and earnest man,—an act, a great deal too much dreaded by the rose-water and cloth-worshipping gentry of this present day. Now, let TOMAHAWK just say one word to his friends. He bids them recall the uncompromising detestation of all that is really low, of all that is beneath the English gentleman, that have characterised his pages from the very commencement. Never has he, for a single instant, pandered to the follies or vices of the hour, never has he bowed the knee in worship, whether the idol has been an Italian cut-throat, a French adventurer, a mob-king, or an unscrupulous minister. To him working men's rights and peers' prerogatives are not mere party questions, but things to be weighed out in the balance of justice, and measured by the standard of truth. Thus, therefore, as when a radical hero forgets his station, TOMAHAWK does not shrink from the task of showing him his place, so does he not hesitate to strip the tinsel of an exalted position from the great big wig, whoever he may be, who is a scandal to the society in which he moves, and a disgrace to the order to which he belongs. At a time when the public press is literally teeming with high-life delinquencies, even at the risk of offending his more fashionable readers, TOMAHAWK most emphatically states that he does not mean to hold his tongue.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To give my second to my first
Has been all England's hearty wish;
We hope he found not ere he left,
Too many cooks had spoilt the dish.

1.
To get this many men will climb
O'er rugged rocks and crumbling snow;
On mountains we prefer them wide,
Too often narrow when below.

2.
Though frozen hard this chills the breath,
'Tis often found to melt the heart;
And o'er its rosy coldness oft
Shy maidens sweet consent impart.

3.
A mystic charm, which saves, they say,
From drowning's terrors those who wear it;
But whether from the hangman's rope,
Ask those around their necks who bear it.

4.
These letters, though they are only two,
Of letters mark a host;
They stand for England's greatest shame,
And London's proudest boast.

5.
Visions of splendid foliage,
Visions of splendider faces,
Visions of densely-clad hills,
Visions of thinly-clad graces!

6.
What we all were long ago,
Leastways, doctors tell us so;
If so, when this word's translated,
Cannibals we must be rated.

7.
If you can guess this little word
I'll own it true of you;
And if you don't, why then I hope
The same for me you'll do.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC IN NO. 112.

F iv V (Five and V)
O dont O
U mbe L (a term in botany)
R U (are you)
T o M (cat)
H at E

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. S.—Your letter was opened when the Editor was out of town, and has been mislaid—will you kindly send your address? Many thanks.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 115.] *LONDON, JULY 17, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

PERSONALITIES.—A PROTEST.

THE publication of the correspondence relating to the fracas between Mr. Grenville Murray and Lord Carington has drawn public attention to the question of how far a writer may legitimately go in attacking the personal character of any public or quasi-public character. As there seems to be a very unwholesome tone prevalent in the mind of the public on this subject, it may be well to endeavour to get at the rights of the question.

The influence of the Press is doubtless very great in social as well as in political matters. It is true that the "unwritten code" of society, of which we hear so much, is more powerful than any written one, inasmuch as it is based upon the most unintelligible caprice, and rests upon no principle of morality, or truth, or justice; it admits too of so many exceptions that it can hardly be said to have any rules, while its machinery for punishing is very unequally employed, the rank and wealth of the offender being much more considered than the rankness or degree of his offence. Against the sentences of this secret tribunal there is no appeal except again to itself; an appeal which must be backed by a good legacy, or by the succession to some title. No evidence is received or sifted before the judges, except that of their own senses, on which it is impossible always to rely. The Press furnishes a social court of justice, in which the accused can nearly always obtain a fair hearing, and it is very important that the code of morals which governs the writers for the Press should be based upon considerations of strict justice and truth, and the purest morality, without any regard to the influence of rank or wealth.

No one has ventured to dispute the right and duty of the Press to deal with the public life of men; the utmost freedom of speech, we may almost say, the widest license of abuse, is permitted to writers when dealing with the political conduct of any man. The reckless imputation of motives; the putting forward of surmises as facts, and suspicions as evidence; the utter disregard of any delicate sense of honour, of any tender sensitiveness that the object of the attack may be unfortunate enough to possess, are practically allowed to political writers. It may be this liberty conceded to the pen with regard to politics is considered as a compensation for the restrictions imposed upon it in dealing with social topics. We regard it as a very healthy sign that men are to be found now who are not afraid to speak out their minds in print, and who do not spare an abuse because it is countenanced or cherished by those in high rank, nor an offender against the laws of morality because he happens to sit in high places.

The only power that can keep nine out of ten men or women from wrong is the power of public opinion. As long as they can break the laws of God and man without incurring the censure or the scorn of their fellow creatures, they will continue to do so without the slightest scruple; and it is not sufficient that the censure and scorn should be implied or felt, it must be openly expressed. There is hardly any evil, however gigantic in its proportions, however generally practised, which cannot be done away with by the force of public opinion. It is needless to say that the Press is at once the organ and the director of public opinion. It appears to us that any one who undertakes to write for the Press undertakes a responsibility most grave, a duty most solemn, which cannot be lightly evaded. To tamper with evil; to coquette with vice; to speak lightly and languidly, where he ought to rebuke seriously and forcibly; to pander to the iniquitous dissipations of society; to pass over in silence, or, worse still, to encourage habits of action, speech, or thought which he knows in his conscience to be utterly bad, simply because they are admired by the great, the noble, and the rich; in short, to be a half-hearted defender of good, or assailant of evil, is to commit a sin against God, and an offence against man, for which he will one day have to answer with bitter remorse. This is the real reason why it is better on the whole that writers for the Press should be anonymous, because it is impossible for any man to write with sufficient vigour and boldness if he is to be perpetually confronted with the *argumentum ad hominem*, which the enforced signature of his name to all he writes necessarily provokes. In attacking wrong and defending right, one's pen must not be fettered with a sense of one's own faults; we do not arrogate to ourselves the virtues that we preach, we only express our earnest desire to possess them.

If every offender against morality is to shelter himself behind this immunity from personal attacks; if he is to be allowed to say, however injurious his vices may be to a portion of the community, that the Press has no right to touch upon his private character, then we do not scruple to say a great injury will be done to the general morality of the nation. To one in high position, and sufficiently wealthy to be independent of the public, however heinous may be his misdeeds, some sort of society is always open; he will have no difficulty in finding persons to receive him with open arms, if he be a lord; and it is only through the public Press that he can be made to feel what disgust and contempt his conduct excites in the minds of all decent people. And this apparent condonation of vice, though it proceed only from the most servile and meanest of mankind, encourages others to abandon themselves shamelessly to profligacy, having

no fear of men before their eyes. The earnest advocacy of morality, and the vigorous castigation of vice, whether public or private, on the part of the Press, undoubtedly tend to create a higher standard of both public and private morality.

In defending thus decidedly the right to be personal when necessary, we must express most strongly our utter abhorrence of the kind of personality which has distinguished the *Queen's Messenger*. When those terrible afflictions of the body or the mind, which Providence has seen good to apportion to the lot of any man, are made the subjects for the brutal ridicule of virulent malice and hatred, the time has come when no false shame, when no affected fear of advertising the degraded publication which prints such fiendish filth, should be allowed to check the tongue or fetter the pen. Long since have we been on the point of expressing our horror at the weekly outrages which nothing but the poisonous hatred of a malicious coward, smarting under the sense of some just rebuke or punishment, could have conceived or written; outrages repeated over and over again in the same monotonously brutal language, as if defying the indifference which the wretched author mistook for toleration; outrages so unspeakably horrible in their very repetition, because one could not help feeling that the creature who had written such words once would have been dead by his own hand before he could have endured the agony of remembering what he had done;—outrages, which expressed in the English tongue, have almost defiled it for ever; we have been only restrained from giving vent to our indignation and disgust by the feeling that we would wish the pollution of such things to rest in no man's memory. The fly that is bloated with the poison which it has sucked from carrion is a loathsome insect, but its bite is deadly, and it must be crushed; and the author of the outrages to which we allude is, if not as deadly, as filthy as the poison-laden fly. The infamy of these outrages was infinitely increased by their being associated with articles on abuses which had too long been sheltered under the patriarchal wing of patronage. It enhances the villainy of the writer that he should try to circulate these brutalities side by side with appeals to the sacred cause of truth and justice.

We have come to the end of our space without saying half that we wished to say on this subject. It would be folly to pretend ignorance of the accusations which have been made repeatedly against this paper. It is, perhaps, the hardest of all things to face, when a writer has made up his mind to speak fearlessly in the cause of what he believes to be right, without any respect to persons,—that certainty of being classed by the ignorant, the prejudiced, the apathetic, with those slanderers and literary assassins who make it their sole object to attack persons, without any respect to truth or justice. Those who thus malign us have this excuse, that they have rarely, if ever, read a line of the paper they so unhesitatingly revile; and we have generally heard such men and women utter within one half hour more unfounded scandal and libellous abuse than they could have read in a day, except, perhaps, in their own private journals, if they ever had the courage to keep a portrait of their minds on paper. If in the hurry which is the bane of all occasional writers; if in the warmth of honest indignation; if through the imperfection of judgment, which is inseparable from humanity; if in the hastiness and heat of enthusiasm, which is the privilege of youth and the envy of age, we have written anything unjust which, fairly construed and not interpreted by the lurid light of scandal, has undeservedly pained the feelings of any man or woman, we deeply, sincerely regret it. But we are none the less determined to hold on, with however many slips and failings, the course which, at starting, we proposed for ourselves; and that is to fight for right and against wrong, however high our enemy may sit; to succour the weak and the wretched whenever we can, and to assail the tyrannical, the cruel, and the vicious wherever and whoever they be, with all the strength which the goodness of our cause can give us.

THE STAFF OF THE TOMAHAWK.

LIONS IN ASSES' SKINS.

THE Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George has within the last few days received several additions to its ranks. The Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, and Earl Russell, have been made Knights Grand Cross of the Order, while amongst the names in the second class of Knights Commander are those of Lord Lyttelton, Mr. F. Peel, Mr. Adderley, Sir F. Rogers, and Mr. A. T. Gart. As it happens that the majority of the above-named persons have never seen service out of Downing street or Whitehall, it is difficult to conceive on what principle the appointments (excellent as they may in themselves be) have been made. Are we to take the whole matter as a practical joke on the part of the Colonial Secretary? or are we to receive it in sober seriousness as a deliberate step of the Cabinet? If the latter is the real state of the case, we shall shortly expect to read the following announcements in the *London Gazette*:—

TO BE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.
Archbishop Manning.
Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Lord Carington.
Mr. Bright.

TO BE KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH.
Sir Robert Carden.
Mr. Beckwith (of Lambeth).
Mr. Padwick.
The Earl of Dudley.

TO BE KNIGHTS BACHELOR.
Mr. John Stuart Mill.
Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

Really, if nominations such as those to the Order of St. Michael and St. George in last week's *Gazette* are allowed to pass unnoticed, there is no knowing to what lengths of waggery the authorities will not proceed. We should not be surprised if the announcements above were not premature after all, and that by the time these lines are in the press our surmises will not have become "*fait accompli*."

"MY CONSCIENCE!"

CERTAINLY we live in a polite age when advertisements such as the following grace the second column of the *Times*:—

"Italian Opera—Saturday night, July 3.—A tall gentleman accidentally pushed against a Young Lady as she passed through the hall door to enter her *coupé* brougham. Please address, A. B., Junior Athenæum Club, Piccadilly, in order that an apology may be offered."

The above is delightfully genuine. A. B. gives no address at Paddington Green, nor seeks shelter under cover of Mr. Pollaky, but straightforwardly invites the outraged lady to address him at his Club, in order that an apology, which evidently at the time of the disastrous occurrence, the tall gentleman considered superfluous, may be wrung from him, in his abject self-reproach. We wonder if many members of the Junior Athenæum Club have as nice a sense as A. B. of what is due to society. If this is the case, what an abode of severe respectability Mr. Hope's late mansion must now be!

FRUITFUL SIGNS OF THE SEASON. — *Concurrant* endowment playing old *gooseberry* with the Government measure.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A CONTINENTAL HANDBOOK FOR THE BRITISH TRAVELLER PROPER.

By One of Them.

With merely this title as a preface, I mean to set about my business of supplying a want that must have been repeatedly experienced by a certain class of Englishmen abroad. The class to which I refer is the better bred, but extremely rare, class of those who, forgetting for the moment that they are no longer in their native country, somehow manage to sink their nationality for the time being, and do not, in consequence, succeed in making themselves offensive and ridiculous wherever they go. The want they must have often experienced has been in the matter of that sort of ignorant and vulgar *Egoisme Britannique*, a quality without which they could not have failed, over and over again, to have misrepresented their fellow-countrymen. To enable, therefore, the Englishman to be thoroughly "English" abroad, this little Guide is undertaken in a spirit of friendly disgust.

General Requirements and General Advice.

The former vary considerably, and the latter will, of course, differ in character, according to the social status of the person to whom it is addressed. In the absence, however, of any better method, the easiest plan will be to take the ordinary travelling Englishman and address him.

If young, and abroad for the first time, he will require (no matter whether he be merely going up the Rhine),—

1.—A complete tourist's suit of some striking material, conspicuous as regards detail, full of impossible pockets, and generally such a coat as he never would or could wear under any other combination of circumstances in this life.

2.—A whole set of white mackintosh to match. A dozen straps for books, umbrellas, and sticks. A powerful opera glass, slung over his back, several maps, a colossal pouch (slung also over his back), a knapsack (do. do.), a wicker bottle and glass, a pair of enormous and heavily-nailed boots. Something new in hats, a towel or two and veils about his head, a writing-case, a measuring tape, several pounds of soap, a door fastener, a slang dictionary, a pipe for smoking in churches, and a small hammer and chisel for the purpose of mutilating world-renowned objects of art, and disfiguring them with his initials or name.

3.—He must take with him a "Murray" or two, a "Bradshaw," a conversation-book in four languages, to which he must continually refer on every conceivable occasion, always bearing in mind that his great object in coming abroad is to attract universal attention, and demean himself, not as a modest and enquiring stranger come to learn, but as a vulgar and supercilious critic, whose sole business is to prejudge and despise.

4.—He must be careful never to speak or understand any language but his own—a praiseworthy national accomplishment, which will present the double advantage of depriving him of all useful and instructive information during his tour, and of exciting the admiration of foreigners at his intellectual calibre in particular, and at the English educational system in general.

5.—He must consider all the above "the thing," and regard everyone who disagrees with him on the subject as in "low form."

6.—In short, he must be careful to look, and to be, a conspicuously-dressed, empty-headed, ill-bred ass. There are, of course, other ways by which the young travelling aspirant to true British snobbism may arrive at this desirable result; but the above is as short and as national as any.

There are further to be considered, before I begin my Guide in earnest :—

The middle-aged snob (the ordinary Continental snob).
The mamma snob, and the young lady snobs.
The titled snob.

The religious snob, and a great many other very great travelling snobs indeed; and with them and their doings it will give me much savage and melancholy pleasure to deal hereafter.

LOW BREEDING AT A HIGH SCHOOL.

Apropos of the events of the cricket world, if we remember rightly, about this time last year, Westminster sent a challenge to Eton, which challenge was refused. Report said at the time that the former based its refusal on the fact that the latter was not a recognised public school, and therefore not worthy to break a lance against the few lordlings and the many tradesmen who live in an unhealthy swamp near Windsor, and constitute one of the centres of fashionable English education. Now, whatever may be the genius that puts this ill-bred snobbism into the heads of mere youths, it is not worth anybody's while to examine, but it is worth somebody's while to note the fact. As the matter stands, it is notorious that there is really less mixture, less social dreg, at even Rugby, than there is at Eton, and if anything were needed to demonstrate this clearly, it would be the perfect shopman's tone which passes with the boys "in authority" for true gentility. Tenacity of his position, and a suspicious fear of losing caste, are the notes by which a snob *pur et simple* may be recognised, and to the possession of both of these notes Eton must plead guilty. No one who was at Lord's on Friday could fail to notice how very markedly the *style* of the Eton boys has changed even within the last twenty years. The same change may also be remarked any day at the two Universities. The most conceited, insufferable youths who come up there invariably hail from Eton; indeed, the true gentlemanly spirit at our leading public school, is, it must be honestly confessed, in a very poor way. On Wednesday in this week, Westminster is, in its turn, to play Charterhouse, and to our taste the match, though appealing to a less extended circle of sympathisers, will be a far more pleasant affair. Snobbishness has not yet found its way into the precincts of St. Peter's, and though Eton boys disdain to play a match at cricket against their old rivals—who gave them many a good thrashing on the water in times past—they can at least go to Lord's on Wednesday, and learn, if not a lesson in good batting, at least, one in good breeding. In the last race ever rowed between the two schools, from Putney to Chiswick, it is a fact, that while the Westminster boys loudly cheered the Eton boat as it neared the winning post, a great many lengths a-head of its rival, some young *gentlemen* from Eton showed their excessively good taste and high breeding by hissing the defeated crew of their opponents. From this little episode, it may be gathered that boys who, while yet in their teens, already reflect the frantic snobbery of coming life, have a good deal to learn. The sooner Eton learns this lesson, the better.

A "JUDY" SPREE.

The staff of a "serio-comic" contemporary (apparently in difficulties) wrote to the *Observer* a week ago announcing their secession from the paper with which they had been associated. Their names had the charm of perfect novelty to the public, which was more than could be said of their witticisms. However, the communication had one drawback,—it encouraged other "staffs" to "go and do likewise," as the following letter (which we have been requested to publish) will fully testify :—

To the Editor of the "Tomahawk."

"22 Grub street.

"Sir,—We, the Editor and Staff of the *Halfpenny Joe Miller*, which we have carried on with unprecedented success, beg to say that we ain't going to write any longer.

"We are, Sir, yours faithfully,

"John Jones.
"James Brown.
"+ William Smith, his mark."

STANZAS FOR STONES.

The continuation of the Second Series of these Papers is unavoidably postponed till next week.

LONDON, JULY 17, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WIMBLEDON this year has been a great success. The Volunteers have behaved so well that the critics have found no one to make a "butt" of, except—the target.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that the landing stages of the penny steamboats are to be made life piers. On the contrary, their appearance has caused a "dead set" to be made among them.

WE fear that poor Mr. Padwick must have lost a very large sum of money by the bankruptcy of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. See what comes of taking *interest* in the affairs of the aristocracy.

OUR friend, Napoleon the Third, is not in such a critical position as some people would suppose. True he is about to lose (perhaps, by the time these lines are in print, has lost) his Minister. But then the man was only a Rouher! (*roué*).

WE understand, on account of the contempt displayed by the junior magistrate at Marlborough Street for the dignity of his court (so fully proved by his soft submission to the rioters in the Murray-Carington case), that in future he will be known as Mr. *Dis* D'Eyncourt.

WE hear that the Meyric collection of armour at the South Kensington Museum will shortly be purchased by the Newspaper Press Association. Editors of "plain-speaking" papers will be supplied at a reasonable rate with coats of mail, helmets, &c. It will not be considered libellous by a hirer of any of these articles to be told by his opponent that "cowhiding" is peculiar to *a Meyric cur* (America?)

THE disgraceful riot that took place at the Marlborough street Police Court, on Wednesday last, from whatever side it is regarded, involves those concerned in nothing but discredit, if not in something worse. Magistrate, counsel, solicitor, plaintiff, defendant, witness, and all seem equally to have forgotten what was due to their own dignity and to public decency. The magistrate should have interfered with the line of cross-examination, which was utterly irrelevant, and was a deliberate attempt, which reflects anything but credit on Mr. Giffard, to prejudice the issue of future trials. When a counsel begins by stating that certain articles are infamous libels, that question never having been legally determined, and then endeavours to fix their authorship on the prosecutor in the witness-box, the question at issue being whether or not a certain assault had been committed, he exhibits a disregard for law and justice alike. We will not comment on the way in which the manuscripts were obtained. But we will observe that all liberty of the Press will soon be at an end if copy abstracted by the servants of newspaper proprietors is allowed to be taken as evidence in court.

DE OMNIBUS CABIBUS.

A CABMAN writes to the "largest circulation in the world," and suggests that a deputation of cabmen should meet the Chief Commissioner of Police, with a view to settling the *locales* of the cabstands. He adds, "objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight." As the Defender of the Weak and Oppressed, we have much pleasure in publishing a list of the proposals drawn up by the cab proprietors and cabmen, for the approval of Colonel Henderson and his staff:—

1st.—That all cabstands in Brompton, Bayswater, Kensington, and Clapham be removed to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. "Objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight."

2nd.—That cabstands be established in front of all the Clubs, close to the pavement, and facing the entrance hall. "Objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight."

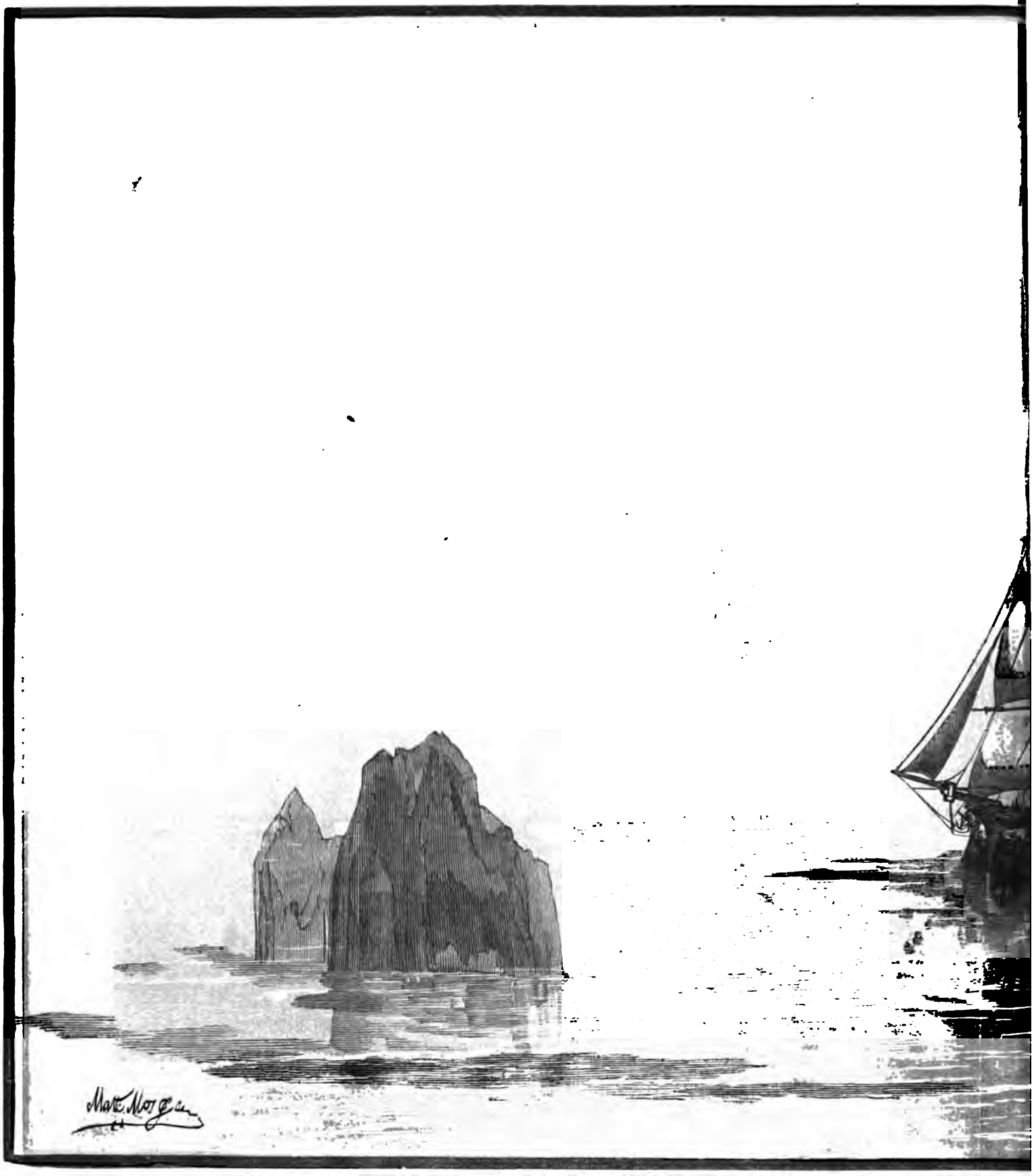
3rd.—That the railway stations should be given over to the cabmen, and every railway traveller using a cab should be charged a shilling over the customary fare as a bonus to the driver. "Objections thereto by railway travellers should have no weight."

4th.—All cabmen to be paid by Government £10 a week until thirty years of age, and then to be pensioned off at the rate of £700 a year. "Objections thereto of tax-payers should have no weight."

Joking apart, it would be as well to increase the number of cabstands in London, and even to do something for "poor Cabby;" but we must consult first the public convenience, and then it will be time to listen to the abuse of the rank.

AN EMPTY BENCH.

IN the published reports of the disgraceful brawl that occurred at the Marlborough Police Court on Wednesday last, it is stated that when the scene of confusion was at its height, the sitting magistrate, Mr. D'Eyncourt, "left the bench." Of this culpable dereliction of duty we have not as yet seen that any decided notice has been taken, but that it is one that calls for the severest censure there is not the slightest doubt. The obvious course open to the magistrate on such an occasion was, to have ordered all the doors to be locked forthwith, and have fined every person concerned in the riot as heavily as possible for contempt of court. Identification ought then to have been conducted, and a series of charges made out on the spot. Such a scandal as this Carington-Murray business may not be a desirable or pleasant thing, and friends, partisans, and sympathisers generally, may be excused for a display of unusual warmth in defence of their respective interests. But all excuse ends here. That a British court of justice should be turned into a bear garden, and the very administration of the law fairly outraged by a parcel of excited men, whose petty personal and private concerns have, for a moment, obtruded themselves into the charge-sheet, is a disgrace and a scandal that should not be shelved away with a mere indignant protest, or smoothed down by a silly laugh. Over and over again have a certain portion of the community shown their disregard for the dignity of the bench, and treated the police court more as a sort of under office, where they deign to hear what the magistrate has to say, rather than as a tribunal at which strict justice has to be administered. On Wednesday last a man was wanted on the bench able enough and determined enough to have read such a lesson to this particular portion that they should not have forgotten it in a hurry. Mr. D'Eyncourt was evidently not equal to the occasion. As matters stand now, no doubt this riot and its belongings will be suffered quietly to drop into oblivion, but there is no doubt but that it will be cited as a memorable precedent, and exercise a very evil influence on many who hitherto have learned to entertain some respect for the seat of justice. If a parcel of squabbling coalheavers and costermongers had thus fought over a tin box, what would have happened? Why, every one of them would have got three months, *without the option of a fine!*



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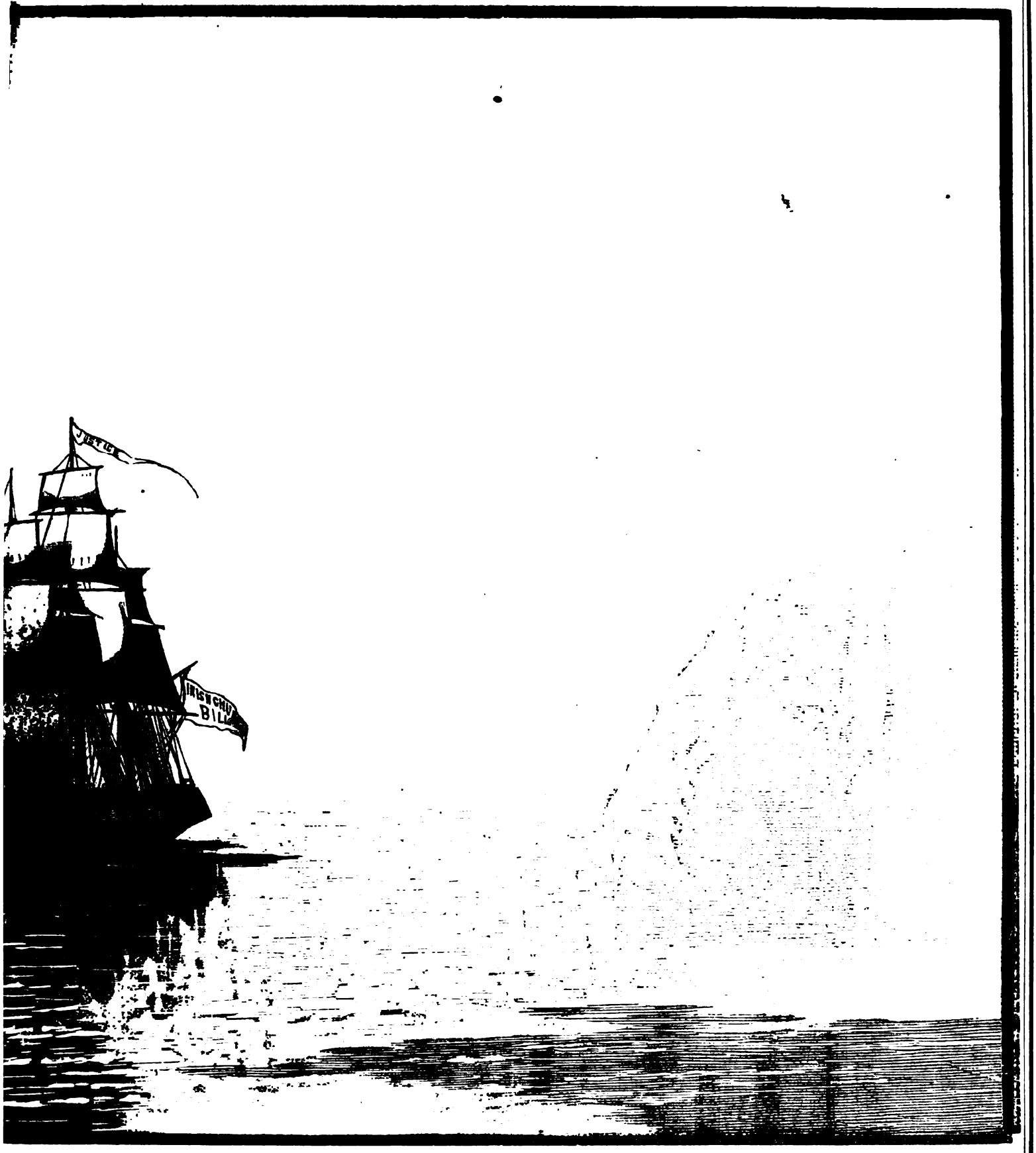

OF DANGER."

ICEBERGS.

THE WIMBLEDON WOLUNTEER.[1]

or,

THE FIELD OF GORE.

AN OPERATIC TRAGEDY.

[THIS play is an humble attempt to combine the dignity of the old drama, the interest of the modern drama, the melody of opera, and the attraction of ballet. As such, the author thinks it ought to succeed.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUSTACE MONTMORENCY *(Colonel-Commanding the 5th Royal Volunteer Light Artillery Dragoons. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

GUSTAVUS GARDINER *(Private in the 87th Belvoir Volunteer Breech-loaders. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

THE PRINCE OF POMERANIA *(Commander-in-Chief. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

Officers, Privates, Volunteers, Regulars, Irregulars, Very Irregulars, and Commissionaires. (In love with MUSIDORA.)

MUSIDORA *(In love with herself.)*

LAVINIA *(A contralto, of course. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Camp at Wimbledon. An avenue of tents, &c., rifles, ammunition, drumheads, &c. Refreshment Tent* R., *decorated with flowers. Mountains, and Richmond Park in the distance, furze bushes, ginger-beer bottles, and gravel-pits, to give local colouring. The Volunteers are lounging outside their tents, and under the shade of their rifles.*

CHORUS OF VOLUNTEERS *(with drum accompaniment).*

Sing we so gaily,
Rations are daily—
Sing we so gaily,
Rations are daily,
Nightly we warble over the punch;
First comes breakfast, then there comes lunch.
Sing we so gaily, &c. *(da capo.)*

Enter EUSTACE, *gloomily (recitative.)*

Still is the maiden of my heart's desire
Unmindful of my passion's lambent fire.
Still smiles she on my hated rival,
Ha! if she knew the great revival
Which I contemplate—no, it must not be,
Soon what we *shall* see soon, soon see shall we.

AIR.

Musidora!
I adore her,
Down before her,
On my knees I oft implore her,
Hoping that I do not bore her—
Praying that some bull might gore her,
If to life I could restore her—
Not Aurora
Jane, or Laura,
Venus, Dian, May, or Flora,
Juno, Ceres, Poll, or Cora,
Can compare with Musidora,
Oh! my, Oh! my, how I adore her!

CHORUS. So do we, so do we,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet Musidora.
We, we, we, we all adore her!

(Enter GUSTAVUS, *armed, in gaiters.)*

(Recitative.)

Caitiffs, desist, ye know not what ye say,
For Musidora will be mine to-day.

Grand Duo, Chorus, and Finale.

EUSTACE. You lie!
GUSTAVUS. I don't.
CHORUS. O yes you do, you know you do.
EUSTACE. Measureless liar,
Dare aspire—
You shall feel my rage's fire.

[1] V is altered to W for the sake of harmony.

GUSTAVUS. Fire away! (I can sing higher;)
I am the tenor.
EUSTACE. You, O sire,
He the tenor—
GUSTAVUS. Higher! higher!
CHORUS. Yes! yes! yes! he *is* a liar!
EUSTACE. Of my theme I'll never tire—
GUSTAVUS. That is B— my C is higher—
CHORUS. Oh! oh! oh! he *is* a liar!
ALL. Never will { they / I / he } tire.
ALL. { You are / He is / I am } a liar.
GUSTAVUS. Higher, Baritone, oh! higher—
EUSTACE. I a baritone—
CHORUS. He's a liar.
EUSTACE. He shall feel my furious fire.
GUSTAVUS. In me you see your defier.
CHORUS. Ha ha! ha ha! both are liars;
Both shall feel each other's fires.
EUSTACE. You!
GUSTAVUS. You!
EUSTACE. You!
GUSTAVUS. You!
BOTH. Are a liar! *(Chorus da capo.)*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of the Refreshment Tent—gorgeously decorated. Messrs.* SPIERS *and* POND, R. *and* L. *Sandwiches, bitter beer, cold meat, &c.*

Lovely Maidens in short dresses. MUSIDORA—LAVINIA *discovered eating ices.*

MUSIDORA *(in explanation).* The lovely Musidora here you see;
I love the Volunteers, and they love me.
LAVINIA *(aside).* She lies—'tis me they love, the little dears;
What tears I shed for these sweet Volunteers!
MUSIDORA. The only comfort which my sorrow cheers
Is the refreshments sold by Pond and Spiers.
LAVINIA. She really is the awfullest of liars;
She knows she ought to have pronounced it Spiers.

GRAND BALLET, *in the course of which enter the Volunteers, and are struck into various attitudes of amazement and delight at the length of the dancers' dresses, and afterwards, recovering themselves, join in a Grand Pas de Skirts. During the dance* EUSTACE *enters* R *and* GUSTAVUS L; *they scowl at one another.* EUSTACE *draws his ramrod, and points at* GUSTAVUS *significantly. Tableau.*

ACT III.

The Field of Battle. Grand rolls—trumpets. The PRINCE OF POMERANIA *and his Staff cross and recross the Stage (so as to show their uniforms back and front).*

(Enter EUSTACE, *in full uniform, with Batteries.)*

EUSTACE. Why was I made a Colonel to command
These Batteries? Nought know I of grim war.
I am a man of peace—yet stay—I've read
That if you leave the ramrod in the gun,
Though that the cartridge be a blank, the rod
Will riddle—yes—this riddle I will solve.
Gustavus in his corps attacks the left—
Which I command—what if his corpse were left?
'Tis done, and I'm revenged,—O! Musidora,
This for my rival you shall find a floorer.
PRINCE. Colonel, away! The cannon calls—away!
You will be *left* behind if here you stay.
EUSTACE. Your highness jests at scars—Pah, I forget,
(To Batteries) By your left forward wheel!
march! ricochette!
(Aside.) I see that I was destined to command,
I have always got the right *mot d'ordre* at hand.
The audience here will think I mean a joke,
'Tis but my fun at them I feebly poke—
My heart is sick—I hate guns going off,

The smoke gets down my throat and makes me cough;
Why do I prate?—Gustavus in the offing
I do perceive—I go to make your coffin.
[*Exit—flourishing his ramrod—in command of troops.*

(*Skirmish, rally, the opposing forces cross and recross the stage. Smoke! confusion!*)

Enter GUSTAVUS *and his Corps, retreating; they fire—then load and refire quickly.*

GUSTAVUS. Oh, Musidora, love, for thee this day
How much gunpowder I have fired away!

Cheers. The Corps halts, EUSTACE *and his Batteries advance opposite.*

GUSTAVUS. Come, one more round—Too late! Despair! (*feels in his pouch.*)

MEN. We've no rounds left.

CAPTAIN (*mildly*). Try and form square.

(*They form square and await the enemy's fire.* EUSTACE *advances to the head of the Batteries.*)

EUSTACE. Prepare to load—leave all your ramrods in.
(GUSTAVUS *grins*)
(*Aside.*) Ha! my fine friend, I'll teach you how to grin.
(*Places himself in front of gun.*)
Fire!

(*The Batteries fire. The air is thick with ramrods.* EUSTACE *is transfixed by the ramrod of the gun in front of which he stands. The rod passes through him, and afterwards through* GUSTAVUS. *As the smoke clears away the field is seen covered with corpses. All the guns burst, and* EUSTACE'S *men are blown to pieces.*)

EUSTACE. I die. Oh, Musidora!

GUSTAVUS. And I. Oh, Musidora!

Enter PRINCE OF POMERANIA, *with Staff and* MUSIDORA.

PRINCE (*looking around*). This must be inquired into.

CURTAIN.

OUR BOOK-MARKER.

The Authentic Historical Memoirs of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France, who, subsequently to 1793, *personated Augustus Mevés.* Ridgway, Piccadilly.

AMONG the many historical puzzles bequeathed to us by the intrigues, plots, and revolutions of past generations, one that will probably never be solved is the question whether the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette died in the prison of the Temple, on the 8th June, 1795, or whether he escaped therefrom by the aid of devoted adherents of Royalty, who hoped to shelter him until the return of better days, and by the connivance of equally devoted Republicans, who hoped by giving up to the Royalists the sickly and almost imbecile descendant of Saint Louis to mitigate the violent opposition which the adherents of the dynasty offered to the state of affairs then prevailing in France.

This question has a peculiarity that does not attach itself to the generality of historical puzzles, viz., that it was admitted to be a puzzle from the very time of the occurrence. Other questions have been raised years and centuries after the period of the event questioned; but in this case it is certain that from the very day when a boy, stated to be "young Capet," was found dead in the wretched dungeon in the Temple, doubts were openly expressed as to the identity of the prisoner whom death had released from the tender mercies of the blood-stained wolves that were then tearing the mangled remains of all that had been powerful in France. Men doubted, and women whispered, commissioners deposed, and doctors certified; "*Qui s'excusent s'accusent*," and it must be owned that the "Committee of Public Safety" in the documents they first put forward only strengthened the grounds of the suspicions and doubts they were so anxious to remove.

Between that date (October, 1795) and the present day no less than seven claimants have appeared to the title and estate of the lost Dauphin. All these claimants are now dead, but two have left direct representatives: the Reverend Ebenezer Williams, the American missionary—whose history is yet to come in any full or connected shape, being at present only to be found in a number of sensational articles in American magazines and newspapers, has left a son; and two sons survive of Mr. Augustus Mevés, whose claims to the Dauphinhood are set forth in the volume now before us.

Three hundred and fifty closely printed pages attest the care and research with which the Messrs. Mevés have striven to lay before the public all the proofs and conjectural evidence that could be brought forward in support of their inherited claim. The book has been well and carefully compiled, and the arguments are worked out sensibly, and without violent or irrational assertions. But we confess that we are not convinced by any, either of the statements or arguments, that the lost Dauphin has yet been found. The book is full of interest, and is well worth the trouble of reading it, for the facts attending the French Great Revolution, though told a hundred times, have a tragic horror about them that puts in the shade all our most sensational fictions. But as to the cause pleaded in these volumes we must, as honest critics, pronounce it "*not proven*." And unless the tale of the American Missionary, whenever it comes to us in a collected shape, is a great deal more convincing and conclusive than is this work, we cannot but think that the question of whether the Dauphin died in the prison of the Temple will always remain an historical puzzle.

The Mess-Book; or, Stray Thoughts on Military Reform, &c. By A CIVILIAN. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192 Piccadilly.

THESE short chapters, on a most important subject, which originally appeared in our pages, are full of good sense, and occasionally,—for instance, in No. IX., the New Rules for the Recruiting Service—betray no slight power of humour. Those who interest themselves in the question of Military Reform will find in this little book, clearly and simply expressed, the views which have been of late pretty generally adopted by thoughtful Liberals. It may be remarked that the opinions expressed by the author of *The Mess-Book* have, since their publication, been put forward as "original" by many other writers on this subject. This is a curious coincidence, and shows that the "Civilian" was only a little in advance of the age when he condemned so strongly the system of dual government, which, owing to the practice of appointing military men to posts which should be held by civilians, has resulted practically in the utter destruction of all control on the part of the Civil power over Army Expenditure.

The miserable mockery of economy which has been practised under the auspices of the present Government, embracing the greatest injustice to the humble *employés* of the Government Departments, together with the greatest indulgence and favour to the holders of higher posts, is well exposed in these pages. No. XVIII., giving a brief account of the pension granted to Admiral Coffin, will serve to open the eyes of those people who believe that because this Government numbers a few sincere Radical reformers among its subordinate members, that the jobbery of the Whig element can be elided. The castigation which Sir John Pakington receives in the earlier portion of the work proves that the writer is one of those few persons who regard measures more than men, and who are not blinded by party passions to the real merits and demerits of statesmen. There is only one sort of Reform which is ever genuine, sincere, and effective, and that is the Reform which is persistently urged from without, and which is carried out under the eye of the people themselves, and which official jobbery and favouritism are prevented by constant vigilance from rendering nugatory and deceptive.

As these papers are for the most part written in clear and vigorous English, and are very carefully got up and printed, we think it more incumbent on us, than otherwise it might be, to point out some inaccuracies which we have observed. In the first case, page 48, we find the following words: "this omnivorous, clerkivorous, ministerivorous monocrat." The two words here coined should be, according to analogy, *clericivorous* and *ministrivorous*: it would have been better to have altered the sentence thus—all-devouring, clerk-devouring, minister-devouring autocrats; autocrat being more English by adoption than monocrat, and the words coined in the present being neither English, Latin, nor Greek.

Again, at page 83, that unfortunate writer, Charles Lamb, whom everybody is supposed to know by heart, but who is more

often misquoted and misrepresented than almost any standard author, is represented as telling a story about some South Sea Islanders and Roast Pork. This is utterly incorrect, as are also the details of the story. The scene of the celebrated Roast Pork discovery was China, and the fun of the story is, that the persons who tasted the delicious "accident," secretly set fire to their own houses of their own accord, not in obedience to any ordinance, in order to obtain the same culinary treat.

Again, *Nec Hero intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus* should have been *Nec Dux intersit*, &c., the word *Dux* being Latin, fulfilling the requirements of scanning, and being withal sufficiently near *Storks* to warrant the adaptation.

But our readers will see we have been obliged to have resort to hyper-criticism, in order to find any fault with this work, which is full of promise, and which we trust will be the precursor of more important ones from the same author.

"IN SILK ATTIRE."

BY W——M B——K.

PROLOGUE.—A LEAP IN THE DARK.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY Ormonde, Marquess of Nottingley, rich, young, æsthetic, beautiful to look at, had one bitter abiding care. Though a British nobleman next in rank to a duke, nobody would ever call him My Lord, or Marquess, or even Nottingley. The fashionable world—his intimate friends—the very author of the present history—persisted in styling him "Harry Ormonde." It was a humiliating system of persecution.

"What would the Earl of Derby think if everybody took to calling him Ned Stanley?" mused his lordship bitterly. "I shall just make a mésalliance, and cut this ungracious world."

He popped on his hat, and forthwith called upon a celebrated actress of the day, named Annie. All the arts and all the graces had smiled upon Annie. Her genius forestalled the great dramatic lights of our own time. She was more beautiful even than Toole, more lissome than Phelps.

Marquess Harry burst into her room just as she had returned from performance to supper.

"Annie," he murmured," "I have always considered you as a sister. As a rule, members of the peerage are accustomed to regard leading actresses in a sisterly light."

"The habit, Harry Ormonde, is creditable alike to their hearts and heads."

"Annie," he continued aloud, "will you quit the delirious delights of the green-room and the lucrative advantages of an occasional benefit, for the humbler lot circumscribed by a marquess's home?"

"Harry," she replied; "other artistes have made the sacrifice ere now. For love of you I will even stoop as low as they."

So they were married.

CHAPTER II.

Marquess Harry and Marchioness Annie spent four years of their honeymoon in Switzerland. The clubs sneered audibly at the mésalliance, and continued to sneer for four years. His lordship could not endure ridicule, so he stopped away.

A child was born to them—a little actress every inch of her. At two years old, she knew the rôle of Desdemona by heart. At two-and-a-half she talked of "facial emotionalism," of "subtlety in conception," and of "the subjective treatment of a part." In fact, she had got all the cant words of criticism by heart, through studying the Sunday papers, and would discuss the Unities with her noble parent. By the time she was four years old, she was proficient in the art of "making up," and was fond of disguising herself with the view of imposing upon her papa and mamma.

The Marquess Harry could not stand this form of domestic entertainment. "Horror!" he ejaculated, "she may one day become a Mrs. German Reed, or a Mrs. Howard Paul. I shall run away."

He ran away to London, and wrote to his wife to say he should not return.

"Hum. In that case," remarked the aggrieved lady, "there is nothing for me except to away to America and bring little Annie up to the stage."

So she awayed to America with that object. Years passed, as years will, if let alone. Lord Harry died, and went to his namesake, the Old one of that ilk. Previously, however, he made a will, leaving his title and estates to his long-lost daughter. British peers, it will be observed, are wont to will away their titles in this fashion, to spite their relatives.

BOOK THE FIRST.—SPOONS.

CHAPTER I.

A gay party of Bohemians met at supper to celebrate the *début* of a new actress, who had ravished the town. Every seat in the theatre had been taken three years in advance; the orchestra had been converted into orchestra stalls; the big drum was let to a party of four, and the policeman in the gallery dispensed with, as he took up valuable room. As for the critics, they were accommodated in the "flies"—not the first time they had been over the heads of the performers. It was a great success.

This actress's name was Annie Brunel—dark, splendid, sinuous, full of idealism. Besides her there sat at supper the manager, a certain fat tea-broker who had purchased a German tifle and was called Count Schönstein, and a young engineer—named Will Annerley. The last was a Civil engineer—eminently so.

(I have introduced the Count into this story to show I know German. He, himself, didn't.)

"Let us all go to Hounslow heath by moonlight," exclaimed Will Annerley.

"A notable project," cried Count Schönstein. "My carriage is at your disposal."

(He did not say it in German, because he couldn't. But I can. That will come later on. Wait a bit.)

They drove to Hounslow heath, six in a carriage, with lashings of champagne and a pork pie. The sheeny moonlight glimmered on the sward; the eternal stars piped overhead the song of innocence when the æons were young. I am generally considered A 1, at a bit of sensuous landscape-painting. It is my idealism.

They drank champagne and danced quadrilles on the heath till dawn. It was a respectable proceeding for Sunday morning.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh Will," murmured Dove Annerley, "how late you agh in aghiving!"

She was a gentle, fawn-eyed, cooing thing, was Dove Annerley. She purred like a pussy, and could not pronounce her *r's*, using *gh* instead. Perhaps you do not know how to pronounce *gh* as a substitute for *r*? That is your jolly ignorance.

Will Annerley was engaged to his foster-sister, Dove, who lived with his parents down in Kent. Old Annerley was a lively old sceptic who did not believe in parsons, and was accustomed to ask "Why does my consciousness flare up for an instant, and then disappear?" Nobody could answer this poser, not even the curate of the district, who was not troubled with a pyrotechnic consciousness himself.

Purring, cooing, guileless Dove was full of idealisms. So was her mother. There are lots of idealisms knocking about Kent. I caught one myself there.

That Sunday afternoon, Will suggested they should all go up to town next day and see Miss Brunel, the new actress, in *Juliet*.

"I shall be ghegulaghly oveghjoyed to go to a gheal theatghe," purred Dove.

And when she had thus purred, they gave her a saucerful of milk, and she washed her face, like a good little pussy as she was.

CHAPTER III.

Dove Annerley and her parents, and Will, went to the theatre; where Miss Brunel shone, a transcendental, seraphic star, beaming with idealism. Between the acts Will introduced Dove behind the scenes, as the custom is with young ladies from the country.

Gentle Dove was enchanted with Annie Brunel in her dressing-room. They were such lovely contrasts; the one with her fawn-eyed, pigeon, purring ways, the other with her splendid dark hair, lithe form, and idealism. How glowing seemed Annie, when you stood near her! If you kissed her, as Dove did, she tasted of vanilla cream and violet powder. I am well up in the flavour of dramatic stars.

"And now," said Will Annerley, cheerfully, "I'm off to Germany."

"Oh Will," purred Dove, "what stghange ghesolution is this? With whom do you depaght?"

"With Count Schönstein," answered Will. But he said nothing about Annie Brunel, who was one of the party.

For the season—a most successful one, of two nights—was over; and the Count had invited Miss Brunel and her chaperone to his estate in the Schwarzwald. He had a notion of popping the question to Annie, having a shrewd idea that she was the heiress of Harry Ormonde, Marquess of Nottingley. But Annie herself knew nothing of this.

BOOK THE SECOND.—NOODLES.

CHAPTER I.

Away to the Schwarzwald—called by ignorant geographers the Black Forest. Geographers don't know German, the duffers. *Sie sprechen kein Deutsch, wie ich.*

Count Schönstein, a retired tea-dealer, was a hopelessly illiterate

party, equally ignorant of the tongue of the Vaterland. He made as many mistakes in the genders as the author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." I have created him as a foil to my superior knowledge.

Oh Germany, land of undulating plains, of sloping table-lands, resonant with the psaltery of nightingales, dazzling with the dark, deep, beautiful blue of thy æther! Oh Rhineland, home of *Geist*, of *Gemüthlichkeit*, of *Bratwurst* and *Kartoffel-Salat!*—inly-cherished mother-clime of *Schwärmerei* and idealism! I could continue for ever in rhapsody of this sort. It is my forte.

Chapter II.

"Now heaven help me!" mentally ejaculated Will Annerley, that more than usually Civil Engineer, "I love this dark-haired actress to distraction. The moonlight, the Rhine steamers, the Rüdesheimer, and the potato-salad have done this fatal work. She has so much more 'go' than Dove; and then she *can* pronounce her *r's*, and has idealism. Ah me! I am a traitor to my purring sweetheart in Kent,"

Chapter III.

He never breathed his passion, till they went out shooting one day in the Schwarzwald. A troop of huntsmen followed, wearing plumes all down their backs, and singing the chorus from *Der Freischütz*.

Suddenly, Annie wanted to take a shot at a hart. An opportunity occurred here for Will to make a point about the other heart which she had hit; but he virtuously abstained, and handing her a gun, ran behind a tree to get out of the way.

Acting on the happy impulse of her sex, Annie turned the muzzle of the weapon over her left shoulder, shut her eyes, and fired. A shriek aroused the welkin of the district. Horror! The fatal ramrod had transfixed Will to a tree.

"Oh agony!" she cried, "it is not the hart."

"No," murmured Will, "it is the right lung. But it is of no consequence. I have long loved you, and now your charms have penetrated me."

He withdrew the ramrod, and wended pensively back to the castle. "*Herr Je!*" ejaculated the native huntsmen; "*das ist aber eine Geschichte!*"

But Will felt a lingering pain in his side, and now that he had confessed his love, thought he might profitably return to England and go to bed.

And she, the all-but assassin? Oh love!—oh life!—oh aggravation! She now realised how well she loved that Civil Engineer.

BOOK THE THIRD.—GUSH.

Chapter I.

All the *nousiness* had gone out of Annie Brunel. She could not act any more. Previously she had simulated idealism; now that the idealism was all there, and she really loved, she could not make believe longer.

It is always the way with great actresses; the moment they conceive a real attachment, it is all up with their art. Look at Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, for an illustration of what I mean.

She tried to play Rosalind. The pit up and heaved cold potatoes at her. Fiasco! limitless fiasco!

The second night of Rosalind, a solitary spectator tenanted the upper boxes. It was Will Annerley. Singularly enough, the unfortunate actress recognised him, and burst into tears. The orchestra (there was nobody else in the house) thought it a new effect, and applauded.

Will met her after the performance and walked with her from the Strand to Knightsbridge; and that wild night they roamed through Knightsbridge, on to Hammersmith, round Turnham Green, Notting Hill, St. John's Wood, and so by Islington back again. 'Twas a night of dread agonised delight, strained embraces, torrents of tears, and kisses so prolonged and passionate, that many a policeman, husky with emotion, implored them to move on. Ah me! it comes but once in a lifetime, that straining of heart to heart, when the nectar of young love's osculation has the taste of vanilla cream!

Chapter II.

Will went back to Kent, and tried to go in for Dove, who purred away in her attic and caught mice. Annie gave up the stage and got poorer and poorer. Then Count Schönstein made her an offer, and she drove him scornfully away.

"A Count," she said, "who cannot decline *der, die, das*, and does not know that a German participle is relegated to the end of the sentence, shall never make me his!"

She got poorer and poorer, and then a bitter thought struck her. "Oh why" she passionately uttered, "does the author of my life's history call it 'In Silk Attire'?"

Chapter III.

While Annie grew poorer and poorer, Dove slowly pined away. Hers was a mysterious sort of complaint, for which the doctors found no name. But I, who have studied medicine, can guess at the source of it. It was a malady known as the *Deus-ex-machina*, a disease frequently fatal to inconvenient heroines towards the end of the third volume.

Poor Dove pined away, but she made no complaint. Even in the extremity of her indisposition, her habitual purring never degenerated into a mol-row.

Chapter IV.

When Annie Brunel had got to her last fourpence halfpenny, she decided on making use of a mysterious letter her mother had left in her keeping.

She took this letter—a sealed one—to the lawyer to whom it was addressed. The eminent solicitor opened and read:

"Mr. Lawyer,—My daughter claims h er rights.

(Signed) "Annie, Marchioness of Nottingley."

"Certainly," remarked the eminent solicitor, handing the letter to Anne Brunel. "A little money would perhaps be useful on account?"

"I will take," responded that well-bred actress, "a moderate sum to begin with, since I *am* a marchioness. Say two hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds."

The lawyer wrote her a cheque, and she set off for Castle Ormonde, where she invited all the supers of the late theatre, and they held high jinks.

Chapter V.

It was now drawing towards the close of the third volume, and Dove Annerley felt it high time she should die. So she took to her bed and sent for her relatives and Annie.

"I have a good idea; let us have a wedding by pghivate contghact, as they exhibit it on the stage. I wish to be maghied to Will while time lasts, so as to leave him a widower. Pghoduce a notaghy."

With great difficulty they produced a notary—one who lived in Soho, and was accustomed to try and wed interesting prima donnas to undesirable bassos, only the tenor always arrived and stopped the bans.

The notary came and drew out the contract, to which Will, in profound melancholy, attached his name. "Luckily I shan't be married long," he mentally observed, and handed the document to Dove.

But the gentle Dove—artful puss—penned not her own name to that contract. No, no! It was Annie Brunel's signature she forged; and then sitting up in bed, she joined the hands of Annie and Will.

"You agh maghied now," she purred, "good-bye."

"Stop—stop," cried the happy couple with one voice. "Before you go, solve one grave doubt. Why—oh why has Mr. Black called all this business 'In Silk Attire'?"

"Can it be," suggested old Mr. Annerley, the sceptic, "because it is a Black Habit?"

"No," murmured Dove, you are wrong. "It is because all the female characters wear Linsey Wolsey."

And with a peaceful smile she purred herself to sleep.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Loved, hated, worshipped, and reviled;
A people's despot, yet its petted child.
Such by outsiders must my first be reckoned,
Although he'll die,—before he'll stand my second!

1.—A pleasant place. We call it here at home
A sort of stiff antipodes to Rome.
Men praise its *faith!* Though charity it shirks,
They would be wiser if they praised its *works.*

2.—If Johnny lives until he's five years old,
My sum will to the very hour be told.

3.—Something that all of us, whate'er our views,
Denounce as most immoral,—and then use.

4.—A city. Were I what my name implies,
I shouldn't take long reaching to the skies.

5,—Oft wet with blood; yet there are some who think
A mightier weapon is oft wet with ink.

6.—To do this pretty thing all statesmen learn;
Not one of them but tries to in his turn.

7.—There's naught like me a patriot's cake to leaven;
If hell be opposition—well, I'm heaven!

8.—A famous bit of policy, which ends
In making enemies of all your friends.

9.—If limited, 'twill thwart the nation's will;
If not, most surely must upset the bill.

Answer to our Acrostic in No. 114 will be given in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 116.] *LONDON, JULY 24, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

AT THE FOOT OF THE VOLCANO.

THE great man has spoken; France, through its Ruler, who, we know, is France as well as Peace, has spoken; all danger is over. Napoleon III. has made concessions sufficient to satisfy some of his opponents, at least; France will accept these concessions, and devote herself to peaceful progress.

So say the half-Liberals, the adherents or pensioners of the Emperor, and the official and semi-official papers in Paris. But all earnest Liberals, all moderate men and upright politicians, all supporters of constitutional instead of personal government, say far otherwise. They say that the Emperor's proposals are thoroughly insincere, inadequate to the demands and necessities of the country, and utterly incapable of satisfying the awakened cry for Reform which has sounded from one end of France to the other. If these concessions are granted, the Revolution, which might now be a peaceful and harmless one, will be deferred, until, day by day, it shall have gathered irresistible strength, and shall enforce its demands at the point of the sword, perhaps from the barricades.

The abandonment of the interpellation by the "Tiers parti" is what might be expected; it has been partly dictated by that "*laissez aller*" disposition which hates the worry of any decided action; partly by the ever-present spirit of toadyism which shrinks from openly offending the "person in possession" at the Tuileries; partly, let us hope, from a spirit of statesman-like self-restraint which nobly consents to postpone the realization of its aims and hopes, rather than to call into existence the horrors of a civil war. The attitude of the Emperor is still more what might have been expected; it would have been curious indeed, if the man, who from a needy exile, and a contemptible filibuster, rose by means of high-sounding professions, and by the voice of universal suffrage, to the proud position of President, and thence, by the paternal rigour of the *coup d'état*, to the prouder position of Emperor; honoured and fêted not only by the grateful nation which he had rescued from anarchy, but by all Christian powers,—yes, first and foremost by virtuous gentle England, the home of the law-keeping, life-respecting Saxon;—it would be curious indeed if the man who, having achieved all this, added to his glory the conquest of the Crimea, the liberation of Italy, the bloodless subjugation of Savoy, the regeneration of Mexico, the reorganization of Germany, and the control of the Belgian railroads, should, of his own accord, lay down his power at the command of disrespectful opposition, and should cruelly deprive France of her head, her heart, and her right hand at the same time. The Saviour of Society is wiser than to go through the arduous process of salvation twice over. Louis Napoleon knows that were he to surrender the principle of personal government, he would probably be spared long enough to be called in again by a devoted nation to save France and society at the same time.

This is the Imperial view of the matter. But it is in the power of but few mortals to realize the magnificent ideas, or to trace the complicated motives, of such a magnanimous genius as the present Emperor of the French. Some have called him a purely imitative man; they have attributed his apparent cruelties, his executions, his deportations to Cayenne, his tyranny over the Press, to a humble resolve to follow in the footsteps of other Governors of France before him. It may be this want of originality, his great-uncle and the Republican Government affording him no immediate precedent for his conduct under the present crisis—at least, not one that he feels strong enough to carry out—may ultimately drive him to seek for an example among the Kings of France, and so result in landing him once more on these shores an honoured exile. Were it not impossible to predict the future conduct of one so eminently ductile in the hands of his people, one might be tempted to think that his last attempt at offering the shadow for the substance could have no other end than a peaceful abdication, which Louis Napoleon would surely prefer to an internecine struggle, or a reproduction of the massacre which he once authorized with such reluctance, and at such terrible expense to his sensitive and generous nature.

The question is, does France—that is to say, the active, earnest, thinking, resolute, part of France—really require constitutional government, that is to say, the right to control the expenditure, to declare war, and the responsibility of Ministers to the nation not to the Emperor? If France does require all this, the Emperor's rigmarole message does not even promise it; that he will ever grant it, we do not believe. Ministers may sit in the House of Assembly, the Council of State may discuss affairs of State with the Emperor; the Deputies may criticize the measures of the Government;—but as long as the executive power is vested in one man, as long as there is no constitutional power vested in the people's representatives of stopping the supplies, so long is liberty an impossibility in France. It may be that the Emperor intends for the future to be the mere exponent of the nation's will; that he intends to initiate nothing, but to receive his orders from the Assembly of the people's representatives; if so, he will have some difficulty in persuading France, or any other nation, to believe it. He cannot destroy the memory of his past; and the lesson which that has taught,

bitterly and cruelly, is distrust, if not hatred, of the present Emperor.

It is well that Paris particularly should realize the state of affairs; that those whose whole life is one mad pursuit of pleasure, who dance the cancan, and rush to see the drama in *déshabille*, should know that they are doing all this under the shadow of a volcano, the eruption of which is imminent, and in whose fiery streams of lava they will be destroyed, unless they take warning in time. Tyrants have always found in the apathy of satisfied sensuality their greatest support. They drug their victims, who then become their unresisting prey. The careless scoffer, the jaded voluptuary, the feverish debauchee may care little what course political events take, so long as they are left to their enjoyments. But when the mind and heart of a nation are fairly roused, the struggle is never doubtful between tyranny and liberty. The mere slaves of appetite and bondsmen of pleasure have only the choice between reformation and destruction. They are soon trampled under foot. But they hamper the hands of Right, without being any real support to Wrong. It is for them to consider whether the end is worth the cost.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

IT is stated that Mr. Rammell's proposal of some time since for a pneumatic passenger tube under Hyde Park, between the Marble Arch and Knightsbridge, is about to be revived in connexion with the contemplated improvement of the Serpentine. The complete scheme for the tube, it seems, includes a second section from Knightsbridge to the South Kensington Museum. No doubt such a line of communication would be a great convenience; and, notwithstanding the objection some people may have to being shot through the earth on the cannon-ball principle, the new line would do a good business. Without any wish, however, to discourage the promoters of the undertaking, we cannot but think that there are difficulties in the way which will not easily be overcome. The very connection of the scheme with the clearing out of the Serpentine is lugubriously ominous; for the promoters will find ready made an immense supply of the very best mud available for them to stick in.

THE BATTLE OF (PANDORA'S) BOX.

COME hither, little grandson,
And sit upon my knee;
Come, listen to my story
Of modern chivalry.
No legend of the nurs'ry,
No silly fairy rhyme,
Nor is it tale of giants,
Or "once upon a time."
Here, in the wond'ring Forum,
The Box was bravely won;
One day last week before the Beak
The noble deed was done.
Eyes are still black among us
To mark the fearful day,
When stately swells of th' Upper Ten
Rushed wildly on, like common men,
To join in the affray.

Now you know, my little grandson,
That to fight is not "the thing;"
In these days we're far too squeamish
To patronise the Ring;
But Britons still are Britons:
Hearts are bold, and arms are stout:
Prod Dame Nature with a pitch-fork,
But no prong can keep her out.
Nowadays its very rareness
To a fight enchantment lends;
No craven heart can stand a-back
From all mischances of attack,
When ready means of self-defence
Are placed by all-wise Providence
At all our finger ends!

So the British blood was fevered,
When the Lawyers put with glee
Questions cross and crooked answers
To the Bench, as Referee;
When facts were turned, and twisted
Inside out, and proof was strong
That, if one side were in error,
Why, the right was in the wrong;
When the tongues alternate clashing
Hammered on with dire intent,
And opposing briefs came pounding
On the heads of argument;
Every hero with emotion
Felt his waistcoat madly heave,
Pulse at nineteen to the dozen,
Biceps swelling in his sleeve;
When he saw the prize of battle
Stowed away in box of tin,
Slyly turned he up his wristbands
In his ardour to begin!
And 'twas then the dormant spirit
Broke its bonds with clamour loud,
And a wild spontaneous frenzy
Took possession of the crowd.
Then straightway, thick as hailstones,
Came whizzing through the air,
Umbrellas, sticks, and inkstands,
All round his Worship's chair.
But the Box's trusty guardian,
Out of breath, and sore distressed,
Hid the keyhole with his shirtfront,
Hugged the treasure to his breast;
Dukes, and Earls, and cads, and commons,
Each to each, were deadly foes;
Bearded hirelings of justice
Felt the folly of plain clothes;
Vain were Henderson's blue Lictors
The unseemly mob to cow;
Reporters say, who saw that day,
Was never such a row.
Was none who knew the leader
That was foremost in the fray;
What's the odds? all hit like heroes
At whoever came their way;
Broken benches, hats by bushels
Lay in ruin on the floor;
Quoth his Worship, "Well, I never
Saw a scene like this before!"
Still the Box's trusty guardian,
With a half-expiring groan,
Like a leech stuck to his treasure,
Like a Lawyer held his own;
In adhesiveness of purpose
Bravely bore the hardest knocks,
For the evidence was safely
(Where it should be) *in the Box!*

There's my story, little grandson:—
When you're older, then you'll see
How our country grows in Freedom—
Hence our modern chivalry!

THE WAY TO KILL TIME (*dedicated to the Volunteers*).—Shoot every day!

A GREAT HONOUR!—A paper called the *Tablet* (of the same faith as the leading Roman Catholic paper, the *Weekly Register*) is quoted from and praised in this week's *Queen's Messenger*.

CHAINS FOR THE CHAINED.—A ticket-of-leave man recently ran away with the jailer's daughter. His defence was that he was so accustomed to penal servitude that he could not live without a wife!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Chefs-d'Œuvre of the Industrial Arts. By PHILIPPE BURTY, and Edited by W. CHAFFERS, F.S.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

THIS is an English translation, carefully edited, of a very elaborate work, which it would be impossible to review at length. Considering it is written by a Frenchman, we suppose that we must excuse the very slight recognition of English Art which it contains; for instance, in the portion relating to porcelain, not the slightest mention is made of the beautiful old wares of Derby, Worcester, and Chelsea. If the Turquoise Blue and the Rose Du Barry of the Sèvres porcelain are beautiful, so is the rich purple and curious olive green of the old Worcester. A great proportion of the space is devoted to an account of the revival of Sèvres ware; while no notice is taken of the wonderful revival in England of Wedgwood ware, and the great elegance and careful finish of Messrs. Minton's reproductions of old porcelain. The Capo di Monte ware is totally ignored, though the gracefulness of its designs and beauty of colouring might have secured for it honourable mention. There has been a very important movement lately in the direction of purity and simplicity of taste both in china and glass all through Europe. With regard to the glass, no notice is taken of the revival of the Murano glass which Messrs. Salviati and Co. have so nobly carried out. Nor is the work of the Axminster looms alluded to in the section which treats of tapestry and carpets, though surely the wonderful specimen of that work which is in Sion House is worthy of being classed among the masterpieces of industrial art. We could have wished to see the book better got up as regards paper and printing, but then it could never have been sold at the extremely moderate price which it now bears; and the engravings, we must admit, are excellent.

It is always easy to find sins of omission in such a book as this. The sins of commission are few. One cannot expect a Frenchman to write about anything without extolling his own country; their national vanity is so obtrusive, that whether it be history or poetry, or ethics, or philosophy, or fine arts, the pre-eminence of France must be asserted, if not proved. We quite agree with the writer's depreciation of those feeble imitations which pass for genuine specimens of ancient art; and we wish that collectors would only show half as much discretion as zeal, and a quarter as much prudence as generosity. It would be possible then to get real works of art for a moderate price, instead of spurious imitations for lavish sums.

The notes are carefully written, and are very useful. We would suggest an appendix to the next edition, supplying some of the defects which we have pointed out. As far as it goes, this book will be found useful as well as ornamental.

A CASE FOR THE POOR-LAW BOARD.

A FEW days ago, one Mr. Langston, a surgeon of Rochester, was fined one shilling by the local magistrates, for neglecting to forward to the Registrar of Births, a certificate, as required by the Vaccination Act, of his having successfully performed a case of vaccination. It appeared that there were as many as 800 children in one district of the Union alone, who had not been vaccinated, and the Guardians had, therefore, very properly appointed a public prosecutor to prosecute in all cases in which the provisions of the Act were not complied with. In this instance, the defendant was one of the public vaccinators employed by the Poor-Law Board, and, therefore, it was the more incumbent on him to carry out the provisions of the Act. Mr. Langston paid his shilling, however, but asked for "a case," which the magistrates declined to grant. We entirely concur with the magistrates in refusing to give a case, for if "a case," and a very bad "case" indeed, does not already exist, we do not know what the term "a case" is generally supposed to signify. We recommend Mr. Langston to pay his shilling and go on his way vaccinating without more ado. With 800 children in his district unvaccinated, he surely has better employment for his time than to rush into litigation.

MURRAY'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT (dedicated to the Editor of the *Queen's Messenger*).—A thick horsewhip!

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

HAVING, in my opening chapter, enunciated in something like a business shape a few general maxims for the guidance of true British Travelling Snobs, I will now assume a more colloquial tone. The little hints I have to give on matters of detail can be far more agreeably suggested in a conversational and familiar strain, and I therefore feel no apology need be tendered for its adoption.

To begin with, then, we will imagine my dear Mr. Travelling Snob, that you have come from London to Dover, crossed the Channel, and reached Calais in your best manner. That is to say, we will suppose you have come first-class, treated the English railway officials with proper insular contempt and discourtesy (as, I allow, they would have treated you, had you travelled by second), and had a quiet, but supremely exalted grumble over French newspapers, claret, waiting rooms, guards, soldiers, and punctuality. We will further suppose that you have digested that excellent little *plat* you found waiting you, hot and well cooked, at Amiens, and growled about French dishes generally, until some new grievance fortunately presented itself to your notice. And this you know you will have done, all the while cognizant of the fact that your experience of English railway travelling can suggest to you no *Buffet* where you have been so well and reasonably served. Let us suppose all this, and watch you now comfortably located, straps, opera glasses, *Bradshaws*, *Murrays*, *Times*, hat box and all in your corner of a first-class carriage on the *Chemin du Fer du Nord*. There you sit, looking,—I can positively assure you it is a fact,—to the other travellers in your compartment rather an ill-tempered fool than anything else. How are these excellent Messieurs and Madame there to know that that unpleasant supercilious scowl you wear on your face is the result of a fanatical self-consciousness? Naturally enough, since the true gentleman is always to be detected by the perfect ease with which he accommodates himself to the company in which circumstances place him, they can only make out of you, some gross *bourgeois Anglais*, who knows less of good breeding than yonder decent spoken fellow in the blouse, who is playing an organ for ha'pence at that country station.

What do they know of your mansion in Lowndes Square? What do they care that you married the seventh daughter of a younger son of the late Lord Tinkerville, and that that excellent and accomplished lady was presented at Court last year, and has, by dint of much praiseworthy perseverance, on the strength of it, at length fairly forced herself into the Bangaway set? What dignity would it invest you with in their eyes were you to tell them that you belong to the Conservative, have got a place in Warwickshire, and dine with the Duke of Fishwater once a year? And mind you, my dear Mr. T. S., I do not deny that these things are very substantial advantages, of which a thoroughbred Englishman may well be proud; but what I do urge is, that there is no reason why, on the strength of their possession, you should try by mental jury, find guilty, and condemn to social death, these foreign gentlemen and ladies of whom you know nothing. No doubt you take Monsieur on your left to be a chocolate vendor, for you draw yourself away from him as if he were your bootmaker. Just now, when he addressed some polite remark to you, you know you replied with a clumsy and haughty coldness, that said (I admit in the very worst French) plainly that you were a great deal too big a man to be addressed at all, and that you considered his "opening" a bit of foreign impertinence. If you will analyse your thoughts, you will, I am sure, frankly admit that you are possessed, very completely, with some such snobbish sentiments as these. I dare say you would stare were you to know that it is your French fellow-traveller, and not you, who is condescending, if it be an act of condescension to engage in a civil conversation with a stranger. His family, my dear sir, can give yours two centuries start, and then leave it nowhere. He is a well-born, well-bred, French gentleman—a peer, and, being such, may read you a lesson in manners. Your conduct, Mr. Travelling Snob, to your fellow-passengers is, I fear, one of your worst features. I shall recur to it again.

(To be continued.)

"BELLES LETTRES."—Notes sent on Saint Valentine's-day.

LONDON, JULY 24, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE wedding of the Marquis ot Huntley and Miss Brookes was so numerously attended by the "*élite* of society" that the occasion will be known as the great Hunt Breakfast.

CONCURRENT endowment is called so on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*, because the Commons will never *concur* with the Lords on it. Let us hope the latter may *conquer*.

THE Mayor and Chief Constable of Birmingham have been served with notice of action for the false imprisonment of Mr. Murphy. If the imprisonment was really false, so much the worse. But cannot anything be done to the people who let him out?

MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY was sued at the Westminster County Court on Friday for the price of a pair of boots. He pleaded the Statute of Limitations, but the verdict was given against him. It would appear that there are no "limitations" to which boots may not go when Mr. Grenville Murray is in question. Quite right, too!

THE correspondence between Archbishop Manning and the Rev. C. P. Eyre, of Marylebone, has helped to draw attention to what has been acknowledged on several occasions to be a serious injustice to our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. Nothing can possibly excuse the practice of sending Roman Catholic children from our workhouses to Protestant schools, simply because the established religion of this country is Protestantism. Any underhand attempts at conversion on the part of the Church of England can only serve to bring her into contempt with all her most worthy disciples; for religious freedom is the very basis of her existence. She does not claim the infallibility which the Roman Church does, and, therefore, any attempt to force her creed on children is a piece of tyranny pure and simple. We are sorry to say that a spirit of servility towards the most narrow-minded and bigoted section of Protestants is very apparent now on all sides. The Government is doing all it can, consistent with the professions which brought it to Downing street, and which must be fulfilled if it is to remain there, to flatter and favour that section of its supporters whose whole religious creed is summed up in the words, "I hate Papists," and whose religious practice chiefly confines itself to a vigorous and determined effort never to miss an opportunity of insulting, and, if possible, oppressing their fellow Christians. In fact, the hatred of these excellent persons against the Roman Catholics seems to increase in proportion to the frequent occasions which they find for boasting of the justice they are going to do them. With regard to the correspondence alluded to above, we must confess that we do not see that the Rev. Mr. Eyre has anywhere ventured to assert, much less to prove, that he did not encourage the forcible education of children of Catholic parents in the Protestant faith. The rev. gentleman's letters are remarkable for an instance of studied discourtesy. Dr. Manning always addresses him as "Reverend Sir," while Mr. Eyre always carefully addresses the Archbishop as "Sir." This offensive assertion of religious independence is as little worthy of a Christian as of a gentleman.

A SCOTCH MIST.

THE mode of procedure in the election of the Representative Peers of Scotland is altogether beyond the comprehension of common people like ourselves. Last week the Earl of Kellie was unanimously elected a Representative Peer for Scotland; "but," adds the report, "the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Kellie were the only peers present." This is rather like the little boy who boasted of being second when it afterwards appeared that there were only two in the class. We congratulate Lord Kellie (whose acquaintance we are happy to make, for we must frankly admit that, in our ignorance, we have never heard of his lordship) on his accession to the responsibilities of a seat in the Upper House—and as he cannot be said to come under the heading of "our hereditary legislators," we consider ourselves justified in believing that Lord Kellie will faithfully represent his constituents, who have been so *singularly* unanimous in his election.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

A NOTICE has just been published that in consequence of the Thames Tunnel being required for the East London Railway works, it will be closed for traffic on and after the 21st instant. It is difficult to suppose that our enlightened and tax-paying British public will quietly submit to be deprived of the vast advantages of this masterpiece of science, even for a few weeks. If they do, however, allow themselves to be robbed of this great necessity of their existence, we warn them that they may expect the following further incursions on their liberties to be shortly announced:

The Duke of York's Column to be only accessible to visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays—and after 1 p.m., on Sundays.

The Corinthian Bazaar in Argyll street, to be shut up.

The Fountains at Charing Cross to play at less frequent intervals.

The statue in Leicester square to be removed to the South Kensington Museum.

We trust, however, that before these lines are in the hands of our readers, London will be in arms to assert its right of way through the great thoroughfare now about to be closed, and that the above horrible possibilities will be less imminent than we are now forced to consider them.

THE I'S HAVE IT.

A GOOD deal of mild fun has lately been poked at the compilers of the Irish Church Bill for their spelling of the plural of the word "money," which is printed "monies," instead of "moneys." Of course if the House of Commons is correct, and the rule thus laid down is to obtain, we shall have "attornies" for "attorneys," "survies" for "surveys," "abbies" for "abbeys," "allies," the plural of "ally," for "alleys," and so on. Whether the Legislature really intends to sanction such wholesale changes as these we do not know; but we have reason to believe that in future the following words, when used in a Parliamentary sense, will be amended in the following manner:—

PATRIOTISM.—The "i" is to be omitted, so that "ROT" may be substituted for "RIOT."

BUDGET.—In future to be spelt "SMUDGIT."

EXCHEQUER.—To be spelt "NO-CHECKER."

BRITISH LION.—As this animal is no longer accepted by our neighbours as representing us, "LIEN" is to be substituted for "LION," and the term "BRITISH LIEN" is in future to relate only to Customs' Duties.

We thoroughly concur with the House of Commons (should our facts prove to be correct) in this common-sense way of spelling words; at the same time we beg to point out that there are several other changes that might advantageously be made if the rule of spelling words with a regard to their real significance is to be generally adopted.

THE DOOM

OR,

LIFE BENEATH—DE

E D C I T Y !

RUCTION O'ER HEAD.

("*France is Paris—Paris is Napoleon.*")

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

"PAWKINS and Spoff!" screamed LittleSquigsby—"Pawkins and Spoff!"

He had been screaming this for one half-hour, twice every second. He was not hoarse. He liked it. The more he screamed the more he enjoyed the excitement. He had, during this half-hour, been knocked about, hustled, punched, cursed, and made the subject of every variety of blasphemous anathema. He had been steaming in a room with a low roof—half-yard, half-stable, called Judges' Chambers, in Clifford's Inn, Chancery Lane, with about three hundred other specimens of legal humanity. They were ragged men and boys. They were very greasy. They breathed ardent spirits and stale tobacco. Their temperament was passionate, their manners violent, and whenever they spoke to one another they spoke defiantly and loudly, and shouted into each other's ears with a sort of exultant savagery their particular grievances. "Pawkins and Spoff!" still screamed Little Squigsby—"Pawkins and Spoff!" He was jammed in now. The place was full. The hands of the clock were upon the stroke of half-past eleven. The steam was fearful. The ragged men and boys were as thick as eels in vinegar. £50,000 depended upon an answer being returned to Little Squigsby's scream!

II.

And this was how it was. Little Squigsby was the junior clerk in Slicker's office. Slicker was an attorney and solicitor; he was an old man, and a sharp man. Slicker had grey hairs, and was fat, and yet he was sharp. Slicker had grown up daughters—one of them pretty, and yet he was sharp. Slicker had made money in the old times, and had married well, and had dined well all his life; and yet he was sharp! He had never allowed his feelings to be blunted towards his fellow-creatures. Life to him was a grindstone, and as it went round and round, he was always sharpening himself upon it. Sharpness was his creed. No one, man or boy, was worth his salt unless he was sharp. An old man now, he was sharper than ever. So it happened that one night Slicker dines in his own house, with a chosen few, and talking of lengthened Chancery suits and heavy bills of costs, and actions fought and verdicts gained against all law and justice, and innocent men pursued and crushed; and talking of conflicts with judges, of tiring out feeble-hearted opponents, and gaining points thereby, of persistent threatenings and daring effrontery by which cases were gained when there was no case to gain. So it happened that the party, breaking up, and all the men staggering to the door, and struggling for their hats and coats, the front door had been opened by Slicker himself, and then a ragged dirty boy was found sleeping upon the door-step. He was *so* dirty and *so* ragged, and yet his poor, pinched, starved face, lying against the lintel, shone by the light of the gas-lamp with a startling purity of whiteness.

"Hulloa!" cried Slicker. "What's this?"

"What's what?" cried Mr. Bulbous, the criminal lawyer, who had long been hiccoughing through a story, as to how, acting for the prosecution, he had caused a perfectly innocent man to be hanged, and thereby secured his costs. "What's what?"

"Why, this!" cried Mr. Slicker, pointing to the sleeping boy.

They all crowded round, and looked out upon the boy, who still slept on, undisturbed by the noise.

"One of the criminal population!" cried Mr. Bulbous, forcing himself in front of the crowd of guests. "Prosecute him, Slicker; contemplated burglary, you may depend upon it. Look how white his skin is, and look at his filbert-shaped nails—a hardened criminal! Five years' penal servitude at the least. Kick him, Slicker!"

Thus enjoined, Mr. Slicker kicked the sleeping boy.

"Get up, you vagabond!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

The boy started to his feet, the fire flashing from his eyes; he seemed instantly to become a small giant. Without a moment's hesitation, and although apparently dazed by the suddenness of his being awakened, and the light streaming from the hall of Mr. Slicker's house, he rushed at his assailant. The guests in a body flew back into the hall. They were strong, powerful men, and yet the ragged boy, advancing upon them suddenly and furiously, caused them to retreat.

"Who are yer kickin' on?" cried the boy, as he stood in the hall, confronting the staggered lawyers.

No one said a word. There was a pause. Mr. Slicker was the first to break the silence. "A sharp boy, this," he said to himself; and then, aloud, he added, "Who are you?—what's your name?"

"I'm nothing," cried the boy, with a sharp cry of agony. "I knows nothin', and I wants nothin'; but don't you come kickin' me again."

Mr. Slicker rushed into the dining-room and rang the bell. His man immediately appeared.

"Take that boy down-stairs," he said to the man, "and give him what he wants. What's your name, boy?"

"Well, sir," said the boy, as if in considerable doubt, and with a touch of melancholy in his voice, "they *calls* me Little Squigsby."

III.

And Little Squigsby was now attending a Judge's summons as the junior clerk of Mr. Slicker, attorney-at-law. Little Squigsby's duties in the office were not extensive; he pounced the writs, he filled the waterbottles, he cleaned the inkstands, and he attended the Judges upon summonses; he had personal interviews with the Judges of the realm sitting in Chambers, and argued before them as to whether certain orders should be made or certain proceedings taken. The learned dignitary who had been sitting at Westminster in a big wig, and to whom the most learned members of the Bar had bowed obedience at his smallest nod or suggestion, coming down to Clifford's Inn, it might be, in a Hansom cab or on the knife-board of an omnibus, had settled himself in a small room, without his wig or gown, to hear summonses which should be expounded or defended by the Little Squigsbys of the legal profession. They would lean over the table, and, breathing hardly and strongly in his Lordship's face, would argue violently. They would even threaten. Sometimes it became necessary for his Lordship to order the Little Squigsbys out of the room, at other times to seize the poker in personal defence, so furious and eccentric were their endeavours to expound the law and instruct the Judge. The placid-minded observer who strolls into Westminster Hall, and sees a row of grave and reverend seignors sitting *in Banco* in one court, and one sitting in solitary grandeur in another court at *Nisi prius*, little thinks what is reserved for one member of the body that afternoon. That particular member must go to Chambers. About three o'clock he goes to Chambers, and for three or four hours he is baited by a greasy and ragged crew. They come upon all sorts of trivial interlocutory applications consequent upon actions going on. They take out summonses. They attend them. They go before the Judge. An order is made, or not, as the circumstances admit. But with everything that is done there is more violence, more indecency, more virulent animosity exhibited in one of these summonses than in any other condition consequent upon the trial of an action.

Should any Judge sit at Chambers at Common Law? Is not the whole thing an indecency and a disgrace?

IV.

"Pawkins and Spoff!" screamed Little Squigsby. He was attending a summons for time to plead. Slicker, his employer, had brought an action on the part of his client Quips against Quillets, the banker, for £50,000. The claim was disputed just this much, that by a trial it might be a question whether the jury gave a verdict for the one or the other, dependent upon the management of counsel, the way the case was got up, and the summing up of the Judge. The action had commenced by Quips issuing his writ for £50,000. Quillets, at the expiration of the eight days allowed, had entered his appearance by thrusting a small piece of paper into a hole in an office in the Temple. Quips had then delivered his declaration by delivering a written document to Pawkins and Spoff, giving the defendant eight days to plead. Pawkins and Spoff not being ready with their plea at the end of eight days, had taken out a summons for time to plead, returnable at Judges' Chambers at eleven o'clock. It had been served upon Sticker. Little Squigsby was attending for Slicker. He was bound to attend for half-an-hour, after that time he could sign judgment and issue execution. The action was then at an end.

For some reason or the other Pawkins and Spoff's client was not there, or did not render himself audible as Little Squigsby called out the name. The clock was at half-past eleven. The time was past, and Little Squigsby hurried away and signed judgment for want of a plea. How the urchin chuckled as he heard the name of Slicker shouted as he went away! He rushed back to Slicker.

"I've signed judgment," he cried.

"Signed judgment!" said Slicker. "Hoorah! Sacrifice the costs and issue execution."

That night Quillets, the banker, was in prison for £50,000.

He was a sharp boy was Little Squigsby.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ADMIRALTY SLIP.

WOOLWICH Dockyard, which was to have been finally closed on the occasion of the launch of the screw-corvette, *Thalia*, on the 13th instant, is not so easily disestablished. When the time came for launching the last ship on the stocks, and the ceremony of christening, with its attendant sinful waste of a bottle of good wine, had been performed, the *Thalia* refused to budge, and steam tugs, hydraulic presses, and battering rams notwithstanding, stuck to her position in such an obstinate manner that the launch was necessarily postponed to a future day. Accidents, no doubt, will happen in the best regulated dockyards; and we therefore strongly deprecate a rumour which has been semi-officially circulated, to the effect that the launching ways of the *Thalia* had been tampered with by evil-disposed people in consequence of the dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the dockyard artizans, whose services were about to be dispensed with. We do not believe a word of such a suggestion; for, although the dockyard workmen have been dealt with as hardly and as remorselessly as it is possible that they could be, they have throughout shown a most uncomplaining and healthy spirit, and have accepted their fate with a dignity which might well be imitated by disestablished people in the higher grades of society. It is much more likely that the *Thalia* stuck on her cradle in consequence of some bungling on the part of the authorities, rather than owing to any other cause; and it is cowardly to put about a rumour which, devoid of the least foundation, is calculated to injure a class of men far more sinned against than sinning.

AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH stands in the unenviable position of being the only man of any position in the House of Commons who spoke against the grant of money recently voted for the purification of the Serpentine. The right honourable gentleman justified his opposition to the measure "because he was not aware that the Serpentine had been the cause of disease or death." We are not aware where Mr. Sclater-Booth lives, but it cannot be anywhere within a couple of miles of Hyde Park, or he would not have dared to make such a barefaced assertion. But allowing that Mr. Sclater-Booth was personally ignorant of the filthy and pestilent condition of the Serpentine, he might in common decency have taken for granted that what everyone else seemed to agree in was true. This sort of behaviour is beyond the limits of recognised "opposition," and Mr. Sclater-Booth should be made to feel that he has got himself into dirty water.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

IN the Court of Bankruptcy a few days back, there was a sitting for dividend under a bankruptcy which occurred so long back as the year 1826; the proceedings were very bulky, and were contained in a volume from which it appeared that the commission was granted by the late Lord Chancellor Eldon upon the complaint of a creditor. A dividend of 3s. 6d., in the pound had been paid some forty years ago, and a further sum of £1,000 was now available for the payment of a second dividend. The order was given, and so the matter ended. What has become of the bankrupt, and if he still exists, the report did not state, or whether the creditors were represented by decrepid, elderly gentlemen, or their middle-aged grandchildren, was equally obscure. One fact alone was certain—namely, that the Court of Bankruptcy had taken its time over the matter, and, by so doing, had probably inflicted several gross injustices on the unhappy parties concerned. That a case should occupy close on half a century before it is disposed of, is absurd, no doubt; but it is beyond a joke that a large sum of money should be seized by the Bankruptcy Commissioners, and withheld from those to whom it properly belonged, for no assigned reason whatever. Let us hope that the new Bankruptcy Bill, whatever else its effects may be, will put a stop to such gross miscarriages of justice a this appears to be.

"EXCELSIOR."

THE first ascent for the year of Mont Blanc has just been effected. The *Mont Blanc Journal* gives the particulars of the journey, which was accomplished by two gentlemen, one of them a Mr. Gannon, an Englishman, and concludes a circumstantial narrative of the details of the ascent thus:—

"At last, after terrible efforts and with snow up to their waists, they reached the summit at 11.40 a.m. Here Mr. Gannon was immediately seized with a fainting fit."

We are glad to announce, however, that after having been subjected to friction with a mixture of snow and rain, Mr. Gannon got better, and was got down again by the guides; but, there is no doubt but that, in addition to the ascent under notice being interesting as the first attempt of the season, it was all but the last as far as Mr. Gannon was concerned.

Will this be a lesson to young gentlemen from the Universities bent on a Swiss tour, or shall we have the usual number of Alpine suicides this year to enliven the papers in the dull months? We shall see.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 114.

V ie W
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ANSWERS have been received from 51 Wellington street, W. G., Chivalry, Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, A Felstedian Tot, and Leo.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 115.

G	enev	A
L	ustru	M
A	rtific	E
D	ubli	N (Doublin')
S	wor	D
T	ri	M
O	ffic	E
N	on-interventio	N
E	ndowmen	T

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, Tot, and Samuel E. Thomas.

THE answer to Double Acrostic in our Wimbledon Extra Number, *The Sparrowhawk*, will be given in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 117.] *LONDON, JULY* 31, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LORDS' SURRENDER.

STRUGGLING on the brink of the cataract, down which, in another moment, they both might have been hurled, the champions of the two Houses have made an honourable, if a tardy, peace, and have saved the boat and themselves from destruction. In England the danger is over; not so in Ireland. But it is well that both sides of the House should contemplate the magnitude of the crisis through which they have safely passed, and should learn from the awful contemplation of what might have happened, the great lesson, that there is only one true principle of government,—an honest and sincere desire for the welfare of the people governed, irrespective of all party passions and prejudices, of all selfish ambition and avarice.

We can heartily congratulate the Lords, and especially Lord Granville and Lord Cairns, for the part they have played in this struggle. It is far more difficult to yield wisely than to fight bravely. It is far more courageous to avert certain defeat by wise concessions, than to bring hopeless ruin on your forces by foolhardy resistance. This wisdom and courage, rare in generals, rare in party leaders, rarer far in men who have been irritated by the overthrow of some cherished idol, by the loss of wealth to which long use had given a title, has been shown, first by Lord Cairns, and then by the main body of the opponents of the Bill. Fortunate was it for England that the Government possessed in Lord Granville a man who knows how to be victorious without being insolent, and who can reap the benefits of a defeat without exulting over the defeated. Had the Duke of Argyll been the Liberal leader of the Upper House, this compromise could never have taken place. We hope that some of the Government will take a lesson from Lord Granville in dignified courtesy, and a gracious habit of conciliation; these ensure peaceful triumph for a good cause which rude harshness and arrogant hostility very often endanger, if they do not ruin. "A gentle answer turneth away wrath;" and it is no slur on a man's sincerity that he should treat honourable foes with that consideration, which conscientious adherence to principles, in the belief, false though it be, that they are right and true, ever demands and obtains from the noble and the magnanimous.

It was but natural that the supporters of the Irish Church should try and obtain for their darling the largest share of that wealth, which she had so long unjustly held as to be entirely blind to the injustice of her tenure; but it was impossible, if the Bill was not to be a complete mockery, to allow the Protestants to retain a share of the endowments so disproportionate, as to be but a modification of the very state of things which the Bill sought to destroy. But we hope that some of the professed Liberals in the House of Commons will remember the timely surrender of the defenders of the Irish Church, when there comes, as surely there will soon come, an earnest and vigorous assault against other abuses and shameful misappliances of public money by departments in the State, for which many now in office are partly responsible. The public opinion of the country will demand some more worthy sacrifice to the genius of economy and honesty than the salaries of a few clerks, or the wages of a few workmen. The nest of corruption which has so long existed in Downing Street and Whitehall, and which has been so warmly defended by the various temporary occupants, will soon, we trust, be robbed of its eggs, and the breed of jobbers, which have sprung from it, be for ever destroyed. When that good time comes, we hope to meet with ready compliance and perfect frankness on the part of those, who must not forget that the Irish Church is not the only evil which the zealous thinkers and genuine reformers of England have resolved to destroy.

Let us trust that we may say farewell to the Irish Church question for a long time. There are other questions, both English and Irish, waiting to be solved, of quite as much importance. With regard to Ireland, we have always been of the opinion that Resolutions on the Land question should have been brought forward at the same time as the Irish Church Bill. But men learned in the intricacies of Parliamentary government think otherwise. Let us entreat the Liberals to take up the matter of the Land law and Education in Ireland as earnestly as they have the Church question. Let us have no bigotry or restricted sense of justice here. If we are to pacificate Ireland, we must come to the work divested of all prejudices, be they Protestant or Catholic. We must legislate on purely moral grounds; at the same time fulfilling the pledge given on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, that we are willing to give perfect religious liberty, and to interfere with no man's creed. Better denominational education than none at all. We shall watch anxiously the tone taken by the Liberal members and the Liberal press on this subject. If we are in earnest in our promises of justice to Ireland, we must approach the Land and Education question in a more noble and just spirit than has lately been evinced on the Church question. If we have made up our minds to do what is right, let us do so at once. Delay increases difficulties, and too often diminishes enthusiasm.

STANZAS FOR STONES.

BEING A COLLECTION OF POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

(Second Series.)

THE POOR GOVERNESS.

1.
THIS our land is a good Christian land,—so they say
In pulpit, on platform! Ah! well, I must doubt it;
For the world, loving charity much, has a way
Of managing wondrously sometimes without it!

2.
Have we serfs in our midst, then? No, perish the thought!
For millions were spent but to break off their fetters.
Yet the while here in England humanity's bought,—
Each man has his price,—is the slave of his betters.

3.
And by *slave* I mean not the poor tramp of the streets,
In body and mind, ruined, abject, degraded;
But the man gently born, the fair woman one meets
In circles by chivalrous feelings pervaded!

4.
Would you taste the dread bitter of slavery's lot,
And, bred like a lady, be socially branded
Till with shame the proud blood in your cheek mantles hot?
A "governess" enter the world single-handed!

5.
Go ask yon city dame, as, in low vulgar pride,
She turns o'er those letters, and "some one" engages,
If she does not place you, and her cook side by side,
Two menials together, to work for their wages?

6.
You came from your parsonage home, where your sire
Fought bravely to keep you, but fell in the fighting,
For this woman to treat as a thing let on hire,
This woman, who can't spell a word she is writing.

7.
Nor does she stand alone, for my Lady de Vere,
Who glides through the world on her exquisite mission,
And whose charity shines forth so lustrously clear,
Will take as much care that you *feel* your position.

8.
Nay, but she will do more; for her rank, not her gold,
Gives her all her grandeur, so you'll have her daughter
Both to rear, educate—her sweet nature unfold,
Your stipend quite princely,—ten guineas a quarter!

9.
Yes, I own that the butler gets twenty, but then
You must not mind that, for the world, a true preacher,
Says that *he* should be envied, respected of men,
And *you*—well, you know that you're only the teacher!

10.
What is more, when fine company comes, he must show
A decent appearance, while you, truth to utter,
Must be thrust out of sight, up on high, down below,
Just hustled away in the kennel—the gutter!

11.
Ah! I own it's not right that a lady well born
Her days to such mean cruel slights should be giving,
Should be wounded, insulted, thus treated with scorn—
But what can she hope for? she *works* for her living!

12.
Ah! her *living*. It's that which the world can't forgive,
For a lady, a true one's a burthen to others,
But the woman, who by her own labour would live,
A poor helpless slave of these true British mothers!

13.
Yes, and rightly, for we here, instead of the man,
Just worship his purse, like a good Christian nation,
Heap up wealth upon wealth, and—an excellent plan—
Always feed the well-fed, and starve out starvation!

14.
So it just comes to this, that there's naught can atone
For poverty here, where King Crœsus is ruling;
So God help the poor girl that is left all alone,
Her sharp lesson to learn in this world's cruel schooling!

"THE WHIP" IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

THAT erratic philanthropist, the Marquis Townshend, has been induced to withdraw his Bill making it illegal for anyone but a parent to administer to children any sort of corporal punishment. It was very reasonably pointed out by one of his lordship's brother peers that, supposing a child to be living with its aunt, it would be monstrous to make it unlawful for her, under special circumstances, to box its ears; and that an absolute immunity of orphans from all personal chastisement, though pretty in sentiment, would be extremely inconvenient and objectionable in practice. Lord Townshend, however, is not the man to be daunted by such a slight reverse as the fate that has met his well-intentioned effort for the protection of naughty boys, and we shall not be surprised if his lordship next Session introduces into the House of Lords the following half-dozen little Bills, which rumour has already fathered upon him:—

1. A Bill making it penal to "bring out" a young lady until she has completed her twenty-fifth year.
2. A Bill abolishing the use of violet powder, blanc de perle, false hair, and other appliances of a lady's toilet.
3. A Bill lengthening the midsummer holidays of schoolboys from seven to twelve weeks, and the Christmas holidays from five to eight weeks.
4. A Bill for the removal of the houseless and hungry poor of the metropolis to the Kingdom of Dahomey.
5. A Bill prohibiting hot dinners on Sundays.
6. A Bill for putting aside six suites of apartments in Bethlehem Hospital for the accommodation of a like number of members of the House of Peers to be annually nominated by a select committee of that assembly.

Let us hope that next year, when the Irish Church Bill is settled, their lordships will be more inclined to give Lord Townshend's measures a more favourable reception than they have accorded to them this Session. We doubt not but that, with a little judicious moulding, some very excellent laws may result from Lord Townshend's activity. His lordship, however, wants a little more ballast before he can safely be trusted with the carrying through of the numberless social reforms which he evidently has in his prolific contemplation.

A TRAP FOR TRAPPISTS.

IT is stated that the Oxford men who are to row the Harvard crew at Putney next month are living in a condition of semi-seclusion, at a villa on the banks of the Thames near Windsor. They have been rowing out two and three times a day all through the recent hot weather, but in the evening they are allowed an hour to themselves, which they may spend in reading, or in fishing at their discretion. It is, no doubt, highly meritorious on the part of a batch of young men with home ties and numberless counter attractions, to sacrifice their liberty for the honour and glory of a victory over our American cousins; but is it not carrying the training system rather beyond the limits of reason and common sense when a batch of men are compelled to submit themselves bodily to be treated like so many race-horses, forbidden to do this, not allowed to do that, and packed off to bed like naughty boys at 8 o'clock in the evening? These gentlemen, however, evidently possess the virtue of a strict observance of "the rule of obedience." If Dr. Manning could only get hold of the Oxford crew and convert them to Roman Catholicism, what capital monks they would make!

DRAMAS OF THE DOOMED;

or,

HITS AT THE SOCIAL STAGE.

I.—AT HOME.

SCENE.—*The interior of* MRS. RAFFINGTON SMITH'S *house—*23 *Glamorganshire Gardens, South Kensington, S.W., arranged for one of her "evenings." Time, half-past eleven, p.m.* MRS. RAFFINGTON *discovered, much fatigued, and hot, but standing as if she did not mind it, upon the large hearth-rug in the front drawing-room. Her features wear a perpetual yet painful smile, with which, together with funny little bobs of her head, she greets her guests, who struggle in slowly one by one at the back door of the other room, about thirty feet distant. Around her,* L. *and* R., *a stifling and immoveable crush. Jammed into a window* L., *and trying to make a temporary seat of a little Indian table arranged with a set of highly-chased chess-men,* RAFFINGTON SMITH. *As scene opens, he is listening with much apparent attention to an abstruse disquisition on the latent properties of pulverised magnesium, with which he is being favoured by* PROFESSOR HUNCH, *who, in his turn, carried away by the beauty and depth of his subject, is backing on to the yellow satin skirts, the powdered shoulders, and richly-finished wig of the* DOWAGER LADY MACTOFFY. *In distance, but utterly engrossing the attention of her suppressed mamma,* MISS FLORA MACGREGOR MACTOFFY *(aged five and thirty), who has (by chance) been hustled against the* REV. BURCHEM POTTS, *aged seven and forty, and worth, without even counting his aunt with the asthma, eight hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum. At piano,* U. L. E., *playing, with rather dirty hands, his well-known "Tallopschicheifeilied," with variations, to which no one is listening, the celebrated Polish refugee,* SHOPOROSKI. *Tightly packed in, here and there,* L. *and* R., LORD GIMP, MR. FLOGG, M.P., CHATTERBUSH *—who has written a pamphlet on the main drainage question,* KHOOLI WASHY KHAN, *of the Persian Legation, and* BILGER, *the great African traveller, the lions of the evening. Crowding both rooms, the stairs, the conservatory, the upper landing, the hall, and every available nook and corner of* 23 *Glamorganshire Gardens, S.W., not absolutely locked in their faces,* MRS. RAFFINGTON SMITH'S *friends, who are enjoying her hospitality, and a temperature of* 91° *Fahrenheit.*

YOUNG FOODLES (*who is new to this sort of thing, and has just managed, by a good deal of physical exertion, to get upstairs, along the passage, and through the back door, addressing* BOODLES, *who has brought him*). I say, old fellow, which is Mrs. Raffington Smith?

BOODLES (*having seen* GIMP, *and made up his mind to get at him—vaguely*). On the rug there. Salmon colour and butterflies. I'll tell her it's all right. (*Makes a movement towards* GIMP, *and pushes* PROFESSOR HUNCH *on to* RAFFINGTON SMITH.)

RAFFINGTON SMITH. Hulloah! look out—there it goes (*seriously damaging the Indian chess-men in an endeavour to save himself from a serious fall sideways on to the* DOWAGER LADY MACTOFFY)—not room to—to (*intending to say "talk about pulverized magnesium," but generalising*) do anything with your house crammed all in this fashion. (*Suddenly seeing* BOODLES, *then brightly, as if he had been looking for him all the evening, and had something important to communicate to him.*) Ah, there's Boodles. Must say a word to him (*making a tenth effort to escape from the* PROFESSOR, *and managing it this time.*) Beg your pardon—(*playfully*)—wonderful thing, pulverized magnesium!—wonderful! One ought to get it up. (*Leaves him for life, then to* BOODLES.) Glad *you've* come. (*Cheerily, and as if it were a good joke.*) Not much moving room, eh? (*pushes forward, tearing two ladies' dresses, and seriously inconveniencing everybody in his immediate vicinity, but still treating it all as a capital joke.*) Beg pardon, I'm sure, but five never would go into four, though, perhaps, Hunch could do it for you (*does it himself several times over, and manages to reach the rug*)—ah! that's better.

MRS. R. SMITH (*in an undertone to him*). What have you been doing? You know I can't stir from here, and Lady Chipp and the Pimples have been sitting on the bottom flight for the last three quarters of an hour, and (*bobs her head prettily to somebody who has just been squeezed into the room*) you have introduced Lord Gimp to nobody, and not spoken a word to him yourself. I have noticed him make several attempts to get out—and—

R. SMITH. I don't wonder at it. I told you not to ask six hundred people; but it's the old story—you *would* do it. (*Feels very hot, and quite ready for a row.*)

MRS. R. SMITH (*calmly*). Will you bring Lady Chipp to me, *dear?* (*This last with emphasis, and a smile, being suddenly conscious that they are watched by* MRS. FITZDRAGONER)—do, *dear*—she's so nice.

R. SMITH. Bring her! I should like to know how the—(*backs on to a tray of ices, is hustled off the rug, and forced gradually back into the neighbourhood of* PROFESSOR HUNCH.)

LADY CHIPP (*on the stairs, addressing* MISS LEONORA PIMPLE, *and concluding a general history of the Raffington Smith family, to which everyone who has been forced to pass the evening more or less on the first flight, has been listening with much quiet satisfaction.*) And I will tell you what's more, my dear. She had a mere trifle settled on her, and if they have twelve hundred a-year between them, it's every penny they have. It can't last, take my word for it, my dear—it can't last, and (*feeling the necessity of a telling circumstantial point*) I don't believe a single scrap of all this new furniture has been paid for (*sensation*).

SWELL 1 (*who has heard the close of the Raffington Smith history, to* SWELL 2). I say, what is this fellow? (*means his host.*)

SWELL 2. Don't know. Think, though, he had something to do with the City—or something of that sort. Know him?

SWELL 1. No, I don't. D'you?

SWELL 2. O no!—seems a great snob! (*also means his host.*) I didn't come here myself, you know (*then, as if it quite altered the case*)—I was brought. I heard that they did things nicely—and (*grows vacant*)—

LADY CHIPP (*still historically*). Family, indeed! The grandfather was an ironmonger, or an iron-founder, or something or other at Birmingham, and as to Mrs. R. S.—well, they *do* say (*drops her voice and says a great deal to the purpose*)—

MISS HONORA PIMPLE (*much interested*). Dear me. I should like to look at her. (*Conversation continued in same charitable and piquante strain for fifty minutes.*)

STOUT SOMEBODY (*with several daughters, who have all been jammed in between the back of the piano and* HERR SCHOMPFEL *—married, and separated from his wife—addressing* MRS. R. SMITH). Good night! (*telling a good one while she is about it*) We have passed a *delightful* evening!

THE SEVERAL DAUGHTERS (*by mutual and tacit consent trumping the statement of the* STOUT SOMEBODY). Oh, I'm sure we have—*delightful!*

MRS. R. SMITH (*punishing the falsehood*). Ah! you must come again (*feeling sure they never, never will!*)—you really must!

[*Much consternation, and at times, danger, caused by the determined departure of the* STOUT SOMEBODY *and* DAUGHTERS. LORD GIMP, *who might have said a word for Young* RAFFINGTON SMITH *to the* CHANCELLOR, *resolves finally, this evening, not to do it. The other Lions, there not having been room to notice them, all feel more or less highly offended.* SHOPOROSKI *is happy over his fantasias, but having been refreshing himself with very doubtful sherry, his happiness is transitory.* MISS FLORA MACGREGOR MACTOFFY *fails in her attack on the* REV. B. POTTS, *who might have said something to compromise himself had the glass been anything under* 86°. *All talk here and there; those who do not know each other well saying it is very "nice;" those who do, hinting it is very much the reverse. All* THINK *it insufferable.* KHOOLI WASHY KHAN *wonders how people claiming to be civilised can consider a stifling crush of* 493 *people into two small, over-heated, and badly-ventilated rooms, for the sole purpose of envying, hating, abusing, but simpering at each other, an entertainment worthy of encouragement and support. Everybody also wonders very much the same sort of thing, but determines most sacredly to come again to-morrow if the* RAFFINGTON SMITHS *give another. General tableau of immoveable and dogged despair.*]

CURTAIN.

LONDON, JULY 31, 1869.

THE WEEK.

"THE Irish State Church is dead, Long live the Irish Land Question!"

THE ladies are still to have a grating in front of them at the House. Very appropriate—the gallery is so hot that they must have a grill (*grille!*).

THE Tory side of the House is deserted. The weather is so oppressive that, like the lawyers, they are obliged to dispense with the Whigs.*

IN the Salmon Fishery Committee, every person that has been examined as yet has had a plan of his own for remedying the present dearth of that fish; in fact, to quote the poet,

"A Committeeman on the dearth,
Hasn't a very pleasant berth."*

"SCHNEIDER" (*vide* her letter to the *Times*) has had a narrow escape. If it were not cruel to laugh about such a serious subject, one might say that the flames, in catching the young lady's ample skirts, were very *enfers* (unfair?)*

THE Earl of Winchilsea is reported to have remarked, in the course of a recent debate, that "sooner than vote for the Government, he would let his head be brought to the block!" No great distance that, my lord!

WHAT has come to the Law Officers of the Government? The Lord Chancellor, the other day, in the House of Lords, at the close of the first debate on the Commons' rejection of the Lords' amendments, showed that those who gave him credit for moderation were rather hasty, for he gave vent to a burst of enthusiasm and hearty indignation which must have astonished the woolsack. In the House of Commons, on Thursday last, the Solicitor-General was guilty of an unpardonable escapade, taking advantage of answering some questions to abuse the Lords most roundly for their rejection of the University Tests Bill. However much we sympathise with the opinions entertained by both the noble lord and the right honourable gentleman, we cannot think their mode of expressing them becoming in persons of their position and dignity.

A TIP FOR TOWN COUNCILS.

IT has at last occurred to somebody that the scroll, the usual form of an address presented to a royal personage, is slightly inconvenient. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Manchester, the Princess, instead of receiving the ungainly parcel of parchment hitherto *de rigueur* on such occasions, had handed to her a richly-bound little volume, "gorgeously illuminated" as the reporters tell us. This innovation is certainly in the right direction. Now that addresses to royalty have assumed the form of books, perhaps some radical corporation will go still further in the cause of reform, and let the beautiful binding shelter something worth reading.

* The effect of the hot weather. *Very* mild!—[Ed. TOM.]

COMPETITION IN LONG CLOTHES!

A LAY OF NORTH WOOLWICH.

WHO felt the weight, and scanned the size
Of rival yearlings with surprise,
Yet doubted not to win the Prize?
My mother!

The heat, the Baby-freighted train,
To change thy purpose all were vain:
Was't love of me? or hope of gain,
My mother?

Who let the public eye make free
With secrets of our nursery,
That int'rest only you and me?
My mother!

Who babes with piglings would confound,
Show both for flesh, so firm and sound,
And weigh their merits *by the pound?*
My mother!

Ambition noble! to prepare
Spring infants, fattened up with care,
FIRST QUALITY, TEN POUNDS THE PAIR.
My mother!

If breeders prizes be allowed,
Maternity, to please the crowd,
Concurrently must be endowed,
My mother!

Home joys, my mother, now are cheap:
I pass my time in healthy sleep,
Yet win a cup to pay my keep,
My mother!

PROMISES AFTER DATE.

IT seems to be the fashion now-a-days for members of the Royal Family to make long engagements. The Duke of Edinburgh, before leaving England, mapped out his time for two years in advance, but as his Royal Highness contemplated a trip round the world, he had a reason for doing so. In the case though of other Royal personages "who stay at home at ease," their long engagements appear to be somewhat unnecessary, even if they do not ultimately prove inconvenient. It is, no doubt, pleasant for the public to be kept *au courant* of the intentions of Royalty, and the recent announcement of Her Majesty's projected visit to Ireland *next year* has been received with respectful acclamation; but *next year* is a long time off, and "hope long deferred maketh the heart sick." We trust, however, that nothing may happen between this and then to interfere with a scheme to which the long delay is the only drawback.

NOT A BAD JUDGE.

WE do not agree with those journals which are inclined to carp at the appointment of Mr. J. C. O'Dowd to the post of Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Army, in succession to Mr. Vernon Lushington, Q.C., now Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. O'Dowd is a barrister of limited experience, be it admitted, but he nevertheless possesses an intimate acquaintance with military law and military matters generally. Indeed, supposing that Mr. O'Dowd was not an intelligent member of the literary world, a much respected gentleman, and a personal friend of several people in high places, there could be no reason whatever why he should not be made Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Army. Perhaps on second thoughts, our contemporaries before alluded to, may come to the conclusion that Mr. O'Dowd has more than a just claim to preferment, and that no better man than he could have been chosen for the vacant appointment.

CHRISTIAN

OR,

THEY WILL SINK THE F

CHARITY!

MAT. BETWEEN THEM.

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

V.

THE sudden incarceration of poor Quillets, which had the effect of bringing the action of Quips *v.* Quillets to a sharp and unexpected termination, and produced a complete settlement of the litigation, was one of the turning points in Little Squigsby's career. It is true Pawkins and Spoff tried all they could to set aside the arrest, and thereby get their unfortunate client out of prison, but they only succeeded in effecting this object by virtually settling the action. Nothing could get over the affidavit of Little Squigsby as to his attendance of the summons. Quillets, when he was liberated, brought an action against Pawkins and Spoff for neglect, and when he had pocketed the damages calmly walked into Mr. Slicker's office and gave him his business. Pawkins and Spoff were furious, and said all sorts of unkind things about Slicker, and about his sharpness being a disgrace to the profession. Slicker only rubbed his hands and chuckled, and Little Squigsby shared his delight, and made his employers roar with laughter when he suggested, with a sort of patronizing pity, "that it was a great misfortune a firm like Pawkins and Spoff did not understand their business."

VI.

Little Squigsby now made giant strides in Mr. Slicker's office and in that gentleman's appreciation of his talents. He was an apt pupil, and if he worked hard it was an enjoyment to him. No one could serve a writ like Little Squigsby, or hunt down a wretched defendant with more swiftness and precision to hand him a bankruptcy summons. No one could so well stagger the victim when he came to ask for time, by telling him what penalties should be inflicted upon him unless he immediately paid. To see the imp sitting on a high stool, with a pen behind his ear, in Slicker's back office, lecturing some unfortunate broken-down professional man about the impropriety of his conduct in getting into debt, and then calmly running his pen up a whole ladder of figures, and smacking his lips as he named the total costs the miserable wretch would have to pay, was really a charming and improving spectacle. In this probationary period of his career, too, he was very good at affidavits. He liked swearing. If any little hitch occurred in the satisfactory carrying on of the litigation of Slicker's clients, nothing put things so speedily right as an affidavit by Mr. Squigsby. Where he got the information from he embodied in the form of affidavits, and then swore to, was not one of the least wonderful of the mysteries which enveloped his abilities. It was almost with a sort of pride that he would hand his affidavit to the Commissioners to be sworn, as much as to say, "See my importance. Here I am, at it again; can't get on without me." When the oath was administered, he would kiss the book with a loud-sounding unctuous smack, that at least brought conviction to his own mind that everything he had sworn to or suggested in his affidavit was nothing but the truth. In getting up cases, also, for trial he was extremely clever. He would, under the instructions of Mr. Slicker, discover witnesses who could testify to facts in the box in the most remarkable manner. "The other side" was always taken by surprise by the witnesses Little Squigsby had unearthed. If the case should happen to be a "running down" one, for instance, what a number of respectable lookers-on could always be produced by Mr. Slicker, who always gave their evidence in favour of his client! Or in railway smashes, how astonished the company always was at the number of unfortunates who happened to be in the train at the particular moment when the smash occurred, and the extent and variety of the injuries they had received, and the losses they had incurred, and who had rushed off in a body to Slicker's office to obtain legal compensation for their afflictions!

VII.

Little Squigsby was invaluable to Slicker; and Slicker's business had increased, managed as it was by his conscientious clerk; and Slicker had grown fatter and greyer than ever; and he got as many clients as he could well attend to; and he had started a country-house; and he drove a phaeton in the Park; and he got such a plethora of money that he began to put his fellow creatures under fresh obligations to him by lending it to them, under a system by which the borrower only escaped the prison or the Bankruptcy Court by paying back twice as much as he had received. Little Squigsby in this time, too, had grown older. He was now of age, and he had begun to picture to himself how long he was to continue grinding and grubbing for the benefit of Slicker. He had picked up all sorts of wrinkles of law; he was a clever practitioner; the clients had shown a disposition to consult him in preference to his employer; and the salary he received had only advanced in a very small proportion, compared to the gold he had enabled Slicker to accumulate; and he therefore commenced to feel a desire to enjoy more considerable personal advantages from the exercise of his talents and professional knowledge. Socially considered, Slicker had always kept him down, and had never admitted him to more intercourse than was necessary to the proper carrying on of the business. "I'll show him," said Little Squigsby, working himself up into a sort of indignation, and dashing down *Lush's Common Law* upon the desk; "I'll show him I can be as great a man as he is: that I will. I'm not going to be his scrub all my life. Not I. I'll take the first opportunity to make my proposition;" and he added with a chuckle, as he affectionately patted *Archbold's Criminal Law*, "I'll dare him to refuse me."

VIII.

The opportunity soon presented itself. It was after a great special jury action had been gained by Slicker, in which the peculiar exertions of Little Squigsby had more than anything contributed to the favourable result, that Mr. Slicker, hugging himself with his success, and mentally estimating what the cost would come to, in the fullness of his ecstacy, complimented his clerk upon his energy, and voluntarily offered him a small increase in his salary, and the immediate bonus of a five-pound note as a reward. Little Squigsby's exhibition of gratitude was striking and peculiar. He took up the five-pound note, read it attentively from the first line to the last, held it up to the light to see if it were genuine, rustled it in his hands, turned it over to see if any name had been endorsed, and then having satisfied himself upon all these matters of detail, he laid the note down again before his employer with his observation:

"You had better keep it, Mr. Slicker."

Mr. Slicker started.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you refuse it?"

"I do," said Little Squigsby. "You give it to me, as I understand, as a reward for what I have done for you. I require something more."

"Something more!" cried Slicker, "Well, upon my word, this is a joke. I'm not bound to give you anything, and yet you ask me for more."

"Yes!" said Little Squigsby, very quietly. "Very much more."

Mr. Slicker laughed.

"Ten pounds perhaps you want. Well, this is a cool proceeding, Mr. Squigsby."

"Much more still," said Squigsby. "Money certainly has something to do with what I require; but not all. I am bound to better myself, if I can; and I see an opportunity now of bettering myself, and I mean to do it."

Mr. Slicker looked very disconcerted. This sounded like a notice to quit. He was not prepared for this little bit of sharpness on the part of his clerk.

"What, leave me!" cried Slicker. "I, who have made you what you are; brought you up from nothing; a ragged boy I found on a doorstep; treated you in the most considerate manner. Is this your gratitude? Out with it. What is it you want?"

"What I want is this," said Squigsby, "I want my articles!"

Mr. Slicker gave a start from the table.

"Your what?"

"My articles—I intend to be articled to you. I intend you to give me my articles—mind, I say to give me my articles. You shall pay the stamp duty, Mr. Slicker, and all the expenses, and I will serve you under the articles, as in duty bound, for five years, at the end of which time I shall be an attorney and solicitor as yourself. In order, however, that I may not starve during the interval of instruction, you shall, with a slight addition, allow me a weekly stipend. There! I had better go and draw the document at once, it can be signed to-morrow, and I can enter upon my duties in my new position."

Mr. Slicker almost lost his breath with astonishment.

"I will never consent to this."

"Very well," said Little Squigsby. "Then I know what to do—you mustn't complain if I take my own measures for bettering myself and advancing my position. I might even go and ask for an engagement at Pawkins and Spoff's, and I might even induce them to take up a few cases, the particulars of which I could give them in rather a strong light. There's Jenkins' will case. That might be re-opened with some profit to whoever undertook it, and some damage to Mr. Slicker. There are those trust accounts of Barkinson's which are as well kept out of any further examination. There——"

He was proceeding to enumerate certain other cases, and Slicker was turning whiter and whiter.

"Stop!" cried Slicker, "I see what you mean—I am in your power. You shall have 'what you want.'"

Two days after this, Little Squigsby was the articled clerk of Mr. Slicker.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Puritans. By ERNEST MYERS. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

THIS is one of those dramas (!) for which we must hold Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* indirectly responsible. That wonderful work of real genius gave a stimulus to the revival of the classic form of drama, which has not as yet succeeded in producing any equal to its prototype. We may imitate the form of the ancient drama, but Mr. Swinburne's work is a solitary instance of success in attempting to reproduce its dignity, its majestic rhythm, and its deep tragic power.

The Puritans is not a classical subject like *Atalanta*, but it is treated classically. There are only four personages in the drama, and of these Milton is the chief speaker, except the Chorus. We must confess that the name of "drama," if meant to indicate any depth or passion, or a poem dealing with its subject in vivid picturesque language, is a sad misnomer. A more gloomy, not to say dull, piece of antique affectation we have scarcely ever come across, even in our researches amongst the literary lumber of the past.

Mr. Ernest Myers is a clever young man, and he comes of a clever family. His brother is the author of *St. Paul*, and one of the great leaders of the movement for dyeing all women blue. But we would entreat the author of the present work to pause before he tries to scale Parnassus again. No doubt he will find many people foolish enough to flatter him with the title of poet. There is an irresistible attraction for some people in a book nicely printed, written in blank verse, with choruses, and plentifully sprinkled with "yeas" and "nays," and other old-fashioned frippery. Women, particularly, are prone to pronounce such productions poetry—we are getting into alliteration—without enquiring whether there really are any poetical thoughts or even feelings lurking under that venerable disguise. Mr. Myers will, if he give the matter quiet consideration, soon perceive that there is nothing in this drama which might not just as well have been written in prose, and very little which need have been written at all. He will wish, with us, that he had consigned it to the limbo where his other school and college exercises repose. It would be too much to expect a man who had taken a first class to be a poet; but we have a right to expect from him correct versification. We select the following as specimens of inharmonious and incorrect lines:—

"And angry clamour and pushing to and fro."—P. 15.
"Shall presently in a kindlier clime of peace."—P. 16.
"Still living, and deem that he has known on earth."—P. 17.
"All saw full plainly, and how since war begun."—P. 31.
"Look fearfully when they hear that Cromwell comes."—P. 32.
"Holds yet wild revel; neither art thou, O friend."—P. 33.
"Brave also, and he with all his routed host."—P. 44.

In our time blank verse used to have ten and not eleven feet; it also was supposed to have rhythm: but perhaps the advance of intellect has changed all that.

Instances of alternate or consecutive lines rhyming will be found in pp. 16, 17, 18, and 25, in the blank verse portions—a most inexcusable fault.

As for nonsense lines, we will not inflict on our readers all the "mysteries" of this drama.

"What time the young-eyed morning smote the sea"

may be very poetical. It suggests to us a puppy lashing the sea with his tail.

P. 20, in chorus, we find—

"They wondered that none would uphold."

"They" probably had very little knowledge of grammar, or they would not have "wondered that none would uphold" when there was nothing for them to uphold. What is Mr. Myers' authority for "subtilly"? Milton uses "subtly," and there is such a word as "subtilely;" but to Mr. Myers belongs the sole honour of inventing "subtilly."

We should not have dragged this precious drama from the congenial "obscurity" to which it has, we hope, by this time been finally relegated, if it did not represent a class of publication which is becoming a real nuisance. Some industrious and intelligent boy succeeds in producing a prize poem at school; he repeats his achievement at the University; he learns to translate Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides with ease; he masters English sufficiently to understand Shakespeare, and upon these premises he concludes that he is a poet. The position which his perseverance and talents have fairly earned, makes his ponderous priggism accepted by many as brilliant originality; he is hailed as a poet by his friends because he has learnt the knack of imitating different modes of versification, and the outside world is expected to fall down and worship this new genius because they cannot understand him. Obscure affectation is to be accepted as deep significance; assumed mannerisms are to be admired as the inseparable crudities of genius. Thus it is that men who are respectable scholars, and who might be useful in their generation as compilers or commentators, are ludicrously exalted as poets and original thinkers. No amount of acquaintance with poetry can make a poet; no amount of study can make an original thinker. A man might just as well claim to be a Sir Walter Raleigh because he had hired an Elizabethan costume of Messrs. Nathan, as call himself a poet because he had taught himself certain antique and quaint expressions which are found in the works of great poets. It is as a pretentious piece of affectation, devoid of imagination, of grace, of elegance, of feeling, or of power, utterly wanting in poetic thought or expression, that we condemn this work. It has the name of a clever man to recommend it, but nothing else.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

[THE vast success of *Hamlet*, the Grand Opera of M. Thomas, has encouraged him to proceed in the adaptation of Shakespeare's great tragedies to the lyrical stage. We give here a prophetic libretto of the forthcoming work, with the plot, &c. We regret that we cannot supply the music.]

MACBETH.—PART I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Opera opens with a merry-making, which is taking place on the heath near Forres, in honour of the victories gained by the armies of Duncan, led by Macbeth and Banquo, over the Norwegians and their allies, the rebellious Thanes. The Scotch lads and lasses celebrate, in draughts of "Mountain Dew," and in "Highland Flings," the triumph of their favourite chief. Macbeth now enters, accompanied by Banquo, and followed by a train of pipers, dunniewassels, &c., such as generally formed the retinue of a Highland Chief of that period. He announces his succession to the Thanedom of Glavis amidst the cheers of the peasants; while Banquo (who, for the purpose of the lyric drama, is represented as a light-hearted young fellow) good-humouredly announces that he is *not* made Thane of Glavis, but declares his love for Macbeth's beautiful wife, an important addition to the interest of the fable, and one which Shakespeare must certainly have contemplated. Macbeth, in a wild outburst of gratified ambition, dismisses the merry-makers; but in the words "aroint thee" (preserved from the text of the immortal bard), he shows that his mind is dwelling on the Witches, whom, when

alone with Banquo, he informs him they have come to see. Banquo gaily announces their approach in a *presto* air. The Witches now enter, and here our librettist has taken a slight, but very allowable liberty with the text, by making those apparitions less horrible than generally presented on the stage; in fact, bringing them more into accordance with the genius of the lyric drama by representing them like the Syrens,—beautiful, but wicked. The exquisite words of the immortal bard "All hail," &c., are here preserved most religiously. The Witches hail Macbeth successively as Thane of Glavis, Cawdor, and, lastly, as "King that shalt be"—a kind of greeting which fairly staggers the victorious Chief. Banquo laughingly congratulates him in a passage of great brilliancy, and then asks the Witches, "What is to become of him?" the answer to which is, that "He shall get kings, though he shall be none." This excites Macbeth's jealousy, but he does not see the construction of which the prophecy is capable—namely, that if he were dead, Banquo would marry his widow. Macbeth, however, resolves to have Banquo's life, rather than suffer his descendants to share the throne.

The Witches now vanish, and Rosse, Angus, &c., enter, who announce to Macbeth the fulfilment of the first part of the Witches' prophecy; at the same time they announce the arrival of the King, who enters with a grand procession of captives, trained beasts, the head of the Thane of Cawdor, (just executed,) and other accessories of barbaric splendour. Duncan, after embracing Macbeth, announces his intention of coming to stay with him at Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan). Banquo expresses his delight at seeing the object of his illicit affection, and Macbeth, in pregnant couplets, foreshadows the murder of the good old King. With this spirited *finale* the first act ends.

The Scene represents "the Heath," illuminated as if for a fête. As the curtain rises, the virtuous peasantry of Scotland are discovered dancing the national dance, and quaffing the national liquor,—the men attired in half petticoats, the women in three quarters. Ornamental bowers and fountains of whiskey, kippered salmon, and oatcakes scattered about stage.

CHORUS.

We've come out on the Heath to-day
To sip the dew and dance so gay;
It is the Mountain Dew we mean:
The same which the Irish call Potheen!
Dance away.
Drink away.
Dance away.
Drink away.
We've come out on the Heath to-day,
For Macbeth's made Thane of Cawdor they say.

(*Enter* MACBETH *and* BANQUO *splendidly attired. Attendants, music, pibrochs, and dunniewassels.*)

MACBETH.—I Thane of Glavis am
By Sinel's death.
CHORUS.—Hurrah!
BANQUO.—I am not.
CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah!
BANQUO (*confidentially*).—I love Madame Macbeth.
CHORUS.—Oh!—Hurrah!
MACBETH.—Friends away
On this day,
Everybody ought to be gay—
"Aroint thee" then!
CHORUS (*exeunt dancing*).—Hooray! Hooray!

SCENE 2.—*The Heath. Lights down.* MACBETH, BANQUO, *then the* WITCHES.

MACBETH.—Banquo, to-night the Witches three
You and I have come to see.
BANQUO.—They come. The darlings, see they come,
Mounted on broomsticks, oh how rum!

(*Enter* WITCHES. *They are fascinating young women, dressed like the virgins in the "Biche au Bois," by French Leaves.*)

*FIRST WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Glavis!"

SECOND WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"
THIRD WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!"
BANQUO.—"Why do you start?"
Take heart, take heart.
MACBETH.—To think that I may be king some day,
It fairly takes my breath away.
WITCHES (*a* 3).—Hail! King! that shall be!
MACBETH.—Again! how nice it sounds!
BANQUO.—It does. How pretty are they!
Let me to them speak—attend—
Tell me, my pretty messengers,
What is to become of me?
WITCHES.—Hail! Hail!! Hail!!!
BANQUO (*to* MACBETH).—Nothing but hail for me.
'Tis you alone that *reign.*
MACBETH.—Oh idle jest,
My anxious breast
Such thoughts distract.

[*He reflects gloomily* (*on his breast-plate*).]

FIRST WITCH (*to* BANQUO).—Thou shalst get kings, though thou be none.
MACBETH (*aside*).—Get kings! what mean they?
Perhaps they refer to draughts,
A game which Scotchmen love.
WITCHES (*a* 3).—Hail! all hail! Macbeth and Banquo.

(*They vanish through the air—singing.*)

MACBETH.—"Stay, you imperfect women!"
BANQUO (*gaily*).—I know one perfect woman,
It is his beauteous wife.
MACBETH (*reflecting—aside*).—He will get kings—ah! will he?
Then I must have his life.
(*aloud*) Your children shall be kings.
BANQUO.—But you shall be the king.
MACBETH.—Ha, ha, 'tis very strange—
BANQUO.—And Thane of Cawdor too.
MACBETH.— } Yes, all they say is true.
BANQUO.— }

(*Enter* ROSSE, ANGUS, COURTIERS, LADIES OF THE BALLET, &c., &c.

ROSSE.— } Hail! Thane of Cawdor!
ANGUS.— }

(MACBETH *starts.* BANQUO "*badines*" *with the ladies.*)

ALL.—Hail Thane of Cawdor.
MACBETH.—Me?
ALL.—Yes, you—yes, you—yes, you.
BANQUO.—Yes, he—yes, he—yes, he.
ALL.—Come where the banquet waits.
The King is coming—see.

Grand flourish of trumpets. Procession of captives. The late THANE OF CAWDOR'S *head is borne on a cushion, preceded by the Executioners. Wild Beasts captured as spoil from the Highlanders. Bagpipers. Tame stags. Trained wolves. and a long string of captured maidens. Boys eating butterscotch. Then, last of all,* KING DUNCAN *crowned. Lords, Thanes, fifes, &c. After the* KING *has saluted* MACBETH *and* BANQUO (*and some of the Ladies of the Ballet*).

FINALE.

DUNCAN.—(*to* MACBETH—*recitative*)—Cousin sweet, I am coming to stay with thee.
At Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan).
MACBETH.—Your Majesty shall be welcome.
BANQUO (*aside*).—He will, indeed.
ALL.—The King is going to stay with him
At Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan).
MACBETH.—"Stars hide your fires,
O, do not see "my black desires."
DUNCAN.—I hope that he
Will do the thing
Quite handsomely.
BANQUO.—I am sure that she
Will do the thing
Quite handsomely.

* Wherever compatible with the exigencies of the lyric stage, the words of the immortal bard have been retained.

CHORUS.— Let's hope that he
Will give to we
Plenty of the best whiskey.
MACBETH.—Wink not my eye,
But fear to see
What I shall do ;
"Yet let that be."
BANQUO.— I must not wink,
Nor yet must she,
But what may come ;
Well, let that be.
DUNCAN.— But I may wink,
For I am king,
At my cousin's wife—
Well, let that be.
ALL.— Oh, glorious fun,
Delightful spree,
He always gives
The best whiskey.
MACBETH.—Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,
I'll play my part as host right well.
BANQUO.— Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,
My love will play her part right well.
KING.— Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,
My knife and fork I'll play right well.
MACBETH. BANQUO. KING. (*a* 3) { Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell, I / She / He } will play { my / her / his } part right well.
and
CHORUS.— Oh, glorious, &c.
(*da capo.*)
MACBETH.—I shall be king, I feel I shall.
BANQUO (*looking at* DUNCAN).—
I should not like the king to be.
DUNCAN (*going*).—Follow your king with mirth and glee.

(*The Procession forms, and the* KING *goes out, followed by Lords, Ladies, &c., &c.*)

MACBETH. BANQUO. { Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell, I will play my part right well.
CHORUS — Oh, glorious, &c.

CURTAIN.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

I SAID a few words last week, young travelling Englishman, to your papa, and now I am going to throw out a hint or two to you. In some respects you are a greater snob than the old gentleman, though, as he has the advantage of you in years, it would better become the dignity of his age were he, when on the Continent, to conduct himself in a more sober and Christian manner. You have one advantage over him, however, and it is a great one, for it pleads often most eloquently in your excuse. Unquestionably you *look* the bigger fool. You cannot always help it, for (your climate, very possibly, is responsible for the fact) by nature you are possessed of a gaping, dead, unintellectual physiognomy, which does not allow you to make a very favourable impression at first sight. "*Il est vraiment curieux*" is the highest eulogy a Frenchman can pass on you ; and when I recall the tremendous types of you I have met with on the other side of the Channel, I really think it is very kind of him to confine himself to so limited a panegyric.

And I am not speaking now of your worst characteristics. I am not alluding to the vulgar blackguard who looks on the continental world from a sort of Haymarket-at-one-o'clock-in-the-morning point of view, and considers a tour undertaken on a foreign soil to be a sort of "spree," which justifies him both in outraging the feelings of the people among whom he is travelling, and bringing eternal discredit upon the British name wherever he turns his steps. Need I remind you of what young English *gentlemen* have accomplished in this line within the last few years? Are not the noble exploits of University men at a quiet town in Brittany, and the considerate chivalry of Anglo-Indians at Cairo still fresh in your memory? Do not you feel your breast swell with manly British pride when you reflect that knocker-wrenching, street-yelling, rioting, and drunkenness have been exported from your native country to all parts of the world, together with her iron and cotton fabrics? Bear in mind, then, that if you wish to distinguish yourself as a leader of this great and respectable class, you must draw your model of the English gentleman from the title pages of raffish comic songs. The doings of "Champagne Charlie" must be your study, and his style and tastes must be yours. If, again, you wish to be more quiet, but yet worthy of your country, you may curtail his nocturnal proclivities, and merely copy from him what is flashy and remarkable. For instance, if you enter a *café*, treat the lady in the velvet chair at the counter with impertinent familiarity. You will notice that the Frenchman—your moral, physical, and intellectual inferior—addresses her with marked courtesy, and takes off his hat on entering and quitting the room where she presides. *You* are an Englishman, so mind you descend to none of this bowing and scraping humbug. Reflect—if you ever indulge your thick head in a reflection—that the buyer and seller are not two equals concluding a bargain, and that the one changes some commodity for money, and *vice versâ*. Look at them both from your British standing point, and then you will see that the person who sells is a snob and the person who buys a gentleman. Convinced of this abroad, as you are at home, you will be sure to behave yourself with becoming vulgarity and bad taste wherever you go. This refers, of course, merely to matters of a pecuniary nature. To be thoroughly prepared to keep up your character, where moral and intellectual questions are concerned, you must bear several important truths continually in your mind. As these truths are of the greatest value, and worthy a separate discussion, I will reserve them till next week. For the moment, dwell upon the great fact that the key to your disreputable conduct abroad is to be found in your utter and pig-headed belief in—yourself.

"THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL."

INSPECTOR TANNER has retired from the Police Force on a pension of £100 a year. Amongst the records of the ex-detective's good services may be found the capture of Mullens, who murdered Mrs. Emsley; of Forward, who killed the three children in the Holborn coffee-house ; of Hunt, who committed murder in a cab; and of the notorious Müller, who killed poor Mr. Briggs. It is to be regretted that so useful an officer, who personally bears such a high character for his upright conduct in all matters entrusted to him, should be lost to the Police just at the present moment, when the Force is so sadly short of men of Inspector Tanner's type. £100 a year is but a mean provision for a man who has been of so much utility to the public ; and Colonel Henderson would have acted more wisely if, instead of putting Mr. Tanner on the pension list, he had removed him from the active duty for which we presume he is now a little too old, and placed him in a position of control, where his vast experience and strict integrity would have had a favourable influence on our modern constables.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN SPARROWHAWK.

H o B
E lde R
N os E
R ifl E
Y C
M arc H
A l L
R in O
T A (Tomahawk Almanack)
I lia D
N or E
I se R (and Iser rolling rapidly).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Veritas." Send real name and address, and you shall be attended to.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 118.] *LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE IRISH VAMPIRE.

IT is with unfeigned sorrow that we feel compelled to draw attention once more to the fearful prevalence of assassination in Ireland, and to the almost complete impunity with which the assassins are able to carry on their infamous trade. It is very wearying to be obliged to repeat the same stereotyped expressions on this subject; but the fact of there being little left to say but a repetition of what has been said so often before, and with no result, makes it more imperative on us to take heart once again, and try if the voice of humanity, of reason, of religion, cannot penetrate to the hearts of some of those, at least, who cherish these cowardly crimes by their indifference, their apathy, if not by their corrupted sympathy.

Much is often said as to the small number of crimes committed in Ireland as compared with England, allowing for the difference in the number of the population. We willingly grant that murders instigated by lust and avarice are very rare in Ireland. But we maintain that crimes of violence, assaults, outrages, and assassinations from revengeful motives, or in obedience to some secret society of bloodthirsty, cowardly scoundrels, who are living in constant friendly intercourse with, if not in humble dependence on, the man whom they have marked for their victim simply because he has done his duty instead of sacrificing his employer to their greedy selfish idleness,—crimes such as these, we maintain, are not only peculiar to Ireland, not only frequent in Ireland, but are rendered, by the constant impunity that attends them, the crimes not of individuals, but of the whole people. A murder in Ireland is not as in England—the work of some one wretch, driven mad by drink, or passion, or furious jealousy; but an act of deliberate, cowardly assassination, approved by hundreds, men, women, and children, whom no sense of right or wrong, no horror of bloodshed, no feeling of sympathy for the wife and children of the man suddenly cut down in the prime of life, without warning, without a chance of defending himself—whom, in short, no tender feeling such as the very brute beasts possess, can ever induce to declare themselves on the side of humanity and justice, to aid in bringing the assassin to punishment, to do what little lies in their power to remove the stain of the shedding of innocent blood from those near and dear to them. Some men may call this noble fidelity, we call it brutal cruelty and degraded ferocity. We must go to the jungles of India before we can find any parallel to the treachery, ferocity, and greed of blood, for blood's sake, which distinguishes the moral peasants of Ireland. It is with those who aid and abet these crimes, with those who shelter, encourage, nay, even laud the assassin, that we have to contend. Until we can hit on some punishment which we can enforce on these parasites of murderers, we shall never do anything towards putting down assassination in Ireland. Affectionate mothers, chaste wives, pure-hearted maidens gloat over the bleeding body of some wretched man who has been battered to pieces by five or six cowardly blackguards, merely because the hideous crime was committed in the name of tenant-right. Well may the Government wish to provide lunatic asylums for Ireland, since four out of every five Irishmen and Irishwomen, if not mad on this subject, are so morally corrupted that one shrinks from the contemplation of such loathsome brutality.

It is a melancholy fact that the Irish, as a nation, cannot be roused to a sense of the pollution which attaches to their national character on account of the impunity which attends these crimes. To say that the Government is timid, vacillating, incapable, is to say no more than that it is an English Government of an alien land. To rule by tyranny and injustice, to insult and oppress her tributaries, is England's first idea of government; to this succeeds a dull confused sense of shame, and a drowsy, half-awake, half-asleep, state of conscience which if not true or strong enough to incite the Imperial power to repair past wrongs, and is so feeble and undecided as to fetter the executive power of the law. Between condemning harshly, and pardoning foolishly, the Government of Ireland seems to know no mean; it has not the grace to conciliate nor the courage to subdue its enemies; it is so oppressed with a sense of its past sins that it is incapable of any definite plan for the future. It pounces on harebrained enthusiasts, half crazy youths, who talk about liberty, and wear green sashes, and sing songs, which they suppose to be revolutionary because they cannot understand them; meantime it palters with assassins, and makes heroes of the strong and brutal by making martyrs of the weak and timid.

It seems to us that no serious attempt has ever been made to rouse the feelings of the Irish peasantry, as a whole, against these dastardly assassins. If in every district declarations were issued to be signed by the peasantry, in which they bound themselves by a solemn oath never to aid or abet any assassination, never to shelter, conceal, or associate with any known assassin, and at the same time might record their perfect loyalty, and their desire to maintain order if the co-operation of the priests were invited also in such a movement, we cannot but believe that it would make the detection of crime much easier in Ireland.

But this is a gradual remedy; what we want now is an instant

means of suppression. We must again urge on the Government that in this case severity is the true mercy—and that the whole population in disturbed districts must be made to feel the terrors of the law. We feel certain that by the severest punishment of all accomplices, as well as principals, in any agrarian murder, more lives would be saved than by any mistaken exhibition of leniency. Let us remember that now there is a strong desire to do justice to Ireland on the land question, as we have tried to do it with regard to the Church; but that desire will soon be destroyed by the constant recurrence of such cowardly and savage attacks as have lately taken place in so many parts of Ireland. Surely, in this matter, the Irish might for once recognize the fact that they are morally responsible creatures, and might suggest to Government, and aid in carrying out, some plan which would put a stop to this terrible increase of the most hateful form of crime, which has made the very name of Ireland hateful to the ears of those who can feel for suffering near home, for the calamities of men of their own kin and their own colour.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.

WE are now introduced to the interior of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness, in a magnificent room of which, hung with splendid decorations, and looking out on the hills and distant heath, we find Lady Macbeth with the open letter from her husband in her hand, in which he announces the prophecy of the Witches. The glorious panorama of gratified ambition spreads itself before her gaze, and in a scena of singular power and brilliancy, she pictures the splendour of the regal state. She at once springs to the same conclusion as Macbeth—viz., that Duncan must be murdered, and in a grand incantation, founded on the words of the immortal bard, she invokes the aid of all evil passions and spirits. Here we must observe our librettist exhibits a touch of divine inspiration of which Shakespeare himself might be proud,—we refer to the introduction of the supernatural element in the shape of the Witches at the end of Lady Macbeth's incantation. The idea of connecting the weird, yet beautiful, sisters of the blasted heath with every crime, that is committed by Macbeth, and his wife, throughout the piece, is quite worthy of the noblest poet of all time. No one can fail to be impressed by the accessories introduced at this point, including as they do the dire commotion of the elements, and the exultant triumph of the principle of evil embodied in the winsome but wicked Witches. The entry of Macbeth is very impressive; with spell-bound gaze riveted on the fascinating demons, he enters through the window, and finds his wife bent on the same crime that has dimly suggested itself to his ambitious soul. The duo which concludes the scene is very airy and graceful, while the phrases in which Macbeth gives assent to his wife's schemes, and the suggestive way in which he plays with his dagger, must heighten the effect of this incomparable situation. The noise of the crowds accompanying Duncan, the guileless unsuspecting King, coming as a guest to the house of the man whom he has loaded with honours, adds to the lyrical and dramatic completeness of this grand scene.

Banquo now enters travel-stained, but in high spirits; he laughingly sings the refrain of the Witches' Chorus, and bows his knee to the future King. Macbeth is much agitated; but is relieved by his wife bidding him go and prepare to receive his Monarch. He goes out, and Lady Macbeth and Banquo remain alone. Womanly curiosity induces her to inquire of Banquo about the interview of the Witches—and he artfully draws such a picture of their charms that the jealous temperament of Lady Macbeth is excited, and at length she becomes worked up to such a pitch that she vows vengeance on Macbeth, and entreats the aid of Banquo in her scheme. She admits the design to murder Duncan—at the same time showing how completely Macbeth will be in their power—and promising on his death to take Banquo as her second husband. Governed by a strange feeling of superstitious awe, he declines to be made King in title; just now the Chorus is heard outside claiming admittance for the King Duncan—and, with a threatening vow against Macbeth, the scene ends.

SCENE.

Grand chamber in Inverness Castle, prepared for the reception of the King. The walls are hung with armour, banners, weapons, skins of rare deer, bears, antlers, &c. Large Gothic window at back, with stained glass, gold mullions, &c., &c.

(*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *splendidly attired. The skirt of her dress is one mass of cairngorms and other Scotch stones, and is fringed with pure beaten gold. She holds the open letter in her hand.*)

LADY MACBETH (*recitative*).—
"Hail, King that shall be!"
What glorious words! And yet I fear
My lord's soft nature is too full of milk.
Come, let me pour my spirit in thine ear,
And with my valiant tongue thy trembling heart chastise.

GRAND SCENA.

"Hail, King that shall be!"
To my heart
These words I fondly lay.
Thou shalt be King;
I shall be Queen—
My soul brooks not delay.

(*With appropriate action*)—
Now, on my brow, the crown I seem to feel,
Sweeping behind,
Majestic folds;
My jewelled train some chieftain holds.
Now subject Thanes I crush beneath my heel.
Oh, glorious sight!
Oh, strange delight!
Come, Glory, come; Ambition's splendours rise!
Born I to reign,
Regal disdain
Lurks on my lips and sparkles in my eyes.
Oh, glorious thought, the crown I seem to feel;
Now, on my brow, the diadem reveal.
For I am Queen—yes, I am Queen,
Yes, I am Scotland's Queen.

(INCANTATION.)

Come, spirits, come,
Come, fiends from deepest hell!
Come to my breasts and turn my milk to gall!
Come, envy, come!
Come, reddening murder, come!
Poison and dagger, swords and pistols come!
In Duncan's throat your greedy hunger slake,
Come, furies, come—my breast your mansion make!

(*Deep thunder heard, and solemn music—in the midst of which the Witches' Chorus bursts wildly out.* LADY MACBETH *stands in an attitude of defiance—with arms outstretched. The air fills with strange lurid smoke, and through the window the* WITCHES *are seen riding on fiery broomsticks, amidst thunder and lightning. Electric sparks fly from their outstretched fingers.* MACBETH *is also seen through the window looking towards the* WITCHES; *he stands as if spell-bound, and then, with head still looking back, glides into the room. Loud thunder, in which the* WITCHES *vanish, singing*—"Hail, King that shall be!")

(*Enter* MACBETH. LADY MACBETH, *at the sound of his footstep, turns, and rushes into his arms.*)

LADY MACBETH.—Oh, worthy Cawdor,
Nay, let me bend my knee (*kneeling*).
Thus I salute your gracious Majesty.

MACBETH (*much agitated*).—What say you? No! not yet.
Duncan is king.

LADY MACBETH.—He is.

MACBETH.—To-night he comes.

LADY MACBETH.—And goes—when?

MACBETH.—To-morrow—oh, to-morrow.

LADY MACBETH (*with strong meaning*).—There's no such day for him.

(MACBETH, *much agitated, draws his dagger, and looks at it. In the distance is heard the* WITCHES' *Chorus*—"Hail, King that shall be!")

Aria and Duo.

LADY MACBETH.—Look like the simple daisy,
Look like the moss so green,
Let wreathing smiles of welcome
Upon thy lips be seen.
Look like the simple daisy—
Look like the moss so green,
But be a very devil,
And keep your dagger keen.

MACBETH.—Yes, like the simple daisy,
Or like the moss so green,
I'll look—but be a devil,
And keep my dagger keen.

LADY MACBETH.— } Look like the simple daisy, &c.
MACBETH.— } Yes, like the simple daisy, &c.

(*After the duo, the noise of the pibrochs is heard, and the shouts of the people and the procession of* DUNCAN *is seen winding down the hills.*)

CHORUS (*in the distance*)—
O how delightful!
O what a spree!
He'll do the host
Most handsomely.

MACBETH.— } Look like the simple daisy,
LADY MACBETH.— } But keep my/your } dagger keen.

(*Enter* BANQUO *gaily, travel-stained—as he enters he sings with much solemnity.*)

BANQUO.—Hail, King that shall be!
MACBETH (*recovering himself*).—Ha! my dear Banquo here!
LADY MACBETH (*smiling*).—I cannot say as much,
But welcome to our hall.
(*To* MACBETH). You'd better go and dress.
BANQUO.—The King is near at hand;
He comes this house to bless.
MACBETH (*aside*).—It is the dying bless—
(*To* LADY MACBETH) I follow your command.
(*Exit gloomily.*)

(LADY MACBETH *and* BANQUO *are left. She seems embarrassed. He goes up to her with a gallant obeisance.*)

BANQUO.—Sweet lady, say—what trouble you oppresses,
(*admiring her robe*)
I swear that is the loveliest of dresses.
LADY MACBETH.—Hush, gay man of compliments!
I would ask you something—
BANQUO.—Ask, and have,
Whate'er it be.
I nothing can
Deny to thee.
LADY MACBETH.—These Witches? 'Tis concerning them
I would something inquire—
How met you them? what are they like?
This, sir, is my desire.
BANQUO.—The Witches! Ah! about them would you hear?
Then while I sing—lend me your lovely ear.

Aria.

Upon the lonely heath,
Whence all but we had fled,
Macbeth and I awaited
These dames with no small dread.
At last we heard the rustle
Of broomsticks in the air,
And then—ah me, that vision!
They all were wondrous fair!

(LADY MACBETH *starts and listens intently.*)—

BANQUO.—Flowing hair,
Pouting lips,
Bosoms fair;
Each darling skips,
With flashing eyes,
From off their steeds.
I think one needs
Some magic spell,
Else one might follow
Such to—well—
With soft round limbs
Beneath their drapery peeping,
They trip toward us, then,
Their bright eyes on us keeping—
Alas! for me no glance, no smile!
On him they flashed their charms the while
With rigid limbs, with fixed look,
From them the poison sweet he took.
LADY MACBETH (*who, throughout the description, has become gradually more and more agitated*).—
Oh rage, oh shame, my bosom cracks!
I'd like to break their broomsticks o'er their backs.
BANQUO.—Peace! Listen now: in sweetest tones
They hail him, Glavis, Cawdor, King—
The very marrow of one's bones
Must melt to hear such creatures sing.
LADY MACBETH (*restraining her passion*).—
What said they then to you?
BANQUO.—For me, alas! no favours sweet;
For him alone their wizard smiles:
Around him supple arms now meet,
Enchained I view him by their wiles.
LADY MACBETH (*crossing*).—Oh, monster!
BANQUO (*laughing*).—Ha, ha, ha! nay, laugh like me.
'Tis what we men should call "a spree."
LADY MACBETH (*apart*).—Burns now my heart with jealous fire!
Oh fiends, my injured pride inspire.
BANQUO (*apart*).—The bolt has hit the mark—she's mine!
Macbeth shall reign, but not for long—
See how she writhes with jealous pangs.
Bravo! I'm paid well for my song.
LADY MACBETH (*coming up to him, and seizing his arm*).—
Say, do you love me?
BANQUO.—Oh, my Queen!
LADY MACBETH.—Revenge I crave.
BANQUO (*aside*).—The shaft was keen.
LADY MACBETH.—Swear to be true!
BANQUO.—I swear—to you—
With maddening love
My bosom's torn.
LADY MACBETH.—Duncan shall die
Before the morn.
Then on his throne Macbeth shall sit.
BANQUO.—Yes, so they said—
LADY MACBETH (*wildly*).—Ah! wait a bit.
The crime which sets him there shall place
His life within our hands—disgrace
And ruin hold we o'er his head. (*Pause.*)
You shall be king when he is dead—
BANQUO.—Never—Prince Consort I might be—
But never call me Majesty.
LADY MACBETH.—Well, be it so—to work—to work—
(*Trumpets, bagpipes, drums, fifes, &c., heard outside.*)
CHORUS (*without*).—Here, at your Castle gates we stand,
King Duncan entrance does command.
LADY MACBETH.—The King is here! away! away!
(*He seizes her hand and kisses it.*)
Revenge and love brook no delay;
BANQUO.—Sweetest, I go—we will be gay.
LADY MACBETH and BANQUO. } Revenge and love brook no delay.
CHORUS (*da capo*). [*Exeunt.*

END OF PART II.

KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!—A certain well-known vulgar phrase seems likely to be exemplified in the case of Mr. Grenville Murray. We have no particular sympathy with that gentleman; but without knowing more of the case than has transpired up to the hour of our going to press, we should be inclined to think his telegram, illness, and plea for an adjournment, had not received proper consideration at the hands of the generally able and impartial magistrate who presides at Marlborough street. One day's grace would have been, we think to the purpose. We do not want, in a case of this sort, a cry of "more knocks than ha'pence."

LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WHY on earth do people cavil because Lord Carington's grandpapa possessed a rather common name? It is better, in these days of noble bankruptcy cases, to date from the *Smith* than come to the *hammer!*

THE most money-grabbing speech in the course of the Church debate in the Lords was made by that canny Scotchman, Archbishop Tait. There was an unmistakable ring of the counter about his Grace of Canterbury's peroration—one, too, that, had the public ear caught a little more of it, in times past, let him be sure to this day, instead of revelling in the godliness of lawn sleeves and £15,000 a year, he would have been plain Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, and nothing else. It is well that at this season, when we have heard so much worldly nonsense talked about the true nature of charity, represented by fat incomes for thriving prelates, that the people should keep their eyes on those lights who have thus interpreted the plain Gospel precepts. If we are not mistaken, Archbishop Tait refused, not long since, to throw open the grounds of Lambeth Palace for the use and enjoyment of the poor in the dusky and miserable neighbourhood from the centre of which he proudly dates. We are not surprised, therefore, to find his Grace on the side of those who consider a good endowment and a comfortable parsonage-house a greater blessing to humanity than a ward for lunatics. Purple and fine linen came from a Gospel parable, and yet they will cling to its interpreters to the end!

IN a recent number we made reference to a report that had reached us, to the effect that Eton had declined to play a cricket match with Westminster on the score that the latter "was not a public school." It appears that this report was without foundation, and the Captain of the Westminsters has written to us to apprize us of the fact. As such a charge against the Etonians, had it been true, would have convicted them of very disreputable snobbism, we are glad to hear, that, as far as this matter is concerned, they can plead "not guilty." Hitherto, our leading public schools have possessed a soil on which it has generally been found the British snob has refused to take root, and it will be a bad day for us when this wholesome state of things shall have disappeared. As we remarked, however, when dealing with this subject on a former occasion, there are unpromising symptoms to be detected notably at Eton. As regards Westminster, the fact that its representative should generously step forward to clear the character of its not very chivalrous rival, shows pretty clearly that, at least at this, one of our oldest public schools, the feelings proper to English gentlemen are cultivated and rightly understood.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

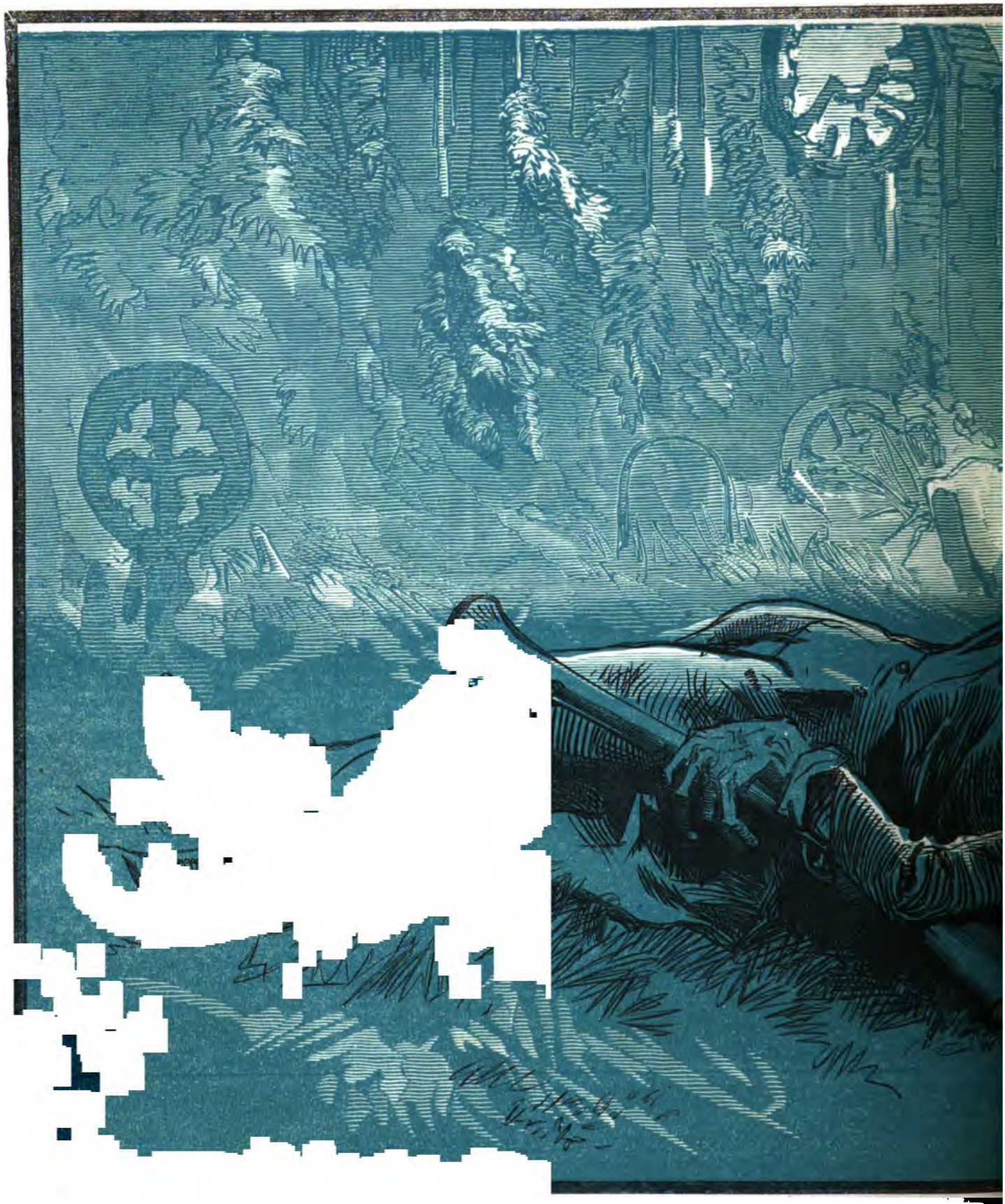
A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

WHEN I last left you, young English Snob, I was discussing that peculiar vulgar manner of yours which you assume when conversing with people you suppose to be your social inferiors. I was lecturing you on your bearish insular rudeness to everybody generally, and to shopkeepers in particular. I was pointing out to you that the root of all your ill-bred behaviour was your insufferable conceit. Now let us just see into what very unenviable positions its exercise may occasionally place you.

Come into this church. You quit the bustle of the busy city outside, and suddenly find yourself standing, rather amazed, I admit, in the cool shade of some wondrous old dimly-lighted pile. For a moment you *feel* you are in a region where a little decency in your demeanour, a little modesty in your carriage would be graceful and becoming. But it is only for a moment you do feel this. Soon your consciousness of superiority, moral, religious, and intellectual, comes to your aid, and you boldly drag out your *Murray*, don your eyeglass, and *do* the sombre church like any other "thing one ought to see." At first, unaccustomed to notice people in your own country, kneeling here and there on week days amid the formal pews of your own fashionable place of worship, in Raffington gardens, S.W., you feel a little touched at the sight of these quiet earnest figures, who are so wrapped up in their devotions that they do not even heed you, as you push in and out of them, *Murray*, eyeglass, tweed knickerbockers, and all! But you soon get hardened. You wisely reflect that they are either bigots, fools, or hypocrites. In either case their feelings are not worth respecting, and so away you march emboldened at every step, forcing yourself in this direction, backing yourself in that in a fashion you would think quite questionable at home, even in your own essentially "show" church, Westminster Abbey. And if you happen, on an occasion of this kind, to be accompanied,—to be with your party, how wonderfully you conduct yourself then! I have seen decent English girls,—girls who would blush to so misbehave themselves at home,—chatting, sneering, and giggling, even while some solemn service has been going on, and when their conduct has evidently been wounding, to a painful degree, the prejudices of every member of the congregation. Are you aware that the stringent notice now affixed to the doors of the *Madeline* is solely the fruit of the shameless and disgraceful conduct of British Snobs, male and female, who have done Paris the honour of a passing visit? If you think that I am severe, let me put a case to you, *mutatis mutandis*. Imagine, then, that London, not Paris, were the centre of the European world, and that, as a matter of course, it were in consequence thronged continually by strangers from all parts of the continent, but especially by Frenchmen. How many Sundays in succession do you think we should allow a gaping, talking, insufferably indecorous herd of Parisians, to cram themselves into the stalls, get hold of the best places, thrust themselves prominently forward, and occupy the seats meant for the ordinary congregation, say, in Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of misconducting themselves in every conceivable way? Can you picture to yourself some fifty or so "mossoos" interrupting the decorous harmony of the order of Morning Prayer, by standing up when they ought to sit down, sitting down when they ought to stand up, interchanging explanations, and staring through *pince-nez*, and not unfrequently through opera glasses, at the officiating clergymen during all the more solemn portions of the service? What do you suppose would happen? Do not you feel a strong conviction that in less than a month, not a foreigner, who could not conduct himself like a gentleman, would be allowed to set his foot within the walls of an English church? Of course you do,—and yet what have you to say when you know that this is the very sort of outrage you, and those like you, are committing in a greater or less degree from year's end to year's end every single Sunday all over the continent? You will bluster out some excuse about "idolatry" and "superstitious worship." Nonsense. If it be so, keep away. If you do go, however, behave yourself,—or confess that you cannot, because, with all your boasting, you are but a miserable Snob at heart, after all. There, Sir, that will do for to-day, for this peculiar way you have of conducting yourself in a foreign church is one of your most decided features. Do bear in mind that, however you may have reason to be thankful you are not the votary of a religion you do not understand, that the Christian is always the gentleman. Be quite sure of it, there never yet was such a thing as a Christian Snob!

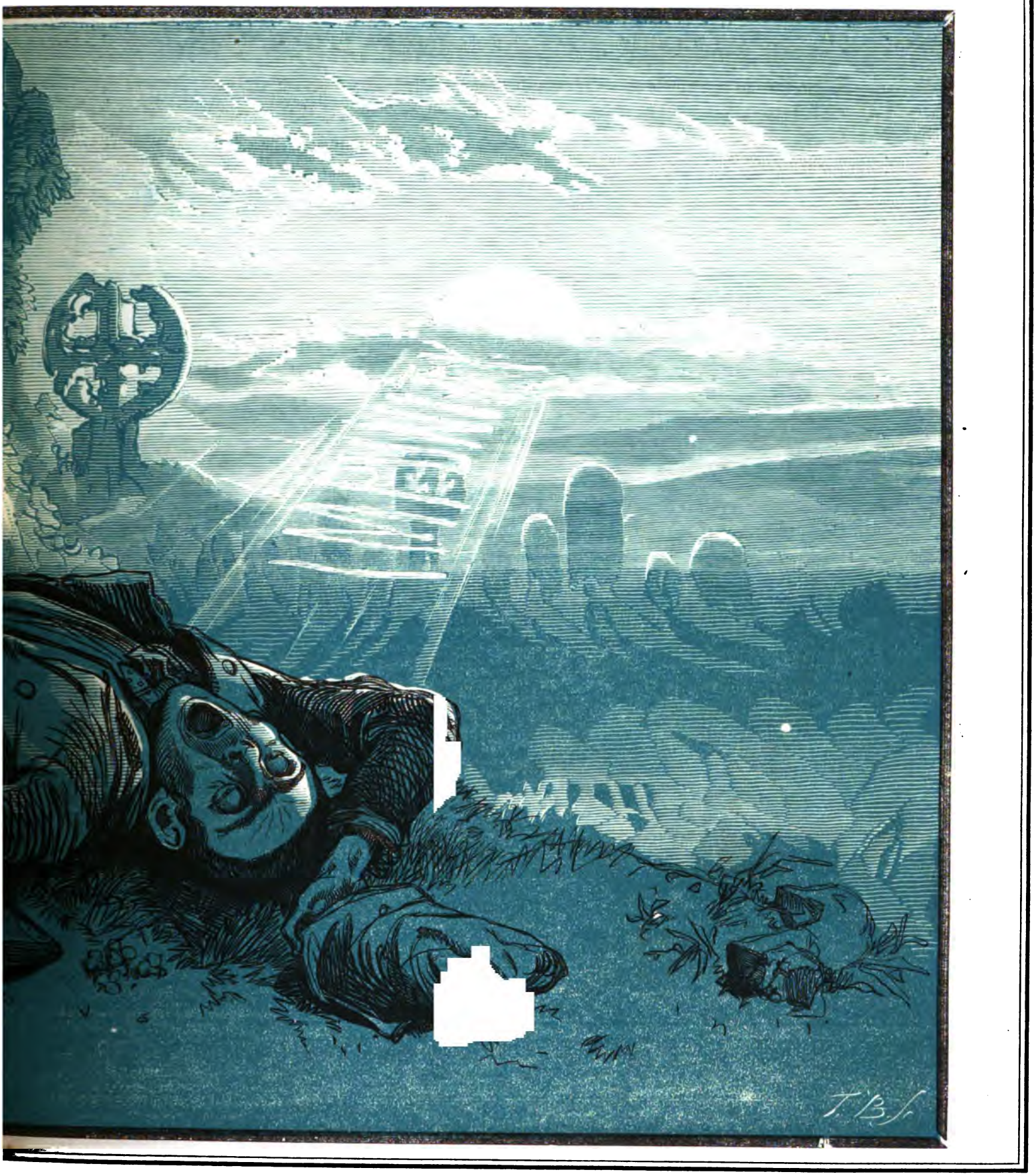
SOMETHING GOOD FOR ST. PANCRAS.—*The Guardians' beverage.* Small *Bere!*



THE IRIS

BROUGHT TO LIFE

"Agrarian murder in Ireland has increased tenfold during the last half year."—*Vide Pall Mall Gazette.*



VAMPIRE!

BY THE MOONBEAMS.

"It is said that a dead Vampire can be restored to life by the Moonbeams." *Old Legend*

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 52.)

IX.

THE transformation of Mr. Squigsby from the grub-clerk into the butterfly article brought with it some peculiar consequences. In the first place, Mr. Squigsby himself suddenly burst forth in all the effulgence to be obtained from a very shiny hat and very shiny boots, and a very bright scarf, and a very heavy watch-chain, and his splendour completely bewildered his former companions. Judges' Chambers and the Taxing Offices were overcome with astonishment, and the Bankruptcy Court regarded him with a sort of silent envy. In the second place, he did not hide his light under a bushel. He gave himself more airs than ever. He even commenced to speak of Slicker as getting beyond his business, as a man that he had pushed on in the world, and as one who would not have had a rap, if it hadn't been for him, Mr. Squigsby. What is more, he believed it too.

"He's old and useless for all purposes of business," Mr. Squigsby would say. "I must stir him up. If it hadn't been for me he'd have been struck off the Rolls long ago; but I must stick to him till my time's up."

It had not been through any deficiency of operations on the part of Mr. Squigsby that Mr. Slicker had not met with the fate to which his clerk referred. There had in truth been several very nasty threatenings to this effect, brought about by Mr. Squigsby's proceedings; but which, however unfortunately for the general public, had been nipped in the bud by compromises effected at the last moment. Mr. Squigsby, as Mr. Slicker's articled clerk, was still as fertile of resources for making money as he had been as the junior clerk.

"I tell you what it is," he said one day to Mr. Slicker, "we're in one another's way in this office, we must have branches."

"Branches!" echoed Slicker.

"Yes," said Mr. Squigsby; "branch offices in different parts of London; we'll begin with one at the West-end—I'll attend to it, and we'll double the business in no time. You shall take it. I'll carry it on in your name."

"But the clients?"

"I'll get 'em," said Mr. Squigsby.

X.

And he was as good as his word. In a very short time Mr. Slicker found himself carrying on a West-end office and an East-end office and a South-end office. The bill he paid for brass plates of "MR. SLICKER, SOLICITOR," to be stuck up upon the door-posts of the various offices he had taken, was considerable. He never went near any of them. Mr. Squigsby managed them exclusively in his employer's name. Indignant clients and tortured defendants rushing violently into the branch offices and asking appealingly for "Mr. Slicker," were informed he was at his country seat, or on the Continent, but that Mr. Squigsby would attend to the matters in question; and well, too, he did attend to them. He attended to them, too, in a defiant manner, the responsibility arising through any blunder falling solely upon Mr. Slicker. The costs he made! and with him "making costs" was one of his greatest talents. The simplest piece of business coming into the office would, by the exercise of his ingenuity, rapidly resolve itself into a heavy bill of costs. If no one got anything out of the litigation or the business, there would still be the "costs," which would have to be paid, and if there were anything to be got, it was ten chances to one if the "costs" didn't swallow it all up, so ingeniously and artfully had they, in the course of the proceedings, been "made." Taxing Masters were powerless in cutting down the items. There they were—the business had been done—and the legal remuneration must be allowed. Mr. Slicker, however, didn't come in for all. Mr. Squigsby insisted upon gratuities and *bonuses*, and all sorts of presents, as a reward for his exertions. It wasn't shares—oh! no—that would not be allowed; but it was voluntary compensation on the part of Mr. Slicker for his clerk's expenses out of pocket; and is there a law so stern that shall prevent a liberal-minded master making a present to his indefatigable clerk—especially such a clerk as Mr. Squigsby?

XI.

From a pecuniary point of view Mr. Squigsby was getting on remarkably well. He had got a bank of his own, a house of his own, a small trap of his own, and a variety of other appurtenances of his own, which are considered evidences of worldly advancement. He was even contemplating a wife of his own; but we must not anticipate. From an intellectual point of view, he was not progressing so favourably. His time of service was upon the point of expiry, and he would have to go through the ordeal of an examination at the Law Society, and whenever Mr. Squigsby thought of this arrangement it became immediately perceptible to his understanding that he was dreadfully deficient in any real knowledge of the law. He had never read. His cleverness was "wrinkles." All his information had been derived from an active practice in the lower branches of the science. He was going up to be examined by the Incorporated Law Society, and he must be prepared for the business. In other words, he must get through—he must obtain his certificate. That was the task he set himself to accomplish. So that he effected the object it did not matter a pin to him how he did it. In fact, if he could get through by hoodwinking the Examiners it would be, in his estimation, all the more convincing evidence of his sharpness, and consequently of his ability to act as an attorney.

XII.

"Seventy-five questions to be answered in writing," mused Mr. Squigsby, as he thought of the nature of his examination. "Fifteen in each department of the law. Common Law, Conveyancing, Equity, Bankruptcy, and Criminal Law, and I've never read a book. Something must be done. If the papers were given out I could pay another fellow to answer them for me, but they have to be answered in the Hall, in the presence of the Examiners—with the eye of the Beadle upon you—that's the deuce of it. By Jove, I wonder whether I could bribe the Beadle to let me copy another man's answers. It would be a glorious way of getting through."

Upon consideration, however, this arrangement didn't appear quite feasible, and, therefore, Mr. Squigsby determined to "cram." For this purpose, he engaged an individual whose occupation consisted in rendering students fit subjects for the most stringent legal examination in the shortest possible period. His operations were to obtain the old questions that had been put at previous ordeals, and cramming the answers to them into the heads of his pupils. The candidate would then have to depend upon the doctrine of chances as to whether the questions that had been previously asked should turn up again at his particular examination, in which case it would be just probable that his knowledge would be just sufficient to entitle him to pass.

"Mind," said Mr. Squigsby as he made the arrangement with his Coach, "no cure, no pay; if I don't get through, you get nothing!"

"All right," said the Coach. "You're sure to manage it if you attend to my instructions; and now let's go to work."

XIII.

They went to work with a vengeance. Mr. Squigsby soon found that the system was one of memory, and every aid he could think of in this matter in order to enable him to remember the proper answers to the most prominent questions was brought into operation. He wrote them on his finger nails, and took his Coach in several times by answering straight off. He had small pieces of paper with answers upon them in his watch-case, which he would refer to as if he were looking at the time. He even lent money to a student he had met in the Library of the Law Society, named Flibber, and who was well up, and was going up at the same examination in the hope that he might prove of service to him upon the important day. "If I sit near Flibber on the day of examination," thought Mr. Squigsby, "I'll make him tell me. If he won't, I'll sue him for the money he owes me."

XIV.

The important day came at last. In the Hall of the Law Society in Chancery Lane the candidates were assembled. The Examiners had taken their seats. The Chairman had made a speech concerning the importance of the undertaking before them, and then the papers had been delivered. Mr. Squigsby was in a fever of agitation. He glanced through the questions; he could make nothing of the majority of them. They were apparently all new ones. He referred to his nails, black with written answers; he referred to his watch-case: there was no

solution to the riddles. Upon looking up, however, he perceived Flibber sitting at an adjoining table. Now or never. He wrote on a small piece of paper, "Send answers to first four Conveyancing." This he folded up small, like a pill. He watched the Beadles with the eye of a cat, and when their backs were turned he flicked the pill across to Flibber. Flibber got it; wrote on a piece of paper and flicked a pill back to Squigsby. This was done twice. Squigsby was getting on capitally. Unfortunately, the third time of "pilling," the pill missed Flibber and hit another man. The Beadle turned, seized it, put the pill in his pocket, but said nothing. He had seen the whole proceedings.

* * * * * *

Both Mr. Squigsby and Mr. Flibber were plucked.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUBLIC CHARITIES.

WOULD'ST thou be charitable? Good, my son.
My blessing with you; but the lesson keep
Of these few precepts. Let thy memory,
I charge thee, boy, stand sentry on my words.

Now secret charity is out of date;
And old-world sentiments of abstract good,
With other moral lumber of the past,
Are stowed away, and mouldy with neglect,—
But wrecks and dusty skeletons of thought
That rot unheeded in these days. Beware
Of bounty given in your private home,
And cheques that lurk between thy paper-folds.
Give ear to Fashion—we are all her slaves—
And wince not at the galling of the chains
Forg'd by that turn-coat Goddess: she usurps
The throne of conscience, and dictates, as law,
The latest etiquette of doing good.
What though "each morn new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face," dull not thy palm
With gold, unwitnessed. True, there is a joy
Of small donations chronicled in type,
And with such trifles thou may'st tune thy heart
(Whilst picking out thy poor half-guinea plum)
To th' old song of "How good a boy am I!"
Nor yet be out of fashion:—but this age
Of Show and Glitter finds a grander mode,
A pomp and circumstance of Charity,
A proud parade of Purses offered up,
In all th' enthusiasm of gentility,
At Fashion's shrine! Thrice blessèd is the gift,
Laid bare indeed before the eyes of men,
Yet, in its modesty, that asks no thanks
But the short glory of a Princely bow!—
This above all,—put money in thy purse,
But give *by rule*,—and reap the rich reward.

"SIMPLE IGNORANCE, SIR."

OUR much-respected contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not immaculate. In one of its "Occasional Notes" the other day regarding the Rev. Mr. Purchas, of Brighton, is published the following lively remarks:—

"Besides all the other wonderful ceremonies which he has introduced into his church, and for which he is about to be tried before the Court of Arches, he is charged with 'rubbing black powder on members of the congregation.' This certainly is the most incomprehensible development of Ritualism that ever amazed the bewildered Protestant mind. What can the process possibly be? What is the black powder itself? And when is it rubbed on members of the congregation? It is to be supposed that the members are themselves parties to the proceeding; but whereabouts are they rubbed? On their faces, their hands, or on some part of their clothes?"

Who ever wrote this can evidently never have been in a Roman Catholic church on Ash Wednesday, or he would have had no difficulty in associating Mr. Purchas's vagaries with the ceremonies of the Roman Church on that day. Mr. Purchas seems bent on making himself extremely ridiculous, but this time he can bring forward some kind of precedent for his last bit of "Ritualism."

A FIRST OFFENCE!

THE Act for the better preservation of sea-birds, passed some time ago is having a beneficial effect. The first conviction has actually already taken place, a certain tradesman of Sheffield having the other day, been fined half-a-crown for shooting eight-and-twenty gulls at Flamborough Head. As this is the first offence that has been committed since the Act was passed, it is no less satisfactory to note the alacrity of the police authorities, who have dragged the offender before the tribunal of justice, than the severe punishment with which the magistrates have visited the crime. Really though, if we are to expect cases of this kind to occur once every two years, which, according to police experience, is about the rate to be expected, the force should, in all fairness, be augmented for the heavy extra duty imposed upon it.

TO THOSE IT SHOULD CONCERN.

IS there no one to look after Mr. Briarly, the aged barrister, who has been recently so sorely trying the patience of an English Court of Justice? It was only a few days back that, but for the kindly moderation of Chief Justice Bovill, Mr. Briarly would assuredly have got into trouble. But, nevertheless, within a few hours of his escape, the erratic member of the Bar was brought up at the Guildhall, before Sir Benjamin Phillips, to answer a charge of being disorderly in the roadway near the New Meat Market, and of assaulting a telegraph clerk. This time Mr. Briarly did not get off so easily, for Sir Benjamin Phillips ordered him to enter into his own recognizances in £50 to keep the peace for six months, and cautioned him that if ever he found his way to Guildhall again he might not expect any further leniency.

It is painful, not to say disgraceful, that an old member of an honourable profession should be permitted to make himself a laughing-stock of the town. Mr. Briarly has evidently got it into his head that he is a deeply-wronged and cruelly-persecuted individual. In the absence of friends or relatives it would not be out of place for the Inn of Court to which Mr. Briarly belongs to interfere to protect the aged gentleman from himself.

PLEASANT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE IT.

THE leave of absence of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur from Woolwich commenced on Saturday last, and, adds a military contemporary, "will probably extend over nine months." It is no part of our duty to inquire if it is usual to give junior lieutenants of the Royal Artillery leave of absence for three-fourths of each year. But if this even is the case, it may be satisfactory to remind the journal from which we quote that his Royal Highness Prince Arthur has no intention of being idle, but is about to proceed to Canada, there to join a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with which he will serve during the winter months. It is the more surprising that this point should have escaped the knowledge of our contemporary, as we believe a rather lively discussion has lately arisen in the battalion of the Rifle Brigade to which Prince Arthur is to be attached, as to whether the honour of having his Royal Highness temporarily attached to it will compensate for the inconvenience to which both officers and men have been subjected by the return of their corps to this country (which in the ordinary course would have taken place this spring) having been delayed for an indefinite period to suit the Royal subaltern's whims and fancies. Whatever conclusion may be come to, however, on this point, that Prince Arthur intends to take nine months' leave in its usually accepted sense is altogether a mistaken notion, as some eight hundred of his fellow-countrymen, who are about to spend one more winter in Canada than the rules of the service award them, will cordially attest.

THE TORMENTOR UNMASKED!

OR,

HOW TO PAY OFF AN OLD SCORE!

A SUCCESS (?) IN THREE ACTS.*

By W. S. Gilbert, Esq.,†

Author of "The Pretty Druidess, a Burlesque," and other Tragedies.

[This piece, which is evidently no translation from the French (our "lively neighbours" have *some* idea of construction), is affectionately novelised by an admiring critic—the editor of the Tomahawk.]

CHAPTER I.

Calthorpe's Villa.

Harold Calthorpe was a particularly nice young man—that is to say, he insulted his father, swore at his friends, and bullied his mistresses. His enemies said that he was coarse, and deserved a good thrashing for his impudence; his friends, on the other hand, declared him to be blunt if cynical, with an honest heart, but an unpleasant vocabulary. However, both friends and enemies agreed on one point—never to ask him to their houses. "He had the principles of a certain sort of nobleman," they said, "but the manners of a cad." Alas! Alas!! Alas!!!

One day Harold was lounging on a sofa in his father's house and listening to his cousin Ethel's performances on a cottage piano.

"Shut up that confounded row," said he, after awhile, with his usual politeness. "Your playing is simply beastly!"

"You used to like it once," replied the fair musician, making eyes at him; "before I was engaged to James Casby, a Bombay merchant."

"He's a jolly muff, I *do* think," was the retort. "A muff! Why he's a downright fool, a duffer, a h'ass, a filthy idiot!"

"Enough!" said the proud beauty sternly. "To judge from the vulgar language you use, one would imagine that you were acting the part of a 'gentleman' in one of W. S. Gilbert's comedies! Not only that—Casby is one of my intendeds—I might almost observe the chief of them!"

"But you loved me once?" whined Harold.

"And do now," cried the beauty quickly. She added with a smile full of bright joyous meaning, "Wait till I am married to Casby, and then you shall see how true is woman's heart."

At this moment Casby lounged into the room. After a row with Harold, conducted in not very choice Billingsgate, he ousted his rival, and seated himself beside Ethel, his wife elect.

"Darling," he murmured sweetly into her ear. "My darling," and then he continued in impassioned accents, "I once was a clerk in the city. I had been put into the office by Colonel Calthorpe, your uncle and Harold's father. Well I remember the day. Grey shirtings were at 23¼, butter was firm, tallow lively, and Consols quoted at 92⅞ for a rise."

And he breathed with a lover's tenderness his commercial nothings into her unwilling ear.

"I never loved you," was all she said.

They wandered away together, and their place was supplied by Harold and his father, who now entered the room.

"He does not know that I have forged Casby's name to a bill," thought the old man.

"He does not know that I am making disreputable love to Mary Waters, the nursery governess," murmured the young one.

"I want £50," began Harold.

"You shan't have it," said the colonel. "If you have done any bills—they can't come down upon you—you are under age."

"Thanks for the information," replied his son, with more feeling than he had shown for months. He added, in a surly tone, "In spite of what you say, however, I must have £50. If you don't fork out I'll punch your head, you dirty old blackguard!"

"Such language to me!—is it filial?"

"No, but it's gentlemanly! Mr. W. S. Gilbert thinks me a an awful swell, I can tell you. Why, he's written a piece, and I am the hero of it!"

At this moment Casby, Mary Waters, and Ethel rushed into the room.

"Look here. I tell you what I will do for you," said Harold, wild with rage at his father's refusal, "I will just marry this girl, Mary Waters, and leave your house!"

"Come, don't be a fool," said Casby.

"Shut up!" cried Harold, "as for you—you are AN UNUTTERABLE CAD!"

CHAPTER II.

The Chambers in Gray's Inn.

Harold caught the scarlet fever, edited a satirical paper, and prospered. But he was sad, he said.

"My old friend, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is having a row with me. I am awfully sorry. He declares that I sell my friends at a guinea a piece. Too bad. I know it's a crime in the literary world for a young man to succeed, but then it's really too bad! It's just what that literary hack, Type Bourgeois, observed when I wouldn't let *him* write for my paper. It's what they all say when I won't employ them. But then Bourgeois and some of the rest don't contribute to a rival and more satirical paper (price one penny) as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and that may make all the difference. I wish he was good enough for us. His 'Bab Ballads' in *Fun* were not bad; I mean some of them. The *Spectator* said they were coarse; well, *I* like coarseness. However, my friend W. S. G. has been too severe; he shall see that he has wronged me. *If I ever write a comedy I will never be such* AN UNUTTERABLE CAD *as to put a man I have regarded from childhood as my friend, and with whom I have never had a quarrel, into it for all the town to stare at.* No, no—that would be too cowardly and blackguard! Yes, W. S. G., you shall see that you have wronged me—wronged me deeply!"

And Harold wept. He felt that his friend had been too hard upon him.

By-and-by Mary Waters entered, and the two young people spooned copiously.

"Is it wicked to marry?" asked Mary.

"Oh! it has been done," replied her lover, "as somebody has said already, in Tom Robertson's comedy of *Dreams*. I like Tom Robertson's pieces, and often quote from them. So does Mr. W. S. Gilbert in *his* pieces."

At this point Colonel Calthorpe entered the chambers, and explained that he was Lord Ovington Square—that all his relations had sunk with the Margate steamboat.

Harold, now "*the Honourable*" Harold, at once kissed Mary, and deserted her. What else could he do? Is he not the hero of my story, and a gentleman? Not only that, it's a way with some young authors.

CHAPTER III.

Ovington Grange.

Lord Ovington (without a collar) and Casby (in a wig with a false forehead to it) were together.

Said Casby to Ovington, "You are my benefactor, and I hate you for it."

Said Ovington to Casby, "Both facts are known to me."

Said Casby to Ovington, "You have forged my name to a bill, and I have stolen it, to the great loss of him who discounted it for you. Holding it, however, I can bully you or transport you. Being mean and pitiful, I prefer to bully you. You brought me from the gutter. I take you from the felon's cell." He continued in the same ungrateful strain for five minutes, and ended the interview by observing, "I burn the paper—we are quits."

Edith rushed in, and flung herself upon his breast.

"I never loved you," she murmured.

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"To marry you; no other fellow will have me."

"Well," said Casby, laughing, "as this story may some day be turned into a piece, I may as well consent. This incident would convert the drama into a comedy."

"Or (in the next act) into a tragedy," thought Edith; and she threw a glance full of love at her cousin Harold, who had entered the room with Mary.

"Now, no more larks," said that young man, elegantly, "I have made it up with W. S. G., and have given up my satirical paper (it caused too much jealousy), and intend henceforth to be a gentleman in the strict sense of the word. I will give you a

* For further particulars apply to the lessee of the Gaiety.

† *Vide* Play Bills.

glimpse into the future. I shall marry Mary, and perhaps leave her a good deal to herself (women like it), and perhaps write a burlesque, or something equally intellectual—and, oh! I shall be *such* a lady's man!"

THE END.

A LA MILITAIRE.

WITH a view to the possible recurrence of the hot weather of last week the following General Order has been issued by the General Officer commanding at Aldershot, who has obligingly supplied us with a copy:—

"Head Quarters.

"In very hot weather, when the sun is unusually powerful, all troops on parade between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. may be permitted to appear bareheaded, without helmets or shakos, as the case may be. The men will, therefore, in future have no reason to complain of the weight of their headgear in hot weather.

"On field days, when the heat is very oppressive, all belts should be worn an inch tighter than usual, and the black leather stocks should also be compressed, as such alterations will act as substantial supports to the soldier suffering from fatigue.

"Arrangements have also been made that, during the continuance of the fine weather, new boots shall be served out to all the troops in camp, who will have the advantage of using them before the ground becomes damp and muddy, and their shape is affected by exposure to the rain.

"If after these concessions men persist in falling out from the ranks (as numbers did on a recent occasion during a brigade and divisional field day, pretending to be in a fainting condition), such conduct will be considered as insubordinate, as it is subversive of discipline, and men so offending will be subjected to four hours a day extra drill until Michaelmas, and their pay will be put under a stoppage of 6d. a day for a period of not less than six months.

"By order of the General Officer
"Commanding the Troops in Camp.

"Aldershot, 20th July, 1869."

No doubt the authorities at the Camp know what they are about, for were we not assured by Mr. Cardwell (who had to answer an impertinent question put to him by Mr. O'Reilly in the House of Commons the other night, on the subject of field days in very hot weather) that the arrangements at Aldershot were in the hands of a "most distinguished and experienced officer." (?)

It was the old Duke of Wellington who defined martial law as "the will of the general in command." It seems now that experience is another word for inhumanity.

L'AMENDE HONORABLE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S apology for having sent the Peers "up in a balloon" has proved a good example. Certain gentlemen, who feel that they have recently exceeded the bounds of decency in their conduct to their opponents, have addressed to them the following letters, which we have much pleasure in reproducing:—

Apology No. 1.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Lord Salisbury presents his compliments to Mr. Gladstone, and regrets that, in the heat of debate, he so far forgot what was due to his own dignity as an English Peer as to allude to Mr. Gladstone as "an arrogant man." Lord Salisbury assures Mr. G. that he had no intention of offending him, and that when he made use of the expression he did not think Mr. G. the sort of person to take it up. He promises Mr. G. that it shall not occur again, and that, should he ever be fortunate enough to find a seat in the Upper Chamber, Lord Salisbury for one will be glad to make his acquaintance.

House of Lords,
Saturday.

Apology No. 2.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, BART., TO CAPTAIN VIVIAN, "WAR LORD" OF THE TREASURY.

London, July 29, 1869.

SIR,—Perhaps you may remember, on a certain occasion early in the present Session, when a debate on a military subject was engrossing the attention of the House of Commons, I remarked in a spirit of *badinage* on your absence, and made a mild joke on the practice you indulge in of smoking in your room at the War Office, being well aware, as I was at the time, that your absence was really occasioned by a most shocking and crushing domestic bereavement under which you were at the very moment prostrate and broken. The "scandal" to which I allude having since become too public to necessitate my shrinking from an allusion to it, I now beg to remind you of the course I adopted at the time of its occurrence, and to apologise for any annoyance my remarks may have caused you. I have no hesitation in thus frankly addressing you, as I have always prided myself on being "a thorough gentleman," as my proverbial politeness, my patent leather boots, and my flowered button-hole serve to testify; and it very naturally puts me out that my little joke, to which I must again allude, should have been construed into a cowardly, dastardly, and vulgar attack on a suffering man.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
J. S. PAKINGTON.

To Captain the Hon. J. Vivian, M.P.,
War Office.

Apology No. 3.

MR. WHALLEY TO DR. MANNING.

House of Commons,
August 1, 1869.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—My conscience at length compels me, in defiance of the provisions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, to address your Grace in order that I may withdraw the many wanton misstatements I have made this year reflecting on your Grace, and on the Church of which you are so bright an ornament. It is not because I have received several threats of corporal chastisement on the steps of my Club from Roman Catholics, or because the assembly to which I have the honour to belong has so impatiently listened to my attacks on the Roman Catholic religion, that I now humbly express my profound regret for the violent abuse, the nasty insinuations, and occasional untruths of which I have been guilty; but because I am about to take my annual holiday, which it is impossible I can properly enjoy with these heavy sins on my head. Once more renewing my sincere apologies, in which, I doubt not, my friend Mr. Murphy (a gentleman whom I have always found most amenable to my direction) would join me if he were here,

I have the honour to be,
My Lord Archbishop,
Your Grace's devoted penitent,
H. G. WHALLEY.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster,
&c., &c., &c.

We trust that other members of the Legislature may follow on the same side. We suppose that Peers and Commoners, in a greater or lesser degree, are endowed with consciences, and, such being the case, it is simply impossible that certain of their number can ascend the Righi, traverse the moors, or even dip themselves in the sea with any sense of enjoyment or mental repose until they have meekly done penance for their sins during the Session.

WHY did the Volunteers, recently encamped at Wimbledon, remind us of a member of Parliament, who, to gain his seat, has had to tout extensively for votes?—Because they thoroughly appreciated strong canvas.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—It turns out that the reverend gentleman who preached the recent *cat* and dog sermon at Woolwich was a Mr. *Kit*son!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No 119.] *LONDON, AUGUST* 14, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND YARD.

IF anything were wanted to bring the state of popular feeling to a crisis on the subject of the Police, Mr. Bruce has supplied it in his answer to Mr. Eykyn, on Tuesday night. Mr. Bruce has distinguished himself during his short tenure of office as Home Secretary by something greater than incapacity: he has exhibited a callous ignorance of his duties, a mischievous perversion of trust, and a misapprehension of truth, of which any old Whig or Tory official, in the most corrupt and degraded era of Parliamentary government, might have been proud. Let us examine his speech of Tuesday last, in order to justify our laudation of the right honourable gentleman.

We quote the official reply in its entirety:—

"Mr. Secretary Bruce was unable to accede to the motion, inasmuch as there existed no correspondence whatever upon the subject. The hon. member was perfectly right in bringing under the notice of the House any case in which he thought the police had been guilty of improper conduct. He (Mr. Bruce) was not there to defend the police, but was simply there to listen to statements regarding them, and see that justice was done. What in this case he was asked to do, however, was to undertake the prosecution of certain policemen, whose guilt after the most careful examination he very much doubted (hear). His hon. friend had himself looked at the papers in connection with the case and had read the result of the inquiries made by the chief commissioner of the police; and having done so he candidly asked his hon. friend whether he believed the case against these policemen to be so very clear as was generally tried to be made out. He (Mr. Bruce) had himself carefully looked into the matter, and he hesitated not to say that very grave doubts existed in his mind as to the truth of the imputations thrown upon these men. And yet, having that doubt upon his mind, he was asked to institute a prosecution for perjury against them. The whole of the case was open to very grave suspicion. Some young men on their way home to Pimlico found it necessary to go to the top of the Haymarket in search of a cab, although it was proved that there were cabs upon the stand at Trafalgar Square. One of the most trusted and truthful inspectors in the force stated that passing by the Haymarket he saw a considerable disturbance, although he did not see the young men in question. He passed on his way, but finding that the crowd increased he turned back and found the police in conflict with the young men, who had their umbrellas raised over their heads. Since the case had been tried before the police magistrate a good deal of additional evidence had been obtained, and under the circumstances he declined to take the course suggested by the hon. member for Windsor. The remedy which the young men had was a simple and an easy one. They were not called on to prefer an indictment for perjury against the police, but had merely to go through the simple and inexpensive process of summoning the police for assault. The cost would be next to nothing, and if the young men were successful it would fall upon the police. Under these circumstances he declined to interfere."

Now we venture to assert that for cool insolence and utter disregard both of truth and justice this reply cannot be matched. Mr. Bruce begins by a paltry equivocation. He continues with a delicious piece of impudence. He (Mr. Bruce) very much doubts the guilt of the Police—that is to say, he sets himself above the decision of the magistrate who tried the case, above the almost unanimous conclusion of every person who read or heard the case, that the young men were perfectly innocent. He sets himself above all law, truth, and justice, and because *he* "doubts the guilt of the policemen" on ex-parte statements, the truth of which had never been examined into, he declines to produce the papers which caused his doubts, or to take any step to prove the innocence of those whose guilt he doubted. Mr. Bruce next insolently demands of Mr. Eykyn, to whom he had shown these very papers, if they did not operate as much in favour of the Police on his mind as they had on that of Mr. Bruce. As if Mr. Eykyn would have brought forward his motion in the terms he did had they done so. Then this great official goes on to imply that it is a very suspicious circumstance to walk a few yards in search of a cab, instead of selecting one from the nearest stand. Now comes a wonderful piece of evidence confirmatory of Mr. Bruce's views. "A most trusted and truthful inspector of police passing by, saw a considerable disturbance, but did not see the young men in question." This paragon of policemen turned back and found the police in conflict with the young men, who had their umbrellas raised over their heads!!! This is truly satisfactory. If the young men were the attacking, and not the defending, party, why did not this spotless inspector come to the help of his subordinates? Why was not he called at the inquiry before Mr. Knox? If his evidence was so important as to be able to convince the colossal intellect of Mr. Bruce, surely it might have had some effect on the ordinary intelligence of Mr. Knox.

"A good deal of additional evidence has been obtained since the inquiry before the magistrate." Why not give it? This is the reason which Mr. Bruce gives later in the evening: "He could not publish these papers without gross injustice to these young men." Now, is it possible to conceive any conduct more utterly base and dishonest on the part of a Minister of the House than to declare, in his official capacity, that he is in possession of evidence which is sufficient to reverse the decision of a magistrate of great acumen and experience, given after a long and careful inquiry,—a decision which acquitted of a most grave charge three young men of respectable position, whose bread depended on their characters,—and to refuse to produce this evidence on the implied grounds that it would irretrievably damage the characters of those young men? We declare, without the slightest scruple, that Mr. Bruce deserves to be severely punished for the basest form of libel; and that,

after such conduct, his retention in the Ministry is a disgrace to it and the country alike.

But Mr. Bruce had not yet exhausted his stock of wise and benevolent utterances. "The young men could prosecute the Police for assaults;" "this would cost next to nothing," &c., &c. But the humorous intellect of Mr. Bruce could not perceive that the offence of the Police, paid servants of the State, was not an assault, but wilful malignant perjury; and that, in their official capacity as defenders of the public peace. There may be no precedent for a public prosecution under the circumstances, but we venture to assert that any Judge would, in any ordinary trial, have committed the witnesses for perjury in a similar case, if they had been mere private individuals. But we all know the Police are not private individuals; they are the pets of Scotland Yard, and are tried and punished (if at all) for such little failings as wilful and malicious perjury by a secret tribunal, of which the decisions can as little be questioned by public opinion as the evidence on which it decides, both being equally concealed from the knowledge of the outside world.

We have again and again pointed out that there is but one remedy for the present state of insecurity which, rightly or wrongly, people feel with regard to the Police, and that is, to insist that all members of the Force who shall be accused of any violence, or be practically condemned by a magistrate for giving false evidence, shall be tried publicly for that offence, and punished with severity. As long as the Commissioner of Police is allowed practically to override the law of the land by holding private inquiries into the conduct of offending members of the Force, so long will dislike and distrust of the Police exist in the minds of the public. It would be strange indeed if the Police did not number among their members ignorant and brutal creatures, who used their brief authority for the purpose of oppression. For the sake of the many worthy, brave, and honest members of the Force, these black sheep should be punished with as much publicity as possible. It is not too much to ask that the Crown should undertake in these cases, as it does in others, the punishment of those of its servants who betray their trust and abuse their power. Bankers might just as well leave to their customers the prosecution and punishment of defaulting clerks, as Government leave to individuals the expense and labour of bringing to justice those paid preservers of public order who convert themselves into licensed highwaymen. The Police do not need protection from the public so much as they do from themselves; it never ought to be possible for them to acquire in a public court the stain of suspected perjury and cruelty, which cannot be wiped off in an equally public court.

As for Mr. Bruce's share in the case, which led to the remarks which we have made, on him much more than on the Police Commissioner lies the disgrace of this scandal. It is impossible to expect any reform from within in the officials of Scotland Yard, if they can always rely on the unscrupulous support, and unblushing encouragement, of a Cabinet Minister in the case of any delinquencies on the part of their subordinates.

THE TOOL OF FORTUNE.—A paragraph has been slowly going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Toole was invited by the Prince of Wales to dine with him at the Dramatic Fête. This is called an honour to the drama. Mr. Toole is a very good farce actor, and a very fair burlesque actor; but if the Prince of Wales really wishes to honour the drama he can do so better than by patronising Arthur Lloyd, Schneider, or even Mr. Toole. Two of the best comedies were acted at the Holborn without attracting the patronage of Royalty. But they were by Sheridan and Bulwer, and not indecent.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

ON SOME ALPINE SNOBBISM.

NOW, there are many ways of making yourself conspicuous on the Continent. You may lounge about the Rue Rivoli in a shooting coat and towelled wide-awake. You may insist on being served with ham sandwiches and '47 port on the top of the Grimsel. You may take a paint-pot up the Drachenfels with you, and adorn that mediæval but well-lettered ruin with the aristocratic name of "**SNOB**," in red capitals, three feet high. You may empty your pockets, with the other fools, at the German tables, and be the hero of the half hour while you are engaged in that unsatisfying but stimulating business. Indeed, you have only to thrust yourself forward in any capacity, on any occasion, and make yourself sufficiently conspicuous, and you will attain to the proper elevation of British Snobdom proper. There is, however, one special road which I can recommend to you with much confidence. Go in for climbing. I do not mean, of course, by this, the ordinary climbing; that comes in the way of the sane and ordinary traveller, bent on health, recreation, and exercise. I refer you to that utterly monstrous break-neck, reckless, self-advertising, useless, dangerous, boyish, clambering, which it has lately become the fashion to extol, and invest with the dignity of pluck! No doubt a good many adventurous but really foolhardy spirits have been caught up by the influence of the hour, and risked their lives in crawling up on next to nothing, leading very often nowhere, with the view of reaching something that somebody has not been mad enough to reach before. But this is neither truly courageous nor manly; and while we have freshly before us the late catastrophe of the unfortunate clergyman from Brighton, I might pause for a moment on the more serious aspect of this indefensible pursuit. Often, as it appears to have been in the case to which I have just made reference, there is no motive beyond an exaggerated love of enterprise, coupled with erroneous theories as to the benefits of the mountain air at great altitudes. With no better reason than this, it is not thought wrong to run unquestionable risks on shifting ice and pathless crags, and jeopardise, in a Swiss ravine, one's life in a fashion that, were it attempted here in England on equally dangerous terms, one's friends and relatives would probably intervene and call in the family doctor. When a victim is sacrificed under such conditions, it is difficult not to feel the force of the remark made by the *Times* the other day on this subject, and bring in a verdict of "*temporary insanity*." And if this is the judgment passed on the better men, what shall I say of the refuse? What of the miserable Snobs whose *only* motive in this Alpine suicide-hunting is a contemptible love of ephemeral notoriety? What of these unspangled athletes, who try to rival their brothers of the music-halls, without having an iota of an excuse to put forward—not even that of earning their livelihood by the process?

What can be more pitiable and little than the feeling which prompts a grown man deliberately to risk his life with no nobler jealousy than that of repeating the dangerous foolery that other fools have successfully accomplished; with no loftier aim than that of writing an account of his apeishness, which the *Times*, for want of news, at a dull season of the year, may possibly publish? Can anything exceed the childish vanity, the unmasculine self-consciousness of this? And yet, so little is the thing appreciated at its proper value, that there is absolutely a Club formed for the sole purpose of keeping alive, in all its pristine nobility and vigour, the spirit which animates it! Then lose no time, my good friend: get your gaiters, your boots, your alpenstock, your veils, ropes, guides, and the rest of the paraphernalia; up with you and risk your neck, scrambling along where there is nothing beautiful to see, nothing useful to learn. Up with you, I say: drop the intellectual, and try the animal; quit the paths of reasonable men, and see if you cannot get a line into the *Times*. You are a true British Snob: you must not be out of such noble work as this!

(*To be continued.*)

POPULAR WORK (*from the press of Public Opinion*).—*Resignation.* By Austin Bruce, late Secretary for the Home Department.

OUR STREETS.

(A Scene from a Comedy in several Acts, now in course of publication.)

INSPECTOR, CONSTABLES, &c., *discovered, armed to the teeth with Beards, Handcuffs, Truncheons, and other Municipal Properties.*

INSPECTOR.—Are you good men?
FIRST CONSTABLE.— We are, Sir.
INSPECTOR.— And *un*true?
That you would answer so I always knew.
First, to assign (as is our senseless plan)
The gravest duty to th' *un*fittest man,
Come hither, sergeant. You possess the charm
That comes by Nature, to keep clear of harm,
And dares your greatest enemy to say
When wanted you were ever in the way:
Of TRUTH with little you can make a shift,—
But TRUTH (you know) is Fortune's rarest gift,
And in the Force 'twould argue fixed insanity
To own in public so absurd a vanity:
If you have merit, you have kept it dark:
Of senseless excellence you've hit the mark:
Therefore, bear you the bullseye.—Now, your charge.
SECOND CONSTABLE.—If we see Burglars?
INSPECTOR.— Let them go at large.
A golden rule for those who safety prize
Is, touch no man if more than half your size.
At vagrant urchins you should rather fly,
That is, if brother constables are by;
Or even woman you may harshly treat,
If you are well supported on your beat;
Or men too drunk to offer you resistance
You can ill use in safety, *with assistance.*
THIRD CONSTABLE.—How if there be none drunk?
INSPECTOR.— Then, all the quicker,
Assume some gentleman's the worse for liquor.
By all our maxims no one has the right
To walk home sober after twelve at night.
You *must* do something for your pay.
FOURTH CONSTABLE.— That's true:
P'raps in emergencies a fit might do?
Who is incapable, is drunk.
INSPECTOR.— I see
You know your duty: you may count on me
Spite of all witnesses, in case of doubt,
To prove your charges, and to hear you out.
FIFTH CONSTABLE.—How if there be remonstrance? in the throng
There sometimes *is* intolerance of wrong:
The crowd may be too many for us.
INSPECTOR.— None
Need fear—you'll muster three or four to one,
And Might makes Right—whoever dares begin,
Down on his chatter sharp! and "*run him in!*"
This is your charge—prompt measures are the best—
You "*run him in,*" hard swearing does the rest!
[*Exeunt, to act accordingly.*

THE PRESS TO THE RESCUE!

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its announcement of the reprieve of Fanny Oliver, said a great deal in a few words. "The Government," our intelligent contemporary observed, "does not doubt her sanity; but it does doubt whether she actually committed the murder for which she was tried. Therefore Mr. Bruce has determined that she shall suffer penal servitude for life for that offence."

This is precisely the state of the case: Fanny Oliver is not to be hung, because there is a doubt about her guilt; but Mr. Bruce seems to think that if he lets off the extreme penalty of the law, it is as much as circumstances warrant. The compromise is absurdly illogical; indeed, it is more than this, it is unjust and un-English. We therefore trust that the Press, to the efforts of which the commutation of the capital sentence is entirely due, will still further exert its influence to prevent a woman (probably entirely innocent) from being incarcerated for the rest of her days, simply because it is agreed on all hands that she is not guilty enough to be hung. Mr. Bruce may be happy in the possession of an elastic conscience, and may have shelved the matter indefinitely as far as he is concerned; but he is mistaken in the supposition that the public will be satisfied if the case rests where it now does. What Fanny Oliver has a right to, is full justice, not small mercy; and we trust that her claim to this may eventually prevail.

"THE RAILROAD TO RUIN,"
or,
"BAD FORM, OH, SIR!"

[IT is with deep regret that we analyze Mr. Boucicault's new piece of weird nonsense at Drury Lane. The lessee, actors, and audience have our heartfelt sympathy.]

PART I.—HOW THE FIRST ACT WAS MADE!

Take a few second-rate, middle-aged, minor-theatre tragedians, and call them the "Oxford eight." Let them perform a few vulgar antics in front of a badly-painted scene. Mix with these eight second-rate, middle-aged, minor-theatre tragedians a sprinkling of mild, uncertain, and nervous "walking ladies," with whom let them take low-bred lover's liberties. Add an old incident from a worn-out Surrey melodrama, a comic actor from an East-end theatre, and Mr. Barrett in the character of a mumbling imbecile and clerical buffoon. Season with Boucicaultian commonplace, and serve up hot in a well "papered" house.

PART II.—HOW THE SECOND ACT WAS COOKED!!

Take the weakest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and dress him like a music-hall singer, in a blue coat lined with yellow; then let him go to the dogs in a lime-lighted scene, composed chiefly of dull vice and insipid Victoria-gallery sentiment. Flavour with snobbish twaddle, spoken by a burlesque actress got up in a light wig and black trousers, and mix, as before, with Boucicaultian commonplace.

PART III.—HOW THE THIRD ACT WAS MIXED!!!

Take a chapter out of a third-rate French novel, and mix up with it the weakest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and dress him in a loud boating costume. Serve him up in this absurd "get up" at a grotesque evening party given in an old ball-room scene, once a feature in the "*Great City.*" Flavour with a good deal of questionable morality and an insupportable load of Boucicaultian commonplace.

PART IV.—HOW THE FOURTH ACT WAS DISHED!!!!

Take the weakest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the eight second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and put him (still wearing a loud boating costume) in a sponging house, situated in the heart of London. Let him be rescued thence by eight plebeian-looking "supers," got up in light blue jackets (call them the "Cambridge eight") at seven o'clock in the morning. Make your villains commit a clumsily contrived forgery, and hand them over to the police. Wind up with a poorly painted scene of the River at Barnes Bridge; introduce two utterly ridiculous pasteboard boats, manned with sixteen unsteady and jerky pasteboard puppets, and flavour with derisive roars of laughter from the audience; add two pasteboard steamboats, with obtrusive chimneys and vague paddle-wheels, and flavour as before with derisive roars of laughter from the audience. Drop the curtain quickly, and drown the laughter and hisses of the audience with loud music from the orchestra. Give the mess a meaningless title, and puff it largely in gigantic posters on the hoardings, and long advertisements over the "leaders" in the morning newspapers.

IMPERIAL LOGIC.—The Ministry is solely responsible to the Emperor; the Emperor is the nation: therefore the Ministry is solely responsible to the nation.

LONDON, AUGUST 14, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THEATRICAL managers, as a rule, lead off with their trump cards at the commencement of the season. Mr. Vining, however, has played the oddest trick of all. He has kept in every one of his *Aces* till August!

THE *Oberland* is again claiming its victims. "Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself;" so the saying at present has it. "Give him too little and he will dash himself to pieces," is what it is coming to.

M. PIC, the celebrated Editor of the *Etendard*, has, it seems, relieved his employers of 700,000 francs. Will our Parisian neighbours mind, therefore, in future borrowing only half of that very ugly English word they have latterly taken from us? Let us mutually henceforth talk of *le Pic-pocket*.

MR. JAMES HENRY PARKER, the great antiquarian, has come forward, in a characteristic letter, to aid the cause of "Mosaics and Mr. Layard." We hope that these extremely creditable efforts of Dr. Salviati to restore one of the arts which is capable of producing ornamentation at once cheap, beautiful, and durable, will receive the encouragement which they deserve. We know the English, as a nation, hate colour, but we hope that they may be got to look more favourably on it when they find that it is possible to blend colours harmoniously, and to attain gaiety without vulgarity.

AN ADMIRALTY HOAX.

MR. CHILDERS, though unremitting in his attention to the duties of his office, appears to take very few people into his confidence regarding his personal intentions. It was known some weeks back that the "model" First Lord intended to deprive the clerks and officials at Chatham Dockyard of their annual holidays by refusing to provide substitutes for them during their absence at the public expense, but it has only recently transpired that Mr. Childers himself intends to forego his vacation. It is a fact, however, that in his self-sacrificing devotion to his country's service Mr. Childers will accompany Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres with the Channel Fleet, and will undergo the terror and hardships of a cruise in the Mediterranean during the autumn months. It is understood that in case the First Lord should break down under the severe task he has imposed upon himself, he will be accompanied by his son, who is himself an officer in the Royal Navy, and other members of his family, who will be on the spot in case anything should happen to him; but we trust that the serious apprehensions Mr. Childers evidently holds regarding his health may be ill-founded, and that he may return to his work at the Admiralty in a couple of months time none the worse for his cruise with the flying squadron. If such should not be the case, however, and Mr. Childers, on his return to town, should need medical treatment, he no doubt would, in the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice, have himself conveyed to Haslar Naval Hospital, into the arrangements of which institution he might make himself thoroughly acquainted; and should any of the little Childers's have caught the measles at Naples, or some such pestilent port that the fleet may have visited, their papa would no doubt allow them to accompany him, in order that the capabilities of the Naval Hospital in all its branches might be thoroughly tested.

But to be serious. It is scarcely wise of Mr. Childers, when he is really himself taking a very pleasant and inexpensive holiday, while he is depriving others of a few weeks' immunity from their work, to pretend that he is making a sacrifice to the public service. The public do not care whether or not he accompanies the fleet to the Mediterranean, but when the fact becomes known that he does not go alone, they will have a very decided objection to his taking his family with him at the public expense. That things like this have happened before there is not a doubt, for only a few weeks back an iron-clad man-of-war took Sir Edward Lugard, the Under Secretary-of-State, from London to Margate! There may, or may not be, great harm in the Admiralty authorities utilizing Her Majesty's ships for private purposes; but we do not hesitate at once, and beforehand, to cry down the cant in which Mr. Childers has been indulging concerning the pleasant trip which he has planned for his vacation. He won't be wanted on board the Channel Fleet, and will only be in everyone's way.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

MR. COWASJEE JEHANGHEER READYMONEY, Companion of the Star of India, and a wealthy Parsee gentleman, resident in Bombay, has just contributed a drinking fountain to the Broad Walk in Regent's Park. Beyond stating that the fountain was opened by the Princess Mary of Cambridge last week, we have nothing to remark; for when we hear that Mr. Readymoney, though hitherto unknown in England, has in India contributed more than £100,000 to local charities, to say nothing of his having built two hospitals and a lunatic asylum, any fun that we could make out of his name would be in sad taste indeed. We therefore simply chronicle the event, and add Mr. Cowasjee Jehangheer Readymoney to that list of nobly munificent gentlemen with whose names every Englishman should be pleasantly familiar.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

ANOTHER dreadful death on the Alps! When will common sense and common humanity interfere to prevent these acts of insane folly and wicked temerity? Year after year young men lose their lives, simply because they are allowed to indulge what is really a spirit of bravado and excessive vanity. No really great or good end, no scientific or useful purpose is served by these dangerous ascents of snow mountains. All the beauties of Alpine scenery, all the beauties of Alpine vegetation, can be seen perfectly from points where there is little or no danger. A more silly, useless, ignoble mania than this for cutting holes in walls of snow and ice, and climbing up them, at the imminent risk of your life, it is impossible to conceive. Life is too serious a trust to be thrown away on such barren folly. What would be thought of a man whose idea of amusement was running up and down the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, or climbing up church steeples, or running in and out among the carriages in a crowded thoroughfare? Yet these amusements are quite as useful and rational as climbing up snow peaks merely to find they are made of snow. If researches in geology require that these dangerous heights shall be explored, let properly qualified persons do so with proper precautions. A convention with Switzerland for the suppression of these Alpine climbers would be one of the best treaties that we could conclude. It may be very exciting and very exhilarating to put nothing but a slip of the foot between you and death; but there are plenty of causes in this world to which, if human life be devoted, it can accomplish great and good deeds, which shall live on the lips and in the hearts of men long after the memory of these Alpine heroes shall have passed away. Other journals may think it consistent with their duty to encourage these annual suicides; we shall never miss an opportunity of raising our voice against the unprofitable destruction of the most solemn trust which is given to man, his life.

THE GREAT RESTORATION.—To Mr. Boucicault belongs the honour of restoring to Drury Lane its old character, in one sense at least. In times gone by, the Phrynes of Drury Lane were the theme of loose song and erotic lyrics. *Formosa* is worthy company in every respect for these demi-goddesses.

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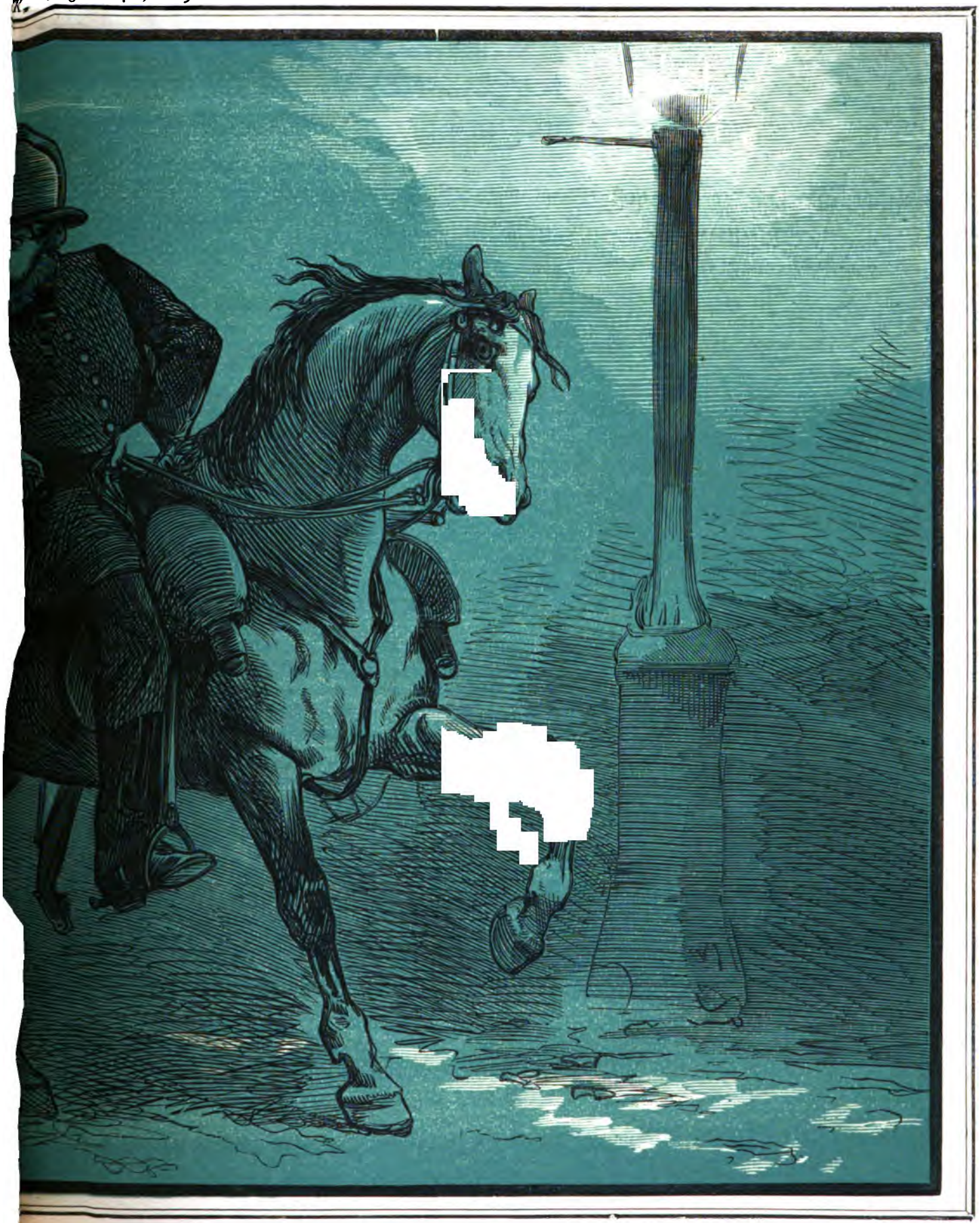


HEEP'S CLOTHING!

HT OF THE ROAD.

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 64.)

XIII.

"OH! Plucked am I?" said Mr. Squigsby when he had read the Secretary's note conveying to him this pleasing intelligence. "I'll soon see about that. I'll appeal to the Judges. I'll instruct counsel to support my answers, and attack the questions. I'll kick up a pretty dust."

And he began to do so; but the dust he kicked up became rather more hurtful to himself than to anyone else. Mr. Squigsby possessed that invaluable instinct to the legal mind of knowing when to stop. He would threaten, he would bully; but, at the first indication of his getting the worst of it, he would pull up instantly. So it was now. He saw that he should be convicted of copying. Flibber's answers and his own were identical, and, what was worse, they were identically wrong,—and there was the evidence of the Beadle. He, therefore, satisfied his feelings by declining to pay one farthing to his unfortunate Coach, and issuing a writ against Flibber for the money he had lent him. "It's entirely their fault I didn't get through," said Mr. Squigsby, "and they shall suffer for it—a couple of prigs—and so shall somebody suffer for it when I do get through. I believe the Government have arranged matters so that it shall be as difficult and maddening to become a lawyer as possible. Look at the awful expense, and the time, and the work. It's intended, no doubt, as an encouragement. I'll have my reward when I do get through. If I am to be considered as a chartered brigand, they shan't be disappointed, I promise them."

With this soothing reflection he this time set to work in earnest, and under the direction of a grinding young barrister of sixty-five, who had his chambers in a cellar, and who made Mr. Squigsby pay in advance, he soon made rapid progress in the science of the law as affected by Examinations. The consequence of this well-directed industry being that within a couple of terms from the time he had met with his rejection, he had the satisfaction of swearing all sorts of oaths at Westminster, preparatory to his signing the Rolls, and being admitted as an attorney and solicitor.

As for poor Flibber, he never recovered from his rejection, and never went up again. The money his parents had spent for his articles was lost, and the time he had passed under them was lost. He found, like hundreds of others, he hated the law, and everything connected with it, just as he had completed his education in it. Providentially, he liked comic singing better, and the *quasi* lawyer soon became a distinguished ornament to the music-hall stage, and every night now drives his brougham about London for a "turn" at ten different music halls, where he warbles five different songs at each "turn," in appropriately fantastic costumes, and with boisterous choruses.

XIV.

It was only a few weeks after Mr. Squigsby had been enrolled—and he was still at Mr. Slicker's office—when one morning Topps, the out-o'-door clerk, rushed into his presence.

"O Sir! have you heard? Mr. Slicker, Sir?"

"What of him?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"He has had a seizure, Sir!"

"A seizure!" said Mr. Squigsby. "At whose suit?"

"O Sir! not at the suit of anybody particular—not a legal seizure, sir—but a fit."

"A fit!" said Mr. Squigsby—"that all? You frightened me. I thought he might have been arrested, or that the sheriffs had come in."

"No, Sir. He had a seizure last night. They say if he has another he can't get over it, but he'll get his immediate discharge."

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, "that's better than being adjourned *sine die*. I thought he was breaking up. I'll go and see him."

He went and saw him. He found Mr. Slicker had been ordered to retire from all active participation in business for the future. There was but one thing to be done—a partnership. The arrangements didn't take long to perfect. They were extremely favourable to Mr. Squigsby—more favourable than they would have been had Mr. Slicker possessed the power to discuss the subject or to oppose the terms which his ex-clerk determined should be accepted. In a few more days the brass plates on the different offices had all to be altered. They were enlarged in size; and an admiring public had now the opportunity of reading upon them, "MESSRS. SLICKER AND SQUIGSBY, SOLICITORS."

XV.

In this new and exalted position, Mr. Squigsby did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He commenced by "winding up" the affairs which were in Slicker's hands alone, so as to put everything straight; and well and expeditiously he did it, to his own particular profit and comfort. What a quantity of business he found Slicker had neglected! What a muddle everything was in! What compromises were effected with those unfortunates whose matters were found to have got into such inextricable confusion that it was impossible to discover what moneys had been received on their account, and what was in hand to their credit, and how glad the unfortunates were to find that they would receive anything at all out of the chaotic jumble of accounts! And how satisfied Mr. Squigsby was to get rid of the unfortunates in question under any circumstances, and how the balance at his bankers increased! And then, what an onslaught he made upon the clients! The new firm was coming into operation; the affairs of the old business must be wound up. It was imperative. What bills of costs were made out and sent out, and cheques for the amount asked for at once—all, too, in the interest of poor old Mr. Slicker, who had had "a seizure!" What writs were issued to enforce poor old Mr. Slicker's requirements! How the fresh costs accumulated in suing for the old costs! How men were sold up, thrown into prison, made bankrupt, and outlawed, and all for poor old Mr. Slicker and his costs! He was being wound up; and so well did the new firm of "Slicker and Squigsby" wind up old Mr. Slicker, that it was almost impossible to decide when it was over who had made the most money out of the transaction,—poor old Mr. Slicker, Mr. Squigsby, or the partnership firm of "Slicker and Squigsby." To a man in business, perhaps the best way to understand what he is worth, and, having ascertained that, to be put into possession of his fortune—speaking paradoxically, is to die. The next best way is to be "wound up," and the best way to be "wound up" is to take a partner. Mr. Squigsby effectually "wound up" Mr. Slicker, and had enriched himself considerably by the operation.

XVI.

"Gents,—I am dirickted by my missus, who is very ill with bad breath and can't go upstairs, to ask you to come and make her will. Come to-day at two o'clock, and you are to bring all the things to do it with. The baker's man has recommended you. My missus is Mrs. Rigsworth, and she lives at No. 6 Metal Court, Golden Square. Knock three times loud, as missus can scarcely breathe, and I am suffering from pains in the head.—Yours obediently, SARAH TOMKINSON.

"To Messrs. Slicker and Squigsby."

This was one of the letters that Mr. Squigsby had just opened.

"Topps," said Mr. Squigsby, "who's this old woman? has she ever been here?"

"No, Sir!"

"I wish the baker's man would mind his own business," said Mr. Squigsby. "I shan't go. Some talkative old woman who has got £100 to leave, and thinks it a million. Besides, there's that adjournment at Marlborough street to attend to-day. Write and say I can't come."

"Counsel is instructed in the prosecution, Sir, and I'll see to that," said Mr. Topps. "Perhaps you had better run round, Sir, and see what it is."

"Very well," said Mr. Squigsby, "give me the things."

"The things" consisted of some sheets of foolscap, some pens, some ink, some red tape, some sealing-wax, and some envelopes.

"I shall make short work of it," said Mr. Squigsby, as he went out. "I shan't be long."

XVII.

Metal Court was a paved court, and No. 6 was a respectable sort of private house, which was more than could be said for its companion houses. It was one of those houses which are so often found in the poorest districts, maintaining its respectability with a sort of freehold pride, surrounded by small shops let out as weekly tenements. It looked additionally

distinguished and conservative by comparison with its neighbours. All the blinds were down. Mr. Squigsby knocked three times. He waited. No answer. He swore, and knocked again. The door was opened by an old female servant. He was shown into the parlour—an old lady was lying upon the sofa. She was evidently very ill. The old lady told the servant to go.

"Mrs. Rigsworth?" said Mr. Squigsby, rather savagely.

"Yes, Sir," said the old lady; "you are the lawyer, and I wish you to make my will."

Mr. Squigsby ducked, and made his preparations. He sat down and spread out his papers with a loud rustling noise—sucked his pen—dipped it in the ink, and then said—

"You are a widow, Mrs. Rigsworth?"

"I am, Sir," said the old lady.

"It is usual, in the first instance, to ask of what your property consists, and the amount it represents."

"The amount it represents," said the old lady, "is what I do not exactly know; but I can say that it certainly is not less than £80,000."

Mr. Squigsby gave a great start, dropped his pen, looked steadily at the old lady for a few seconds, and then in his sweetest tones, and with a beaming smile, added, "I am all attention, madam!"

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

TRIAL BY "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

MRS. FANNY OLIVER, condemned to death for the murder of her husband under most aggravated circumstances, has been reprieved. This is the woman who made such a wild and sensational speech in court, which to us seemed eminently characteristic of guilt. She afterwards wrote a letter, full of nauseous expressions of piety and quotations from the prison hymn book. This letter was published by the press, very unwisely, we think. If it is horrible that a crowd should watch the contortions of a dying criminal, it is scarcely less so that the religious contortions of the condemned should be made public; for it is calculated to produce as debasing an effect on the moral nature of the people as public executions. Nothing appears to us more revolting than these extravagant rhapsodies of creatures on the point of death: if they are sincere, they never should be made public; if they are not sincere, that hypocrisy and gross vanity, so often found to lie at the root of crime, cannot be better encouraged than by publishing these compositions in the public journals. The "cock-sure" manner in which the authors announce their intention of being saved, their monstrous affectation of magnanimous forgiveness of everybody, their canting commendation of their friends to the Divine keeping, all combine to bring religion into ridicule and contempt. The "edifying" end which so many of our worst criminals make, according to the papers, is likely to act as an incentive to rather than a deterrent from crime. To teach persons that they can pass in a few days from a state of hardened crime and degrading vice to a state of sainted fervour and profound piety is to teach them neither religion nor morality.

VERY COMPLIMENTARY!

THE Rev. Mr. Irvine, a gentleman of Orange proclivities, in an address to his congregation, has certainly entered fully into the spirit of the suggestion he submits to "the Orangemen and Protestants of Great Britain." Mr. Irvine concludes his address thus:—

"By those who professed to be your leaders you have been shamefully deceived!—one leader only excepted; and, as a compliment to that leader, worthily deserved by him, and as a lasting testimonial to our repudiation of the others, I propose that we all subscribe to a statue to the right honourable and right truly noble, the Earl of Derby; and I propose that the most eminent painter we can procure be employed to paint his likeness, taken as he left the House of Peers on learning the ignoble compromise of the Bill, and that an engraving of the same be taken to adorn the walls of every true Protestant in Great Britain."

As Lord Derby is proverbially a very good-natured nobleman, there is no reason to doubt that if Mr. Irvine's plan is carried out, his Lordship will submit himself to be modelled and painted to his admirer's heart's content. But we think it is rather too much to expect that on each occasion he may give the artist a sitting he should be called upon to assume the expression he had on his face as he left the House of Lords on the eventful evening alluded to. In point of fact, however, it is not very likely that an old politician like Lord Derby would, on a party defeat, assume the diabolical expression with which Mr. Irvine credits him; but, supposing even that on this exceptional occasion Lord Derby did look, as well as felt, a little put out, it is too much to expect that he should permit an ugly likeness of himself "to adorn the walls of every true Protestant home in Great Britain." We do not suppose that at his time of life Lord Derby is given to care very much for appearances of any kind; but we think that, without being accused of undue vanity, his Lordship might reasonably object to being painted looking his worst by the most eminent artist his admirers are able to enlist into their service.

A GOLDEN RULE.

THE Foundling Hospital is, as everybody knows, a very excellent institution, and an institution moreover which enjoys a very liberal amount of charitable bequests. It is therefore more the pity that the authorities of the hospital should do their best to disgust us by grasping for even more than they receive. It appears from the statement of a Scotch clergyman who attended the service at the Foundling Chapel a few Sundays back, that on his putting a penny into the plate held at the door as the congregation dispersed, he was rudely informed by an official that "No coppers were taken." It is difficult to believe that this refusal of small offerings can be an authorised rule of the establishment, but if it proves to be so, it will do much to divert the donations of wealthier benefactors from an institution which possesses nothing but the prestige of a mission of a nature once really charitable, as a claim on the sympathy of the public.

AN INANE INNOVATION.

MR. INGHAM has been long enough one of the metropolitan police magistrates to know what is due to his position; and it is, therefore, with as much surprise as regret that we find that he, too, has been indulging in those laughter-provoking witticisms which are very much the fashion just now in the police courts. A few days ago, at the Wandsworth Police Court, a butcher was summoned by his housekeeper for assault, and, amongst other points in the unfortunate woman's evidence, she declared that she had a bump on her head, caused by her master's violence. This bump Mr. Ingham was inquisitive to inspect, so he made the woman remove her chignon and submit the excrescence to his inspection, amidst roars of merriment. Mr. Ingham remarked that he thought it was a case perhaps of injured feeling, but he was then satisfied that the complainant had received substantial injuries, so he fined the defendant forty shillings and the cost of the summons. We are at a loss to understand why the worthy magistrate refused to believe the woman on her oath, and subjected her to a great personal indignity in order to be convinced of her truthfulness. But if he considered the exhibition of her injuries actually necessary to the ends of justice, the operation of inspection might have been performed in a more decent and gentle manner. We are averse to all "scenes" in courts of any kind, but such things will occasionally occur in the best regulated establishments. This is no reason, however, that magistrates should indulge in a vulgar practical joke for the sake of the "great laughter" their waggery provokes from the appreciative underlings who surround the Bench.

*BOOKS RECEIVED.**

Library Edition of the Works of W. M. Thackeray. Vol. XXII. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1869.

The Religion of the World; Ellis's Poems; Booth's Life of Robert Owen.

ERRATA.—In leading article, "The Irish Vampire," of last week, page 55, 2nd column, line 22, for "*if*," read "*is*." Line 42, after "*order*" insert comma. Page 56, 1st column, line 16, for "*hateful*" read "*baneful*."

* Will be reviewed in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 120] *LONDON, AUGUST* 21, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A WORD OUT OF SEASON!

So London is empty at last! "Not a soul in town, Sir," observes Bucksby as he meets me in Pall Mall; and from his point of view he is about right. Indeed, both I and Bucksby, when we do meet, express mutual surprise and astonishment at the fact that we *both* absolutely *are* still in town, for we each assume a devout and earnest belief in that social creed that, at the close of the Session, banishes metropolitan humanity to the moors, the sea, the continent,—anywhere, provided only it bury itself beyond the limits of the post-office districts. Such a thorough and abject bigot on the subject is Bucksby, that I know when he saw me on the steps of my Club he made a frantic but unsuccessful effort to turn up into Carlton terrace, and so avoid a fatal rencontre. He is perfectly conscious of the fact that the *crême de la crême*, to which both he and I, of course, belong, has no more right, at this time of the year, on the pavement in St. James's, than the Lord Chancellor has on the woolsack at St. Stephen's. Only some great catastrophe or striking eccentricity could account for either breach of decorum. So Bucksby and I humbug each other, though he knows well enough that I am waiting for my quarterly cheque before I can think of stirring, while he (I heard it from an intimate friend) has not the remotest idea of leaving 117, Leamington Square, S.W., this autumn. Not that he is not enjoying a change, but it is one rather of aspect than of air. Bucksby just now is living at the back of the house, with all the blinds drawn and shutters up in the front. As he cannot move it is the only little tribute of respect he can pay to the prevailing sentiment of his set. The dregs, the mere refuse of society, stagnates in town at this time of year, and the world, that is, that portion of it only in which existence is possible, is away bathing, climbing, sketching, shooting, lounging, gambling, fooling, growling everywhere and anywhere all over Europe. Yes, most of us get our holiday and our "outing," even if it be merely a twenty-four hours' affair, of which a good nine are spent in running all the way to somewhere and all the way back, for half-a-crown, in a cattle van! That is the mechanic's and the small tradesman's idea of locomotive elysium, and I dare say, when nothing better is to be got, it is by no means bad at the price. For the middle class, *et hoc genus omne*, that is, from the Government clerk with six hundred a year and a family, down to the well-to-do shopkeeper, there is an extensive and enticing choice. There is the perfect *ton* of Margate, or, if fashion be less than fresh air the object in view, there is the retiring beauty of Southend or the majestic sweep of the old Bay of Herne.

In a word, there are now-a-days so many channels of communication open in all directions, that there are really comparatively few of the humbler members of society who cannot manage to get away from the smoke and stir of London for a few short days, or, at least, for a few pleasant hours. We rich ones make for the Alps, or turn our aristocratic steps wherever invitation or inclination may lead us. The mass who ape our peculiarities, take, on the whole, pretty good care of themselves. Yet, with all this, there is a vast substratum of society that never gets any change at all. The very poor! The inmates of dirty lanes and crowded alleys, the race of the semi-heathen, the neglected, degraded, forgotten London poor! I do not mean to say that among them the minister of religion never comes. On the contrary, they know the sound of that very consoling voice, and can tell you the shape of those most comforting and satisfying tracts. But for all this they are miserably degraded. They are, in a sense, the legitimate answer to the luxury above. They are the price paid by society for its abandoned surfeit! If there were not quite so much needless and reckless squandering in high places, there would not be so much hopeless and hapless misery in low. And now I trust you see whence these reflections spring. It is the general rush of everyone who can quit the big city, the general cry for fresh air and holiday, the universal body and mind restorative process, that suggests those who never move, who never ask, and who fade and wither away prematurely in the unchanging squalor and poison of poverty and sickness. The death-rate rises, but there is no escaping the tide. It may sweep on with its fatal waters of destruction, but there is no flight here. Crowded and hustled into dark corners, stifled in suffocating garrets, housed more like the brutes, it may be with a malignant fever raging among them —there lie our poorest poor. Think for a moment, my dear Lord Flinterden, as you pass a really harsh judgment on the bouquet of that Cabinet wine, and quit that elegant continental repast to take an evening stroll up the delicious Rhine valley—think, I say, of the poor creatures dying in your great capital for the want of a little clean water, through lack of a little unpoisoned air! Sniff up the scent of a thousand flowers and refresh yourself. Ponder on the lot of those who, from year's end to year's end, are buried away in the filthy gloom of grimy streets, and to whom the sight of a green hedgerow would be as a foretaste of Paradise itself. Think, I say, of how you have lived out the season, the very close of which has added fresh misery to the miserable homes of many, in taking away their one mainstay, work;—think, as you scatter your sovereigns about Europe, and grumble, in national pride, at the very luxu-

ries they procure you, think of how much *you* have personally done this year to lessen the misery to which I now direct your attention! I do not ask you how much you have subscribed to this society and to that when its agents have bored you for your name. A rich Englishman is a subscribing animal. What I do ask you is, how far these social ulcers have touched your heart? Well, it is true I cannot expect you to see that every poor man in London gets change of air: that is Utopian, at least in the year 1869. What I do expect, and those who, like you, who have the means at their command, is to be *personally* up and doing, with a view that you will at least give to every honest working Englishman a decent home, clean water, and pure air; that you will save him from the now almost inevitable infamy of bringing up his children in the grossest immorality, and give him at least a chance of living a life that will not be a disgrace to the nation and an eternal reproach to yourself. Remember, in these days even philanthropy pays a dividend of five per cent.! For once, then, be magnificent, and say that you are contented with that wretched remuneration; I know there are better things — to wit, big hotels and music-hall companies! But, believe me, you will enjoy your own holiday more,—yes, even the bouquet of that *Steinberger*,—if you are doing something, I do not say *much*, but *something*, for your suffering and down-trodden poor.

LA-ING THE DUST!

WE are told that at the recent meeting of the Brighton Railway Company, Mr. Laing "spoke hopefully" of its prospects. Alluding to the prevalence of accidents and catastrophes, the worthy gentleman observed, in defence of the directors, that they did not, as it was erroneously supposed, deliberate over and plan collisions for the purpose of destroying human life. "Some writers in the public prints," so Mr. Laing is reported to have said, "seemed to think that the directors of railway companies took a delight in annoying the public;" but he is also reported to have given a very emphatic and really cheering denial to so murderous a supposition. He went on to remark that "the contrary was the fact, and he might say that nothing annoyed the directors more than an accident to any one on their railway."

This is very assuring. In these days of gross neglect, ending in frightful destruction to human life, it is a satisfaction to know that the Brighton directors, at all events, are touchy on the point, and are upset—even "annoyed," when a dozen or so victims are sacrificed on their very well-intentioned line. His conclusion, however, is far from satisfactory. Notwithstanding the fact that the directors were most anxious to prevent them, "he feared that with a large number of trains and a large number of signals they could not always expect to avoid accidents." And this is where we must join issue with Mr. Laing. The "annoyance" of a body of directors at death and destruction we can understand, especially when we take into consideration the heavy damages frequently awarded to the miserable survivors. A general recognised liability to accident in consequence of badly managed traffic and defective signalling we cannot understand. A boiler may burst or an embankment give way, but never ought a couple of trains to run into each other. On the present system, as now practised on the Metropolitan line, a collision becomes simply impossible, and any investigation into the origin of all accidents of this class will show a culpable negligence of the most obvious precautions on the part of those to whom the safety of the train has been entrusted. Some one wrote to the *Times* the other week to say that absolutely from a great central terminus like Euston square, one of the chief trains of the day, the eleven a.m., started twenty minutes late. Now, all we have got to say on the subject is this. When a train is started deliberately in this fashion—that is, with capabilities for throwing into dangerous confusion the whole business of the line as it proceeds on its way, everyone connected with its departure ought to be prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and imprisoned without option of a fine. This would save not only the sensitive directors, but the helpless public, a good deal of unnecessary *annoyance*.

DIRT AND DECENCY.

UNWASH'D through all my life I've been,—
And dirt *is* dirt although unseen,—
Were it not better to be clean?

Advertisements around my door
Suggest Sea Bathing, by the score:
And I feel dirtier than before!

Compell'd by sanitary laws
Hot Fashion all along our shores
Opes her aristocratic pores:-

Obedient to such pleasant rule
Blue blood can keep its pulses cool,
And flounder in secluded pool.

ARISTON HUDOR you assert?
But Poverty can thrive unhurt
In life-long livery of dirt!

And Selfishness adopts the plan
Towards *us* to hinder, where she can,
What is amphibious in man!

Dare *we* invade the public stream,
How Indignation grasps the theme,
And covers foolscap by the ream,

To teach the vagabond he hath
No earthly right to want a bath,
Or dress upon the towing-path!

Aquatic Villas murm'ring "fie!"
Invoke in print with loud outcry
The sacred name of Decency!

But what are we poor souls to do,—
This grimy crowd that never knew
The daily lux'ry of the few?

True, on my head I turn at will
The pump's invigorating chill:
But, thus half washed, I'm dirty still!

Nor find I rise to make me clean
Deus ex machinâ—I mean
The god of some sea-side machine.

Nor money spent in prompt endeavour
Links of the dirty past to sever,
And wash me,—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

A FOUR-WHEELED PHŒNIX.

THERE is no understanding the London General Omnibus Company. A short time ago, before the Metropolitan Railway was in working order, and the omnibuses had the passengers all to themselves, omnibus shares were down, and the Company's reserve fund had to be squeezed dry to produce a nominal dividend of 2½ per cent. Now, however, when the streets are drained by the new line of railway from Brompton to Westminster, and the omnibuses would be perfectly justified in giving up in despair, the Company publishes its report and pays its shareholders a dividend at the rate of 6½ per cent. per annum. For our part we see no reason why with a little judicious management, both railway and omnibuses should not be made to pay; but it is a little startling to find that the omnibuses which seemed to be on their last legs (or rather wheels) a year ago, are, now that a crushing counter-influence has cropped up, well and doing. Perhaps it is only one more instance of the trueism that there is never any harm in wholesome competition.

FUNNY THING TO SAY TO MR. CALCRAFT.—"I don't care a hang for you."—[This is not exactly brilliant, but it shows signs of latent pathos.—ED. TOM.]

BY THE VERY SAD SEA WAVES.

As those people who have not already left London must have become by this time frantic to get away, it may not be out of place to offer to those who contemplate a trip to a watering-place within a moderate distance of town, the following statement setting forth the leading features and principal attractions of half-a-dozen of the most popular of our seaside resorts which are just now drawing off the cream of Bayswater and the flower of Bloomsbury from our deserted city. No doubt the counter attractions of the places we name will make it difficult for the intending holiday-maker to arrive at a decision as to where he will go; but we may as well point out that of course a visit to any of the below-named towns is much more enjoyable and pleasant than a trip to Brittany, a fortnight on the Rhine, or even a short tour in Switzerland, especially when it is clearly understood that, as a rule, the expense of staying in England is not more than double that of going abroad. However, here is our list, which speaks for itself:—

RAMSGATE.—A favourite bathing place, supposed to be suitable for children. High cliffs and no shade. Apartments three guineas a week and upwards. According to the Registrar-General's return just published, Ramsgate is the most unhealthy spot in England, the death-rate for the three months ended the 30th of June last having reached the proportion of 26·99 in every 1,000 persons.

BRIGHTON.—Easy of access from town. Good shops and all London comforts. Jewish population 25,000 or thereabouts. Brighton is celebrated for its fine sea prospect, and the indecency of its bathing. Railway terminus well adapted for collisions.

HERNE BAY.—The dullest place (but one) in England. Pier a mile or so long, but dilapidated and inaccessible. Good shingly beach. Butcher's meat, fish, eggs and butter fresh from London twice a week.

RYDE.—Patronized by Royalty, and extremely fashionable. Apartments from six guineas a week. Heat in summer terrific. Climate relaxing. Atmosphere muggy. The town has, however, a northerly aspect, and is nicely sheltered from the sea-breeze. Bathing dangerous.

MARGATE.—Fine position. Good bathing at the mouth of the town drain. Lodgings a caution. The great resort of negro minstrelsy. Considered to be during July and August the most expensive place in England.

SOUTHEND.—Opposite the Nore. Pleasantly divided from the mouth of the Thames at low tide by three miles of mud and London sewerage. According to the Registrar-General's return, Southend is the most healthy of the watering places, the death-rate for the three months ended the 30th of June last being only 12·99 in 1,000. Southend is at once the ugliest and dullest spot in Great Britain.

Really, when we enumerate the beauties and advantages of our English sea-side towns, when, at the same time, we remember that Ramsgate is only twice as dear as Lucerne, that Margate is not more than six times as expensive as Heidelberg, and that Southend and Venice, including the cost of getting there, are actually only about the same price, it is a marvel to us that Mr. Cook finds any votaries of his excursion system. Is it that Englishmen are losing their nationality, or that they refuse to be taken in and done for? Certain it is, however, that the British watering-places are as yet comparatively empty this year.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Grettis Saga: the Story of Grettis the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by EYIIKR MAGUUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. London: F. S. Ellis, King street, Covent garden. 1869.

WHILE we are patiently waiting for a second instalment of that delightful nosegay of poems, the "Earthly Paradise," from Mr. Morris, we must thankfully accept this small scrap of his brain work, though it is only a translation, and only partly from his pen. As might be expected, the Icelandic tale is rendered in simple musical English prose, with the true flavour of quaint antiquity, which can only be caught by those who are thoroughly, not superficially, acquainted with the grand old English literature. Occasional snatches of old Icelandic songs give scope for Mr Morris's command over rhyme as well as rhythm.

We will not enter into the story. We cannot discourse learnedly about Icelandic sagas, for a very good reason, that we have always been content to treat them as tales, and not as philological or ethnological studies. "Grettis the Strong" has all the charms of vivid verisimilitude and credulous simplicity, which to us constitute the charms of these old tales.

There is one sentence which we must decidedly object to, as seeming vulgar, if it is not so. At page 255 we find: "And in such wise did Thomatian keep it going till the evening." We must protest against such a phrase, as jarring on one's artistic sense most horribly; indeed, the whole of the latter part of the tale reads like a modern French novel in antique disguise. It is admitted by the translators in the preface to be very inappropriate, if not unnecessary. Perhaps this feeling led them into the error of admitting such a blemish as the above. This book, like all which Mr. Ellis issues, is got up with the greatest elegance and in the best taste. We wish he would publish more.

The Religion of the World. By H. STONE LEIGH.

THIS is a book on a very deep subject, written by one who has foundered in the depths thereof. It is an attempt to make a compromise between the barest Deism and true Christianity. It is an unsuccessful attempt. Such a work as this injures religion and does not benefit morality. Much that the writer advances is true and just; but the way to purify the religion of man is not by bringing down every aspiration of the soul to the level of the human intellect. You will not advance truth by destroying humility and reverence. If men would try and act up to the Christian religion, they would find their time better employed than in trying to drag it down to their own level.

Meletæ. Poems by JOSEPH ELLIS. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1869.

A COLLECTION of slight pieces in the main, interesting only to friends, but some of which show elegance and refinement of thought. Mr. Ellis would have done well to have got a stranger to select from his verses those most suitable for publication. As it is, he has apparently followed Wordsworth's example so far as to publish all he has written, though he often writes when he has got nothing to say. There are frequent instances of the liberty of inverting words, strained far beyond its just limits. On page 185 is an "Impromptu" of four lines, which makes us forgive the writer even such *ineptiæ* as the "Impromptu" on the opposite page. There is throughout the book evidence of a thoroughly good and genial nature. O publishers! would you but learn from Mr. Pickering the true delights of a margin! The ocean of pure white is the fit setting for gems of all sorts and sizes. We hate the miserably narrow margins of the present day.

A BLOOMSBURY BUBBLE.

LAST week a meeting was held to commemorate "the union of "Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia into one commonwealth at the Diet of Lublin in 1596, on the principle of the free with the free, of equals with the equals." In the first instance, when we read of the affair, it was a matter of pleasurable surprise to us that the Russian Government had so far relaxed its rigour as to allow such an assembly for such a purpose; but at the same time we trembled for the safety of the promoters of the demonstration, who would, no doubt, sooner or later, we feared, pay the penalty of their temerity. We might, however, have spared ourselves the trouble of being either surprised or alarmed, for it appears that the Council was held at a place where neither Russian spies nor Muscovite policemen possess any terrors. In other words, the commemoration took place at the Cleveland Hall, Fitzroy Square.

It is difficult to see the object of the proceedings on the occasion in question; but it is satisfactory to be able to conclude that, at all events, if they did no good they certainly did no harm, and that the Emperor of All the Russias will not take the exuberant nationality of his absent subjects too much to heart. One fact is worth noting,—that Polish refugees in London can have very little to do if they waste their time in unavailing and unremunerative chatter.

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER, NEXT WEEK.

LONDON, AUGUST 21, 1869.

"AN OLD SCORE" AND THE "TOMAHAWK."

AN article entitled "The Tormentor Unmasked; or, How to Pay Off an Old Score," having appeared in the 118th number of this Journal, in which certain strictures were passed upon Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of the drama *An Old Score*, we beg to state that these strictures were directed against him under the conviction that he had in the said drama made a gratuitous and personal attack upon the Editor of this paper, and had reflected on our connection with the TOMAHAWK. Mr. W. S. Gilbert having since assured us that in writing the piece we spoke of, neither ourselves, nor the TOMAHAWK, nor anyone connected with it, entered his mind, and that, directly or indirectly, he did not allude to us, we gladly declare that we withdraw the said strictures, with an expression of sincere regret that we should have misunderstood him.

THE WEEK.

OF the ice exported from Norway last year out of a total of 45,593 tons, England took 44,055. Are not our neighbours justified in talking of the frigidity of our national character?

MR. JUSTICE SMITH has a very kind heart. A girl of the name of Tipper appealed to the Creator the other day, and so impressed her judge, that, although to his knowledge she had been previously convicted four times, he abstained from visiting upon her the severity of penal servitude, and dismissed her to prison for eight months—a very light sentence. In spite of this clemency, we fear that Tipper's eloquence resembled strongly Tupper's poetry—that is to say, it was utter rubbish.

WHICH IS IT?

PRINCE ARTHUR, before he left Woolwich, is stated to have made several valuable presents to those officers and men of the Royal Artillery with whom he was associated during his service with that corps. The list of gifts is a long one. It begins with a gold cup to the mess, includes diamond pins and goblets to the officers, watches and pencil cases to the men, and ends with a black marble timepiece to the cook. It is pleasant to note his Royal Highness's liberality, but we trust that his "presents" have not been given on the same principle as of those recently distributed by the Duke of Edinburgh, which have had to be paid for by a Parliamentary vote. If Prince Arthur's pay and allowances (whatever these last may include) justify him in giving souvenirs of his presence with the Royal Artillery to his late comrades, we are glad of it, and the thought does him honour; but if the public have to find the money for these precious little gifts, the sooner the custom of this royal liberality at other people's expense is put a stop to the better.

LOOK AT HOME.

IT may be remembered that some time ago a vicar, who holds a living a short distance up the river, created some sensation by refusing to send up a young lady for Confirmation because she would not pledge herself to give up dancing. Those devout people who justify the atrocities and absurdities of all clergymen for "the Church's sake," were no doubt very much shocked at the hubbub that was made about the matter, and deeply sympathised with the conscientious parson for the annoyance he was put to, and the snubbing he ultimately received. What will these say when they hear that this self-same vicar has gone for a holiday, and let his house to a party of Jews, who outrage the better feelings of their neighbours by playing croquet on Sunday? Will they congratulate him on the "good let" of his house to people who are proverbially "good pay," or condemn him to that place to which it is at once the privilege and delight of strictly religious people to send the wicked? The question altogether seems to be one of some nicety.

FIGURES EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is officially reported that during the six months ended the 30th of June last 20,087,809 people travelled by the St. John's Wood, City, and Hammersmith branches of the Underground Railway. That every soul in London, man, woman, and child, visited St. John's Wood or Hammersmith ten times each in six months, which the above figures, taking the population at two millions, tend to show, we venture to doubt. Really the statistical department of the Company must be in a state of confusion, or such an alarming result could not have been arrived at. That the number given is the total number of passengers from all places and on all branches in the time named is neither impossible nor improbable; but to suppose that St. John's Wood and Hammersmith have suddenly become the great centres of attraction for the whole Metropolitan population facts must disprove. Anyway, we conclude 20,087,809 people have travelled, and 20,087,809 have paid fares, so we congratulate the "Underground" on its successful half year.

LES FORE-OARRES.

BY JULES,

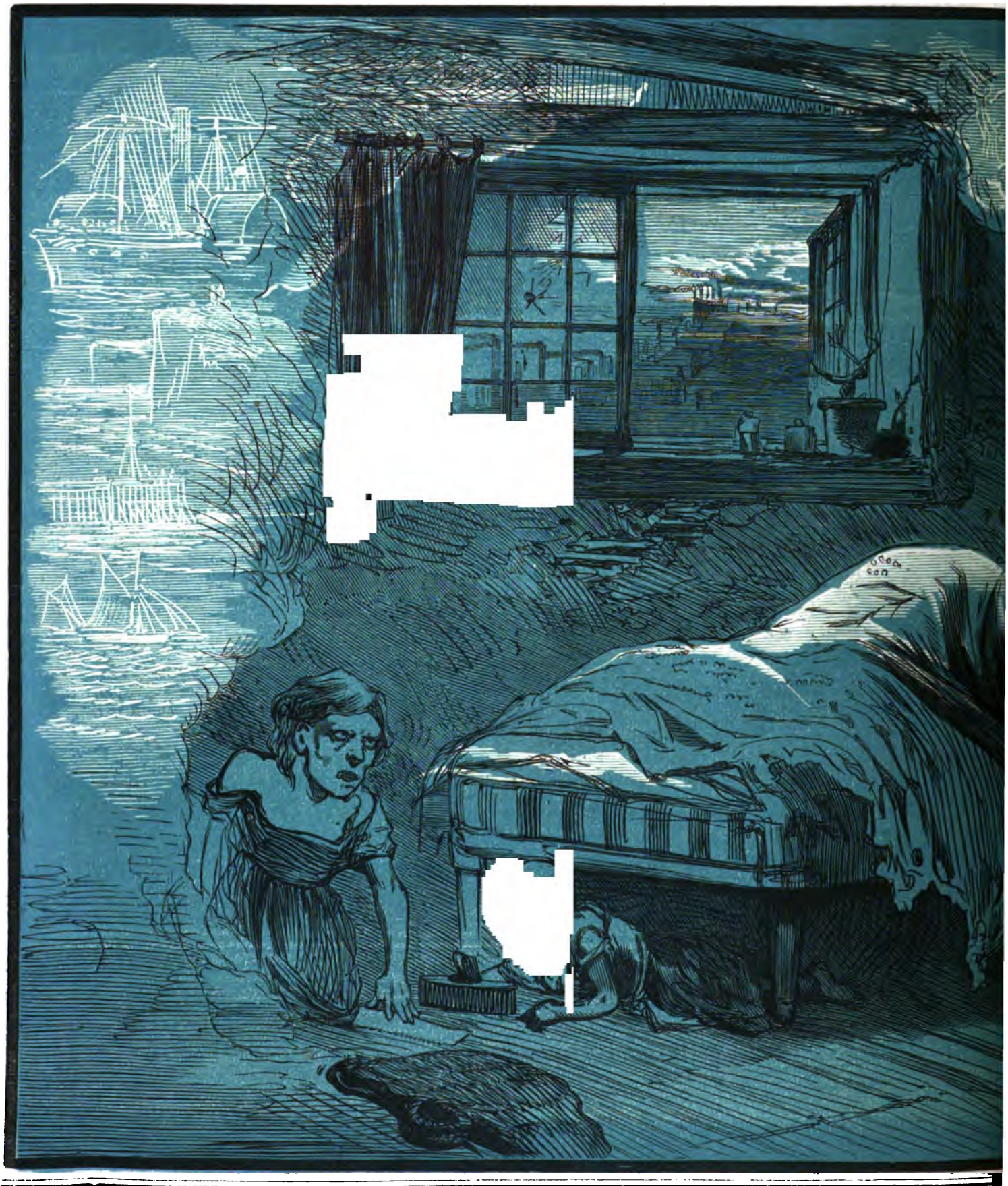
MEMBER OF THE PARIS ROWING CLUB.

Me voilà! Yes, I am arrived, and in *mes quartiers* at *Putnèreache*. I come to see the fair on this race. I come to give the odd on *le Harvard*, six ten on him, that is my stakes. Well, you ask me of the style of this noble *fore-oarre*, that has rowed from beyond the mighty prairies of the far west, that has cross the *Atlantiques* in their outrigge without *le steward*, or an admiral! *Ma foi*, you ask me of their style! Well, it is not yet that I have seen them. But what say your *Daily-news?* Ha! *what* does it say? Listen! *Le Oxfor* row like one man, *les Harvards* like four! *mais*, dat is *le secret!* It is four to one. It is odds on *les grandes Mohicainnes*. There is not chance for your bouledogues de College. At *perfide Albion* you laugh at the gallant young heroes, the oarsmen of *la France!* It is now that you meet your box of matches! Tremble for the result. *Nous verrons!* More next week.

BETTING.

4 to 1 on Admiral Rouse.

[We cannot, of course, be held responsible for the opinions of our correspondent, whose knowledge of boating matters is, as our readers will observe, about up to the average of that possessed by the ordinary French rowing man. We shall, however, publish what he has to say on the chances of the respective crews, whether it be complimentary or the reverse. As far as our own feelings are concerned, we do not hesitate to express an unqualified admiration of the thorough pluck evinced by the American gentlemen, who have crossed the Atlantic to represent their University in this amicable contest. If they manage to pull in ahead of Oxford, they may depend upon it the British cheers to greet them will be loud and hearty.—ED. TOM.]



LEFT IN

THE END O

LONDON!

THE SEASON.

[See LEADER

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 76.)

XVIII.

"TAKE a glass of wine, Sir, before you begin," said Mrs. Rigsworth, who had evidently been a very pretty woman in her youth, and was still possessed of good looks.

"Thank you, I will," said Mr. Squigsby. There was a decanter of a dark-looking cloudy liquid upon the table. Mr. Squigsby poured himself out a glass. It looked uncommonly like physic, and when he had tasted it he was in considerable doubt for some time as to whether the medicine had not got decantered by mistake. Although, however, he thought to himself, "If I don't stick it on for this I'm a Dutchman," he said aloud as he drank it off, "I wish you better, Mrs. Rigsworth," and smacked his lips loudly, as if poison was his customary drink, and he preferred it to anything else.

"Thank you, Lawyer Squigsby," she said; "but I shall never be better any more,—that's certain; and now let us go on with the will. In the first place, I want to be buried."

"Good!" said Mr. Squigsby involuntarily, and commencing to write.

"I want to be buried in Kensal Green, and my funeral to be an ordinary one. I don't want to go to any extravagance in the way of mourners or mutes, or feathers or black, or hot luncheons or sperfluous gravediggers."

"Very proper, ma'am," said Mr. Squigsby. "Those undertakers send in awful bills. It's money thrown away. It's hard upon the next of kin to bury the party's cash as well as the party, and in my opinion, it's a bad investment for everybody."

"I have not got many relations," continued Mrs. Rigsworth, "and those I have got, belong to my late husband, and are a set of wretches. They are all jealous of my having got the money. Those who come to see me only fawn upon me for the money, and those who stop away abuse me. I hate them all!"

Mr. Squigsby looked serious outwardly but chuckled inwardly. There was a hair in his pen, and as he held it up to the light, and shut one eye in order to see it before pulling it out, he looked so intensely shrewd that one would have thought some particularly clever idea was at that moment passing through his mind.

"Shall I put their names down?" said Mr. Squigsby blandly.

"Yes," said the old lady, apparently getting the better of her illness by her excitement. "Put them down. There's John Bilberry, the soapboiler, my husband's nephew, put him down for £50. He said I was stingy. There's Richard, his brother, the City law-stationer, put him down for £50. He said I never had a glass of wine fit to drink——"

"A libel, I am sure," said Mr. Squigsby, and, with an apparently involuntary action, he extended his hand, grasped the decanter, and filled himself another glass of wine. As he proceeded to write, he several times checked himself just in time from dipping his pen into the wine glass instead of the ink bottle, so mentally impressed had he become that *they* contained the same ingredients.

"There's my old servant, Sarah Tompkinson," went on the old lady, "she's been a faithful servant to me. Put her down £1,000. She's got an old father, a market gardener, at Fulham, David Tompkinson. He once sent me a present of beautiful scarlet runners, put him down £500.; and she's got a nephew, a compositor in a printing office, Jenkin Tompkinson, put him down £500. I've only seen him once; and when I did see him he was so black with ink that I should not know him again; but I've no doubt when clean he's a very tidy fellow. He once saved my little dog from some boys in the court—and I'm quite sure the money won't be thrown away upon him."

XIX.

So Mrs. Rigsworth went on—cutting off those she called her relations, who, confident of their one day possessing her money, had given her offence—and bestowing legacies on those who had at any time rendered her small kindnesses and civilities. Her memory appeared to be something wonderful in this respect. An old lady living alone, every attention she had received from even the humblest and poorest was remembered. There was a goodly slice, too, for various hospitals and charities whose proceedings had happened to come under the notice of the old lady. The old saying of "civility costs nothing" had been more than strikingly exemplified—for it had been proved that civility might be a very profitable investment. Even the policeman on the beat was put down for a good sum for keeping away the thieves, and Mr. Squigsby gave quite a jump of satisfaction, and seized the ink bottle for the apparent purpose of drinking its contents, when he was directed to put down the baker's man for £100, as a token of her gratitude for his having introduced to her so excellent a lawyer as Mr. Squigsby!

XX.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, at the end of a long pause, and after he had cast up a whole monument of figures he had put down, "we have not got through the money yet by any means. I only make about £25,000 out of the £80,000, and that leaves £55,000 to be disposed of. What are we to do with the balance?"

"I have made up my mind what to do with that," said the old lady, quietly, "and I must take you thoroughly into my confidence, Mr. Squigsby, in telling you. Before I married Mr. Rigsworth I was attached to a young gentleman who was a teacher of music. He had no money, and depended solely upon his profession. My parents required me to give him up when Mr. Rigsworth presented himself. It was to my great sorrow that I did so. I was married. John Branscombe, that was his name, shortly afterwards also married. I have had no children, Mr. Squigsby, but I know that Mr. Branscombe, who never got on, and, if alive, is still very poorly off, has had one little girl. I also know that she was christened Maria. That is my name, Mr. Squigsby, and I wish to leave the balance of my fortune to Maria Branscombe, the daughter of John Branscombe, formerly of Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, musician. Make it secure, Mr. Squigsby—make it secure."

"But if she is dead, or—cannot be found?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"She is not dead, I am sure, and she can be found with a little trouble," said the old lady. "However, if it fails her it shall go to her next of kin—not to mine—be sure it is not to mine!"

"What a wonderful old woman!" thought Mr. Squigsby. "Nothing wrong. Possessed of full disposing power. No evidence of incapacity. She's as clear in intellect as the Lord Chief Justice."

The old lady, who was rather exhausted by the excitement of the occasion, thought for a moment, and then added:—"Of course, I must have an executor."

"Of course," said Mr. Squigsby without looking up; "of course, and, what is more, you will require some one with a nerve of iron to carry out these directions, simple as they appear. You will have the soap-boiler and the law-stationer down upon the will as certain as that's a glass of fine old port."

"I know it," said the old lady; "that's what I fear."

Mr. Squigsby flicked the ink out of his pen with a sort of savage action, as if he were shooting it into the eyes of an imaginary soap-boiler and law-stationer, and he muttered as he did so, as if his feelings were too much for him, "I should like to have the managing of you, my boys: that I should."

The old lady overheard him, and, as if something had been passing in her mind which she had hitherto been afraid to express, at once said:—

"Mr. Squigsby, I am about to ask you a great favour: will you be the executor?"

Mr. Squigsby pretended to start, and to hesitate, and then he said something about the extensive business he had to manage without accepting trusts, but that, if it was insisted upon, he would not, under all the circumstances, refuse—more particularly as the interests to be cared for were of such importance, and the solemn directions in the will likely to be questioned by a revengeful soap-boiler and a litigious law-stationer; and, this concession having been made, the old lady was so grateful that she directed him to put himself down for £2,000 legacy, which was not to be considered (and this was cleverly suggested by Mr. Squigsby) in any way in satisfaction of any costs and charges he might be put to in administering the estate, which were to be altogether separate, and paid full out of any funds he might at any time have in hand. Mr. Squigsby accordingly, with great internal satisfaction, filled up the last little corner of the will, and then proceeded to fair-copy it. As he was doing this, the old lady watched him attentively for a short time, and then suddenly interrupted him:

"Oh!" she said, "there is only one alteration to make, if it is not too late. Make the legacy to the baker's man £200."

"Thank you for the baker's man," said Mr. Squigsby, and went on writing.

XXI.

"The will is now ready for execution," said Mr. Squigsby, when he had finished and had read it over. "We must have two witnesses, and no person in the will can attest."

"I have thought of that. Will you kindly ring the bell?"

Mr. Squigsby complied. The old servant entered.

"Sarah," said the old lady, "send round to Dr. Plummy, and say I am ready to see him as well as his assistant." The old servant went out.

"A marvellous woman!" thought Mr. Squigsby. "By Jove I'll do it"—and he drank off another glass of wine at one gulp, and shook his head in a waggish manner, as much as to say, "Ah! that *is* something like!"

In a very few minutes a bustling little middle-aged man rushed into the room, followed by a slim young man. This was Dr. Plummy and the assistant.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Rigsworth, I am glad I was in the shop when your servant came. You are very much better. I've brought the draughts with me. They were all ready," and he took out of his pocket a series of bottles. "Good day, sir. Attest the will? Most certainly. I've also brought a box of lozenges, I think you will like, ma'am; they are very good," taking them from another pocket. "We've left the boy in the shop, so there's no hurry."

Mrs. Rigsworth complied with Mr. Squigsby's directions as to her signature, and then the doctor and his assistant attested it as witnesses. The will was then put into an envelope, sealed by Mr. Squigsby, and put in his pocket.

"Good-bye, my dear madam," said Dr. Plummy, "never saw you looking better. By the way, I think you would like the new patent Bolliver soap which has just come out. I'll leave you a packet to try, if you don't mind," placing it upon the table. "Good-bye."

The old lady took hearty leave of the lawyer and the doctor, and as these gentlemen stepped into the street,

"Wonderful old lady," said Dr. Plummy.

"So clear," said Mr. Squigsby.

"Yes," said Dr. Plummy, "but very ill—a great sufferer, sir."

"She may get over it," suggested Mr. Squigsby.

"Get over it!" said Dr. Plummy. "I'll stake my professional reputation and my knowledge of the commercial value of toothbrushes, that directly the next cold weather sets in she's dead in a month."

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

E PLURIBUS UNUM!

SOME Oxford man has in the *Times*, very properly, indignantly repudiated Mr. Boucicault's picture of University life, and pointed out, with much force, that the worthy crew when in the midst of their final training at Putney do not, as a rule, rush about London loose in dark blue flannel, and sing boating-songs with an antic chorus, outside low public houses. Creditable as is the feeling which has prompted the gentleman in question to hasten to the rescue of his Alma Mater, still, we must tell him that he is evidently a novice in matters theatrical. What does he think would become of the *Times* were it to publish a protest from everyone against the glaring impossibilities and unrealities which are now accepted as a substitute for "pictures of modern life" upon our London stage? Where, in the drawing-rooms of the great, shall we meet with those eccentric veterans—those votaries of gaily dressed and independent refinement, the Adelphi guests? Need a Duchess rush into print to assure us that the truly noble do not wear Berlin gloves, and admire the furniture and decorations of their hosts' mansions in strikingly demonstrative attitudes? And are there not a thousand other anomalies present to us? What of the examination at Mr. Robertson's charming little establishment for young ladies? What of the "high life" scene in Mr. Burnand's very effective inundation piece? Honestly then let it be confessed Mr. Boucicault is only swimming with the tide. If people *will* go and see a piece because there is a naughty young lady, and an Oxford crew in it, what can the author do but serve up the dish with popular flavouring? Hence, impossibilities in Fulham Villas and wonders in Basinghall street. The stage still holds the mirror up to nature, but we live in days of cheap glass, and British theatrical plate is but poor stuff.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.

MR. CARDWELL must evidently have been studying the "money" advertisements in the daily papers, which, after inviting would-be borrowers to make immediate application at the address given, supplement their announcement with the paragraph, "Forms, 2d." He has recently, in his official capacity, been inviting tenders for the performance of the necessary work in the erection of a police station at Aldershot, but it has been ruled that every contractor disposed to tender is to pay half-a-guinea. It is not for us to argue about the soundness of this entrance-fee principle which Mr. Cardwell has adopted, but it may be a convenience to those persons who may wish to address themselves to the right honourable gentleman if we publish the following statement of sums which, in postage stamps or otherwise, must accompany the applications specified:—

TARIFF.

	£	s.	d.
Application for a Commission	0	10	0
Ditto for a Paymastership	0	15	0
Ditto for a Clerkship in the War Office ...	2	2	0
Ditto for the Colonelcy of a Regiment ...	10	0	0
Ditto to succeed Sir Henry Storks, the Controller-in-Chief, who, it is believed, is about to resign	21	0	0
Ditto to succeed General Balfor, the Assistant-Controller, who, it is believed, is about to be got rid of	0	0	2½

As yet, it will be perceived that rates have only been fixed for applications regarding the patronage appertaining to the Secretary of State for War, but in time we believe the principle will be extended to the whole correspondence of the Department. In the mean time, however, the figures above stated will no doubt effect a very appreciable deduction on next year's estimates.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

MR. CARDWELL.—To reorganize the War Office by getting rid of 30 per cent. of the clerks, 60 per cent. of the staff and circumlocution generally.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—To go to Central Asia himself and master "the question."

MR. BRUCE.—To study logic, and afterwards to apologize to the three bank clerks who, having been beaten and imprisoned by the police for no reason whatever, were for the same cause grossly insulted by him in a speech in the House of Commons.

MR. LOWE.—To learn that economy and efficiency are two very different things.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.—To read certain articles in the paper called the *Queen's Messenger*, not those headed "Our Hereditary Legislators," but statements referring to the Foreign Office Agency system, which, if there be an atom of truth in what that paper avows, appears to be a positive disgrace to English administration.

MR. BRIGHT.—To stick to his desk and earn his salary.

EARL GRANVILLE.—To teach some of his *confrères* better manners.

MR. CHILDERS.—To remember that members of a First Lord's family cannot claim free rations on board Her Majesty's ships of war.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.—To introduce a halfpenny post, twopenny telegrams, and five per cent. for saving's bank investments.

MR. GLADSTONE.—To take care of himself and get well.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

PART III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Third Part is mainly taken up with the murder of Duncan. Here some liberties have been taken with the immortal bard, but only such as to increase the horror of the scene, and to comply with the exigencies of the lyric drama. After a carouse, in which a quaint dance of Mummers is introduced, Duncan breaks up the party of revellers at Inverness Castle. He retires to his chamber, having first drunk a drugged posset prepared for him by Lady Macbeth. Macbeth is now left alone to commit the murder; the sight of the ghostly dagger fills him with strange fear, but the Witches appearing he invokes their aid, and on being promised their love declares he will dare all for such a reward, and at once enters Duncan's chamber to do the fatal deed. On his return he meets his guilty wife, but before he can escape, as prearranged between her and her lover, Banquo appears—and confronts Macbeth with the traces of guilt fresh on his hands. Here comes a magnificent situation—Macbeth goes to remove the tell-tale stains, and the guests are all summoned by Banquo. The horrid deed is discovered, and on Macbeth's re-entry, prepared to face the worst, Banquo suddenly informs the people that the grooms were the guilty persons, and that he had slain them. The Chorus are overwhelmed with horror, but Banquo recalls them to the exigencies of the moment by reminding them that they must choose a new king. To Macbeth's astonishment and delight he proposes him. The curtain descends upon the loyal congratulations of the Chorus, mingled with the dirge for the death of Duncan.

The Scene represents the Courtyard of MACBETH'S *Castle of Inverness. On the right-hand side of the Stage is the entrance to the State Apartments of* DUNCAN; *on the left, the wing containing* MACBETH'S *Rooms; in the centre is the Grand Hall, illuminated, the windows hung with banners and wreaths of flowers; torches and Roman lamps fixed or suspended in all parts of the Stage. Above the Hall is the Clock Tower, illuminated, with a grand beacon fire burning on the summit, while below the Royal Banner of Scotland flaunts in the night breeze. On the Battlements are Sentinels, and rows of coloured torches, flags, &c. The sound of dance music is heard from the Hall. On the rising of the Curtain, the Dunniewassels, Ghillies, Reeks, Peasants, Lads and Lasses are seen assembled in the Courtyard. In one corner three oxen are roasting whole; in another a large tun of whiskey is running. The people carouse.*

CHORUS.

We knew he would,
We said he would,
He plays the host
Most handsomely.
His beef is fine,
So is his wine,
But best of all
This bright whiskey.

Semi-Chorus of Females.—
How bravely bears himself the Thane!
Young Banquo glances bold and free.
(*To one another.*)
I'm sure I saw him wink at you.
Oh, fie for shame! it was not me.

Full Chorus.—
Macbeth and Banquo both are brave,
But Banquo is the merry knave.

Semi-Chorus of Men.—
The good King Duncan looks right hale—
That he lives long I will be bail.
He loves our noble chief Macbeth,
Who drives our foes to gory death!

Full Chorus.—
Macbeth and Banquo both are brave,
But Banquo is the merry knave.

The centre doors of the Grand Hall open, and KING DUNCAN *enters, followed by* MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, ANGUS, *&c., &c.; Attendant Nobles, Ladies, Pages, &c.*

CHORUS.—See, see, our noble King
With him all the chiefs doth bring.
Drink, my boys, laugh, girls, and sing,
Welcome to our Scottish King,

DUNCAN.—Friends, I rejoice you all to see,
Good cheer to all—and all cheer me!

(*They cheer vociferously. The welkin rings merrily.*)

(*Enter* MUMMERS, *fantastically attired.*)

Grand dance of MUMMERS.

DUNCAN (*yawning*).—We've walked a goodish bit to-day,
I think good night we ought to say.

CHORUS.—Our King has walked so much to-day,
He thinks good night we ought to say.

LADY MACBETH.—Oh stay, my liege, I do beseech.
I have for you here just prepared
A most delicious draught,
It is a posset that doth curd with fear
The mighty name of Duncan, King, to hear.

(*She presents the posset.* KING DUNCAN *bows, and then drinks to her.*)

BANQUO (*aside*).—A posset would she had for me.
Made by those fair hands
A black-draught would delicious seem.

MACBETH.—Within that posset what may lurk
The guileless Duncan little knows

KING DUNCAN (*rising*).—Good subjects, all to bed—to bed.
Sweet sleep its spells weave round each head.

CHORUS.—To bed, to bed—put out each light,
The King his subjects bids good night.

(LADY MACBETH *and* MACBETH *conduct* DUNCAN *to his chamber. The crowd go off.* BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS *retire through the hall.*)

CHORUS.—*Da capo—as all retreat.*

The stage now becomes dark, except the beacon fire, which still burns fitfully. MACBETH *and* LADY MACBETH *re-enter from* DUNCAN'S *chamber. They advance cautiously.*

LADY MACBETH.—Courage! His posset I have drugged.
He will not move.

MACBETH.— To bed! to bed!
With valour me thou hast infused;
The signal give upon thy bell.

LADY MACBETH.—Good night; when thou hast done the deed,
Sweet welcome unto thee I'll give.

[*Exit slowly.*

MACBETH *alone. He remains gloomily silent. The noise of wolves howling in the mountains is heard. Bats fly across the scene. The hooting of owls and the cry of the night-jar echo through the air.*

MACBETH (*starting from his reverie, and advancing towards centre of stage. Starting violently, as the airy dagger, dripping with blood, crosses in front of him*).—What do I see?—a dagger? Come,
Let me thee seize.
(*Snatching at it. The dagger eludes his grasp.*)
'Tis gone. O Heaven!

THE WITCHES *appear, mounted on fiery broomsticks in the clouds at back.*

WITCHES *a* 3.—Ha! ha! ha! 'tis there—'tis there.
Duncan for death must now prepare.

MACBETH (*gazing at dagger, which dances up and down before him, going in the direction of* DUNCAN'S *chamber.*)
There is blood upon thy blade! Avaunt,
Thou mocking image!
(*Tries to seize it.*

WITCHES (*as before*).— Ha! ha! ha!

MACBETH.—That laugh, it is the sisters three,
That dance around the blasted tree.

WITCHES.—Hail, king that shall be!

MACBETH (*to* WITCHES).—Come, lovely fiends, my soul inspire,
And fill me with revengeful ire.

WITCHES.—Hail, king that shall be!

MACBETH.—That fatal promise, devils fair,
That float on broomsticks through the air,
With maddening love for you I burn ;
Say, can you this wild love return ?
WITCHES.—We can—we can—but blood must buy
Our kisses sweet. The man we love
Must quail before no mortal eye,
Nor dread the frown of gods above.
MACBETH.—I fear no man nor woman now ;
The wrath of heaven I defy.
Your bidding I will ever do,
(*Going.*
And Duncan's blood your smiles shall buy.
(*Bell sounds.*
I go—I go—Duncan, hear not the bell
Which summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[*Exit to chamber, madly brandishing dagger.*
WITCHES.—Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! he's ours ; he's ours.
(*They career furiously to and fro in the air. Thunder—howling of Wolves increases—wails of lost souls heard. The sky above the Castle fills with strange monsters, who flap their wings and howl ; crash after crash is heard, and red meteors flit across the sky. The horror of the scene culminates as* MACBETH *rushes in, pale, with bloody hands.* LADY MACBETH *enters from the other side in white drapery.*)
LADY MACBETH.—Speak.
MACBETH (*trembling*).—'Tis done.
WITCHES (*in the distance*).—Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! he is ours ! he is ours !
LADY MACBETH.—Those fiends exult. O rage !
(*To* MACBETH.) Thou pale poltroon ! why stand'st thou shivering there ?
Go wash the witness from thy trembling hands.
MACBETH *is going mechanically, when* BANQUO *enters from* C. *and confronts him.*
LADY MACBETH.—Too late ! too late ! we are discovered.
MACBETH.—Banquo ! you here ! O horror !
BANQUO.—Yes, I am merely come to see
How Duncan, our dear king, doth sleep.
LADY MACBETH (*aside*).—He acts it well.
MACBETH.—Go find him ; he sleeps well.
BANQUO.—There is blood upon thy hands.
MACBETH.—Thou liest, 'tis the stain of wine.
BANQUO.—See how he trembles. (*Enters* DUNCAN'S *chamber.*)
(MACBETH *tries to stop him, but is paralysed by fear, and remains rooted to the spot.* BANQUO *enters the chamber.* LADY MACBETH *tries to support her husband. A scream is heard as* BANQUO *comes rushing out.*)
BANQUO.—The king is murdered : by his side
His grooms lie dead, with blood bestained.
MACBETH.—They did it, and I slew them : thus did I.
BANQUO.—A likely tale (*with sarcastic emphasis*),
You'd better go and wash your hands.
LADY MACBETH.—Yes, go within ; leave all to us.
MACBETH.—I go (*aside*), but with me goes remorse.
These blood-red hands pluck out my eyes.
[*Exit into Castle,* L.
BANQUO.—He's gone ; for us all goes right well.
LADY MACBETH.—Ah me, I faint. Awake our guests.
BANQUO (*shouting*).—Halloa within ! arise, arise ! (*Blows a horn.*)
The centre door is thrown wide open ; the alarm bell sounds ; the Guards enter on battlements ; the Castle becomes alive with lights and people. Enter in a tumultuous crowd—ROSSE, ANGUS, *Lords, Ladies, Lads, Lasses, Attendants, Dunniewassels, &c., &c.*
CHORUS.—What means this noise ? O say, O say.
Why wake us at this time of day ?
BANQUO.—Seek there your answer (*pointing to* DUNCAN'S *chamber*).
ROSSE, ANGUS, *&c., advance to* DUNCAN'S *chamber, followed by some of the Chiefs.*
CHORUS.—My mind misgives me ; Banquo's pale ;
The lady, too, looks very ill.
What horror to this house has come ?
Strange terror does our bosoms fill.
A fearful scream is heard from DUNCAN'S *room ;* ROSSE, ANGUS, *and the others re-enter, pale and affrighted.*
ROSSE.—The king is murdered.
ALL.—Murdered !
CHORUS.—We knew our fears were not nightmares ;
This dreadful tale our senses scares.
MACBETH *enters, dressed as if aroused from sleep. He is pale, but composed. They all are hushed in attentive silence as he advances.*
MACBETH (*with great effort of self-control*).—
Friends all, alone, within my room,
I sudden am from sleep aroused—
My wife—and fainting—Banquo, say,
What means this sight. Ah me I fear—
CHORUS (*pointing with horror to* DUNCAN'S *chamber*).—
The good old king, he's murdered there !
MACBETH (*wildly*).—Who has done this ?
(BANQUO *comes forward.* MACBETH *tries to hide his terror. As* BANQUO *advances he looks up with a piteous appeal upon his pallid features.*
BANQUO (*looking at* MACBETH).—His grooms—
ALL.—Slay—slay them—wretches foul !
BANQUO,—I slew them there, the blood upon their hands.
MACBETH (*recovers himself. Aside*).—
Brave Banquo, I thank thee.
BANQUO (*aside*).—'Tis for the Witches' sake—
(*Looking at* LADY MACBETH.
CHORUS.—O horror ! horror ! wail, oh wail.
The good old Duncan murdered lies.
BANQUO.—Yet Scotland needs another king.
CHORUS.—'Tis true. 'Tis true. Who shall be King ?
BANQUO.—Who but our noble host, Macbeth ?
MACBETH.—Oh, Heavens !
CHORUS.—He's right. He's right. Hail, King Macbeth,
Before your Sovereign bow the knee.
(*All kneel to* MACBETH.)
MACBETH.—Friends, the fresh horror of this deed
Forbids my tongue to give thee thanks.
LADY MACBETH.—Forgive my Lord, forgive me too,
If now we cannot speak to you.
CHORUS.—Hail, mighty King, hail, mighty Queen,
This bloody deed is now revenged.
We'll bear the old King to his grave,
And dance before the new one here.
BANQUO, ROSSE, ANGUS (*kneeling*).—Hail, King Macbeth.
CHORUS.—To victory lead our soldiers brave,
Where we have dug King Duncan's grave.
Hail, King Macbeth.
WITCHES (*in the distance*).—Hail, King that art.
CHORUS.—Hail, King Macbeth. Hail, Mighty King,
We all our grateful tribute bring.
(*As all kneel around* MACBETH *the body of* DUNCAN *is borne in by some of the attendants.* MACBETH *kneels and kisses the hand.* BANQUO *and* LADY MACBETH *exchange glances behind.*)
(*The* WITCHES *are seen at last, in an attitude of wild exultation, and amid a grand finale of orchestral effects the curtain descends.*)

ACROSTIC.

MY second cometh of my first :
Dangerous food—endless thirst.

Half of this—better than *no* bread ;
Do without it, and soon be dead.

A king was he, judicious man ;
When fried in grease he left the pan.

This is quite an easy riddle.
Sweetly smile, and play the fiddle.

Low ! 'neath Cockney leg ! oh lud !
High ! soon raised from sheltering mud.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 121.] *LONDON, AUGUST* 28, 1869. [Price Twopence.

A FAREWELL TO THE CABINET.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has completely deposed the *Times* from the position of leading journal, is most remarkable for its fairness and impartiality in political matters. It lately administered a severe and well-deserved rebuke to several of the Ministry for their insolent demeanour towards the House of Commons, particularly in replying to questions. Mr. Lowe has entirely eclipsed Mr. Layard, who, up to this season, held undisputed the position of leading bully in the House. This remarkable convert to Liberal principles seems to visit upon all unoffending persons who are unfortunate enough to come in contact with him officially, that contempt which he should feel for his own self. For Mr. Lowe to serve with Mr. Bright, and under Mr. Gladstone, those eminent chiefs of the band who assassinated the British Constitution (*vide* the harangues of Mr. Lowe)—those traitors who filled the wooden horse with armed destroyers of our country's liberty, must, of course, be very galling to his sense of consistency, or his conscience, if he has any. But it is rather hard upon the members of the House, and upon the public generally, that they should have to submit to insolent snubs and audacious equivoques at the hands of this plastic patriot whenever they have any information to demand of him. As for the other Ministers, they are but faint copies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in rudeness. Mr. Bright runs him hard, and seems to think that his main duty as President of the Board of Trade is to defend the dishonesty of tradesmen at any cost, and on every occasion. Mr. Cardwell excels in his power of hiding the truth under such a heap of official rigmarole that nobody can find it. Of Mr. Bruce we have spoken already in these columns. He is above all law, and apparently order too. At least, the Speaker never ventures to stop him in his explanations. The great Home Secretary defames the characters of individuals, reverses the decision of magistrates, and preserves as many murderers as he can, for the use and benefit of society. With Mr. Bruce, the word explanation is derived from *ex*, "away from, out of," and *planare*, "to wander." He wanders away from the subject, and out of the limits of veracity alike. But, after all, these blemishes were only to be expected in a Ministry constructed like the present. History is clear enough in her teaching on this point. Coalition Ministries are always the worst. It is hardly possible to imagine a more hateful coalition than that which arises from a reluctant assumption of noble ideas and purposes by men whose natural narrowness of mind and selfish apathy give the lie to the assumption at every turn.

A PÆAN OF THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

Safe in our licensed unconcern,
Who so merry as we?
Hence, ye grumblers, slow to learn
That collision's terrors, with shrieks and groans,
In accidents two or three,
Mangled bodies and crippled bones,
Are not, as the public idly dream,
The fault of our regulations (made
To be most stringently disobeyed);
But a hecatomb offered—the only rite
That appeases the murderous appetite
Of the twin fiends, Iron and Steam!

Let the paid Inspectors take delight
To say hard words, and to make a fuss;—
Who so merry as we?
It amuses them, and does not hurt us—
Let them pocket a fee!
In revenge for their flagrant breach of manners
We'll tear their Report (and serve them right!)
To kindle our evening choice Havannahs!
Comrades, who's afraid?
Ho! pass the bottle! we lay no stress
On the fact of a passenger, more or less,
When backed by the Board of Trade!

At Statute Law we may boldly laugh;—
Who so merry as we?
We've a giant to fight on our behalf!
Another bottle! and three good groans
For the idiot juries that fail to see
Romance of travel in broken bones!
Hurrah! there is yet a theme
Of triumph! our friend does all he knows
To shield his pets from such paltry foes,
And some stray jurors may, whilst we dine,
Be smashed to bits on our model line
By the twin fiends Iron and Steam!

A NEIGHBOURLY SUGGESTION.

The Prussian Admiralty has just proposed the adoption by all civilized nations of a flag of distress. It is suggested that the flag should be of a dark yellow colour with a red cross upon it. Should the suggestion be adopted by England, the Union Jack will no longer be our national ensign, for how many ducal castles, gentlemen's mansions, and common people's houses will have to put up a flagstaff with the new signal hoisted thereon! Why, Carlton Terrace alone will wear quite a gay appearance, even at this dull season of the year.

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE RECESS.

THE PREMIER will, it is hoped, enjoy that relaxation which he so well deserves, and by the end of his holiday be thoroughly restored to health. If he wants employment for his mind let him calculate how he can repair his Cabinet, substituting real gold for the tinsel which now forms so great a part of its ornamentation.

MR. BRIGHT will pass the recess in drinking adulterated beer and tea, and eating adulterated bread and pickles. He will also travel every day by excursion trains. It is hoped that by the end of the time thus profitably employed, he will see that if adulteration is good for competition, it is very bad for the human stomach, also that if he meets with an accident, he will claim ample damages.

MR. LOWE will go to France and get the waiter at some hotel to give him lessons in good manners. He will also by living on £200 a-year (paid weekly) find how it is cheaper to pay £5 income tax out of one week's salary than £1 5s. every quarter out of the whole year's.

MR. CARDWELL will walk up and down Pall Mall from 10 to 3 in a private soldier's tunic, stock, and proper accoutrements. He will be accompanied on very warm days by the Commander-in-Chief, similarly attired. The Minister for War will then understand (if he keeps his ears open) what is meant by the *civil* control of the army.

MR. CHILDERS will go and take up his residence for one half of the time with a discharged Admiralty clerk (paying his share of the board), and for the other half with the family of a dock labourer lately dismissed. He will thus learn the real blessings of economy.

MR. AUSTIN BRUCE will spend the greater portion of his time with the police, of whom he is so fond, and from whom he will doubtless gain some useful hints on hard swearing. The remainder of his holiday he will pass in the congenial society of some of the convicts whom he has reprieved, who may enlighten him on the heavenly effects of mercy.

MR. LAYARD will amuse himself in the people's parks and in the rustic lanes of Bethnal Green. Next year will probably show us some diminution in the estimates for the decoration of Hyde Park, for the sole benefit of that portion of the community which wilfully deserts the scented meadows, and leafy dells of the country, to say nothing of their own splendid gardens, to spend their time in hot ball rooms, and in driving up and down a mile and a half of dusty road, which has to be planted on each side with flowers at the expense of some £5,000 to the nation.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL and LORD GRANVILLE will go for a tour on the Continent together, from which it is hoped that the noble Duke will return with his hair cut, and with some idea of the existence of other nations on the Continent besides the Scotch. Considering the dogmatic *dominie* air of the giant duke during the debates of last Session, he hardly deserves such a pleasant companion, but it is almost impossible that he can fail to derive some benefit from such intercourse.

"DEUS EX MACHINA."

A MONSTER gooseberry has appeared at the pleasant watering-place called Ramsgate, in the shape of about a couple of hundred million ladybirds, which last week visited every nook and corner in the town. Of course, there were numerous "oldest inhabitants" (who had never seen such a thing before since 1781, when only two hundred thousand ladybirds put in an appearance in the same way) ready to write to the papers to inform the various editors of the startling phenomenon; and more than one of our morning contemporaries have profited considerably by the seasonable occurrence. If only a few thousand sharks would turn up at Greenwich, or a couple of hundred tigers or so in Hyde Park, really the papers might be able to drag on a profitable existence until the people begin to come back to town.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Volume XXII. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo place, 1869.

THIS truly charming edition of the "Great Master's" writings is at length complete. With the concluding volume we have "Catherine, a Story," "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," "Critical Reviews," and "The Wolves and the Lamb," a portrait of the author taken in 1864, and several illustrations from the pencil of him who knew so well how to handle the pen. The *novelette* appeared years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was written to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and the criminal. The "Fitz-Boodle Confessions" are too well known to every educated Englishman to require a word of explanation in these pages. "The Critical Essays" have the drawings of Cruickshank and Leech for their subject. In them Thackeray alludes to his desertion of our poor dear quasi-brilliant contemporary, *Punch*, in the following words, "Another member of Mr. Punch's Cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the 'Snob Papers,' resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French, whose anger Jeames thought it unpatriotic to arouse." We fear there is a tinge of cruel sarcasm in this little bit of "chaff," as Thackeray was well known for his hostility to "Looey Napoleon." Perhaps Mr. Mark Lemon (the best editor in the world, "although we say it who ought not to say it") might give a different version of the matter. The last pages of this magnificent volume are devoted to a little comedy, which proves in every line, that although Thackeray was the greatest of modern novelists, he had not the remotest notion of dramatic construction. "The Wolves and the Lamb" is full of charming passages. The following quotation is a fair sample of the delightful lines with which this brilliant, plotless, natural, unactable piece abounds:

LADY K.—My dear Horace, you *shouldn't* shake hands with Miss Prior. You should keep people of that class at a distance, my dear creature. [*They go into dinner*, Captain TOUCHIT *following with* MRS. BONNINGTON. *As they go out, enter* MARY *with children's tea-tray, &c., children following, and after them* MRS. PRIOR. MARY *gives her tea.*]

MRS. PRIOR.—Thank you, Mary! You are so kind! Oh, what delicious tea!

GEORGY.—I say, Mrs. Prior, I dare say you would like to dine best, wouldn't you?

MRS. P.—Bless you, my darling love, I had my dinner at one o'clock with my children at home.

GEORGY.—So had we: but we go in to dessert very often; and then don't we have cakes and oranges and candied-peel and macaroons and things! We are not to go in to-day; because Bella ate so many strawberries she made herself ill.

BELLA.—So did you.

GEORGY.—I'm a man, and men eat more than women, twice as much as women. When I'm a man I'll eat as much cake as ever I like. I say, Mary, give us the marmalade.

MRS. P.—Oh, what nice marmalade! *I* know of some poor children——

MISS P.—Mamma! don't, mamma [*in an imploring tone*].

MRS. P.—I know of two poor children at home, who have very seldom nice marmalade and cake, young people.

GEORGE.—You mean Adolphus and Frederick and Amelia, your children. Well, they shall have marmalade and cake.

BELLA.—Oh, yes! I'll give them mine.

MRS. P.—Darling, dearest child!

GEORGE.—(*his mouth full*).—I won't give 'em mine: but they can have another pot, you know. You have always got a basket with you, Mrs. Prior. I know you have. You had it that day you took the cold fowl.

MRS. P.—For the poor blind black man! oh, how thankful he was!

GEORGE.—I don't know whether it was for a black man. Mary, get us another pot of marmalade.

MARY.—I don't know, Master George.

GEORGE.—I *will* have another pot of marmalade. If you don't, I'll —I'll smash everything—I will.

BELLA.—Oh, you naughty rude boy!

GEORGE.—Hold *your* tongue! I *will* have it. Mary shall go and get it.

MRS. P.—Do humour him, Mary; and I'm sure my poor children at home will be the better for it.

GEORGE.—There's your basket! now put this cake in, and this pat of butter, and this sugar. Hurray, hurray! Oh, what jolly fun! Tell Adolphus and Amelia I sent it to them—tell 'em they shall never want for anything as long as George Kicklebury Milliken, Esq., can give it 'em. Did Adolphus like my grey coat that I didn't want?

MRS. P.—You did not give him your new grey coat?

GEORGE.—Don't you speak to me; I'm going to school—I'm not going to have no more governesses soon.

MRS. P.—Oh, my dear Master George, what a nice coat it is, and how well my poor boy looked in it!

MISS P.—Don't mamma! I pray and entreat you not to take the things!

But there, we have done; when we write of Thackeray it seems desecration to criticise—we can only admire.

Nuts for Boys to Crack. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. London: Bemrose and Sons, 21 Paternoster Row and Derby; and R. J. Pike, Nottingham. 1869.

WE have glanced at the contents of this little work, and can conscientiously recommend it as an excellent substitute for laudanum.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PHASE.

IT is pleasant to know that the friend of our youth, the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is in a flourishing condition. We do not mean to hint for a moment that the entertainments at the Polytechnic have not always been excellent and satisfactory, for they have; but it seems that it has not been until quite lately that the concern has been made to pay. According to the last report, however, the financial position of the Polytechnic is now all that could be wished for, and a good dividend has recently been paid to the shareholders. It would indeed be unsatisfactory to a degree if a place of amusement and instruction, such as this is and has been for years past, were to prove in the long run a bad speculation. At one time, however, it looked very much as if such would be the case, but the excellent management of Professor Pepper has resulted in the present sound position of the undertaking. It is scarcely necessary for us to tell everybody to pay an occasional visit to the Polytechnic, for the Institution numbers its visitors as legion, and its halls and lecture-rooms are never empty; but it may be as well to remind the public that a large establishment as the Polytechnic is needs and deserves their support, and that they could not better spend an evening and a shilling than by wending their way to Langham Place, and profiting by Professor Pepper's pleasantly-instructive lectures.

FITS AND STARTS.

EVERY now and then, but more often at this time of the year, when there is "nothing in the papers," the press raise a cry for reform in the fashions of the day. The costumes of ladies, however, our contemporaries have long since fairly admitted to be beyond the limits of their influence and control, so they now fall back upon the attire of the male species. A short time back the *Daily Telegraph* devoted a leading article to the demolition of the chimney-pot hat, and within the last few weeks other journals, scarcely less influential, have attacked with vigour and in detail the dress of those members of the community who belong to the sterner sex. In fact, the "sensible costume" fit has once more taken possession of the newspapers, and until something else crops up that can be written upon and argued about, we shall assuredly find a certain number of their columns daily devoted to the discussion of the new movement.

It would be far too great a demand on our space if we attempted to describe the numberless suggestions thrown out within the last fortnight for a new costume for gentlemen, for no two journals seem to have the same tastes. On one point, however, all our contemporaries agree—namely, that the only means of introducing the reformed style with any permanence is by enlisting the Prince of Wales into their service, and getting him to wear the clothes prescribed until they become—as they shortly surely would become—*de rigueur*. As the simplest way, therefore, of giving our support to the movement, and as a practical measure, we have carefully compiled, from the various suggestions now before us, a costume which we recommend for the immediate adoption of the Prince of Wales, who, we doubt not, as heir to the throne, will be glad to bow to the decree of the fourth estate of the realm; and we take the liberty of requesting his Royal Highness to forward the following description of his future attire to Mr. Poole with all convenient speed in order that the new regulation may be at once successfully inaugurated:—

EVENING DRESS.

Coat.—Coloured velvet jacket, with silk collar and brass buttons.
Waistcoat.—White stuff of some sort with several pockets.
Trowsers.—Knickerbockers of velvet cloth or silk—colour the same as the jacket.
Stockings.—Spun silk.
Shoes.—Double-soled pumps.
Hat.—Black pot hat, with feathers at discretion.
Gloves.—Black silk or white cotton.

MORNING DRESS.

Coat.—A blouse of serge, or other strong material. In the summer brown holland to be substituted.
Waistcoat.—None.
Trowsers.—As at present worn, but terminating below the knee.
Stockings.—Worsted of some useful colour—drab or grey, for instance.
Shoes.—Strong Bluchers.
Hat.—Coloured billycock.
Gloves.—Double dogskin.

We will not even hazard a guess whether or not such a costume as this would be becoming, but if the Prince of Wales—who, if the dress is to be carried off well, is the gentleman of all others to do it—would consent to give it a trial, we should, no doubt, in the course of a few months, look on tall hats and swallow-tail coats very much as we now regard ruffles and jack boots. Truly this is an age of progress.

£300 REWARD—MURDER!

MR. CHILDERS is certainly imbued with an extraordinary spirit of economy. Not very long since Her Majesty's ship Eclipse made her trial trip, and it was at once discovered that the ventilation of the vessel was seriously faulty, and a report was accordingly made to the Admiralty. From this document it appeared that the engine drained off its hot and impure air into the ward-room, and that nothing was provided in the way of ventilation to carry off the poisonous atmosphere. It also appeared that the necessary alterations would cost £300. This decided Mr. Childers: he did not consider the alterations necessary by any means, as they would add £300 to the Estimates, so he sent the good ship Eclipse on her way with an able officer to command her. This able officer was Captain Harvey, who has just died of yellow fever, contracted solely from the unhealthy arrangements of his ship; and it has also transpired that every one of the ward-room officers have had the disease, though providentially it has not in their cases proved fatal. However, the death of the Captain is sufficient to warrant us in denouncing the behaviour of the Admiralty authorities as utterly wicked and indefensible. We have recently heard of clerks being dismissed and reduced with a brutal disregard of any consideration beyond the mere saving of a few pounds; but the affair of the Eclipse is worse than this, for it nearly approaches the nature of a crime,—and a punishable crime, too. Instead of spending the nation's money in holiday-making with the Fleet, Mr. Childers would do better to remain at the Admiralty and look after the interests committed to his charge. This wanton disregard of everything and everybody—indeed, even for life itself—has reduced the public confidence in Mr. Childers to the lowest ebb; and few people of any shade of politics would regret to hear of the resignation of a Minister whose policy appears to be at once brutal, selfish, and disastrous to the best interests of the British Navy.

No. IX., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,
NOW READY.

LONDON, AUGUST 28, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE poor late Prince Consort! His name has been hawked about in every conceivable fashion, and now an Insurance Office has played false with it! Well, why should not a commercial company cling to a bad *policy* when greater institutions set the example?

A FUSS has been made about *Formosa's* immorality. This is silly. The piece is very bad and very dull, but there's nothing in it to furnish food for even the most prurient-minded libertine to gloat over. You may take your grandmother to see it with perfect safety. It won't harm her morals, although it may send her to sleep.

WHY has Dr. Cumming, of all men in the world, rushed forward at the present moment as the champion of England in the forthcoming Œcumenical Council? He does not even represent the National Church; and Oxford certainly would not be proud of his classical attainments. His Latin letter was a very bald, schoolboy's effort. Many religious controversialists, through their lack of logic and mathematical reasoning, may fairly be said to draw up at the *pons asinorum;* Dr. Cumming, however, seems bent on a double feat. He cannot even get through the Latin Gate!

CAN any one guess what place this is?—"Below the level of the ground, and totally unfit for human occupation. The ceiling is two inches only above the level of the street pavement. The floor is sunken, and the walls damp. Hundreds of rats infest the room, and the emanation of the drains is quite unbearable." A dungeon in a Neapolitan prison? Some Eastern lock-up? Nothing of the kind! This is simply an apartment prepared by a Christian country for the reception of its poor; in other words, the "Male Ward" in a British workhouse in 1869. We have not done with this subject.

WHO does write the Queen's Speeches? We have a theory of our own on the subject, that they are written by some of the inferior officials in the department of the Board of Green Cloth, who, having nothing on earth to do at any other time, are indulged on the occasion of the opening and closing of the Parliamentary Session with this honourable task. It must be a beautiful sight, these talented gentlemen sucking their pens and rubbing their heads in the agony of composition, with the 'Elegant Guide to Public Speakers" by their sides, culling choice sentences from the laboriously florid exercises of vestry-room orators.

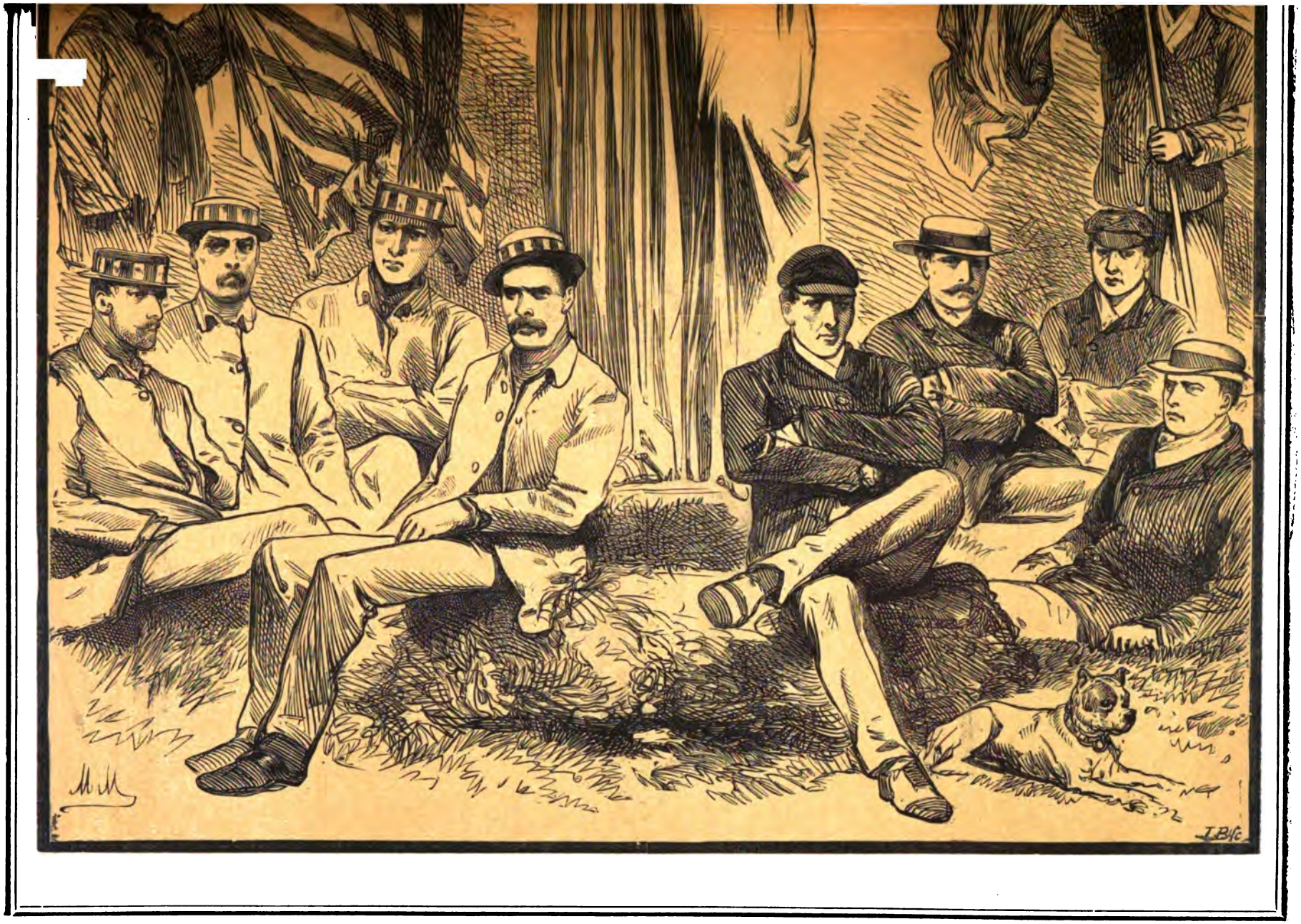
M. DE CASSAGNAC is quite an anomaly. His journal, *Le Pays*, is the only one that speaks with disapproval of the liberal amnesty granted by the Emperor on the occasion of his *fête*. There is no surer proof of the wisdom and justice of any action than the fact that it is not approved by the *Pays*. In another respect M. de Cassagnac is an anomaly. He is the only remnant of that unpleasant race, the professional duellists, whose skill with the sword or pistol in a country where duelling is an institution, enables them to insult with their sarcasm and waggery every gentleman who is fool enough to accept their challenge or to call them out, and so give them an opportunity of disposing of him. We wonder that Frenchmen, and journalists especially, have not the courage to combine against this nice man for the purpose of extirpating him, and by treating his waggery as it deserves with a good-humoured smile, and something more, and by steadily refusing to give him that satisfaction which is only due to—well, never mind the rest.

A WAR WITHOUT A MEDDLE.

THE Duke of Edinburgh seems to be enjoying himself at the Antipodes, and there is no doubt but that he has been very welcome at the Australian colonies he has visited. His trip to New Zealand, however, does not appear to have turned out altogether a success. The New Zealanders have taken it into their heads that the holiday employment of a ship of war in their waters, while they are engaged in a deadly conflict, is scarcely a decent proceeding; and a bitter feeling is arising against the Imperial Government, whose care for the amusement of a Prince contrasts unpleasantly with their care for the honour and safety of British colonists. The local papers declare that it is an insult to New Zealand to send there one of the finest specimens of the British Navy, fully equipped in men and material, to lie idly in their waters in holiday trim, while, within a few miles of where the Galatea is moored, the colonists have been engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the ferocious race whose atrocities have devastated the whole neighbourhood. Of course, we as loyal Englishmen are not going to admit that there is any reason in the complaint. What has the Duke of Edinburgh and Her Majesty's ship Galatea to do with such vulgar episodes as robberies and massacres? Of course it is too absurd to suppose that His Royal Highness can for a moment be supposed to be called upon to mix himself up in such vulgar colonial broils. Perhaps, however, taking all things into consideration, it would have been better if the Galatea had wended her way to some port than Hobartown; for her tantalising appearance at that place has evidently been too much even for the admitted loyalty of the unhappy colonists whose irritability may perhaps be partially excused, under the circumstances of having their wives outraged and children massacred almost under the very guns of an English man-of-war.

EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE.

THE Hounslow Powder Mills have once more gone off. This time, though, *only* two men are reported to have been injured, which is a great falling off from former efforts of the mills. On the last explosion before this four lives were lost, and on former occasions we remember to have seen the list of killed amount to a dozen or so souls. On the other hand it must be noted, that whereas formerly the Hounslow Powder Mills blew up once in three or four years, they now explode about every three months, which of course must be taken into consideration if the modern catastrophes are a little less wholesale than heretofore. The proprietors, however, need not despair, for if they keep up an average of four explosions a-year the death-rate will not be seriously diminished from the orthodox standard. One fact is very plain: the owners do not reside on the premises, or the concern would not be so soon put back again in working order after these little quarterly episodes.



"BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN!"

A FAMILY PICTURE.

HARVARD CREW:

Lyman — Simmonds
Faye — Loring
Burham (*cox.*)

OXFORD CREW:

F. Willan — J. C. Tinné
A. C. Yarborough — S. D. Darbyshire
J. H. Hall (*cox.*)

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 86.)

XXII.

MR. SQUIGSBY was now in extensive feather. By a judicious combination of sharpness and caution, severity and discretion, he had contrived to embellish himself with a radiant plumage. He was altogether a very fine bird—many said of prey—but a fine bird nevertheless; and there are hundreds who admire a splendid vulture, with its claws, its beak, its cruel ferocity, and its savage strength, more than they do the most brilliant cockatoo, with its splendid colour, its harmless pecks, and its vapid chatter. To him his fellow-creatures were divided into two sets of individuals—plaintiffs and defendants—who were always carrying on a bitter and determined antagonism, and who were always appealing to him for his services in the struggle. On whichever side he was ranged, it mattered very little. Whether his client was the plaintiff or the defendant was of no consequence, but it always had this peculiar effect—that his client certainly was the most honourable, virtuous, and respectable individual that ever drew breath; while the opposing party was the most unprincipled, vicious, and disreputable scoundrel at that moment not serving his term of penal servitude. This was his principle of action, and very well it answered. No opponent ever got any mercy from the indefatigable Mr. Squigsby. Whenever he got him down on his back after a legal fight, and the miserable creature had to appeal for grace—for time to satisfy the demands he had ineffectually resisted, and were now to be enforced against him, how Mr. Squigsby would jump upon him in his hour of triumph, and squeeze him and drain him of every drop of golden blood his veins possessed. And when he had finished with him how he would throw him like a rotten log upon the rocks of the Bankruptcy Court, and watch with an ecstatic delight the fury of "the general body" of vulture-creditors trying to extract some dividend nourishment from the fleshless bones!

XXIII.

"Anybody been?" said Mr. Squigsby to Mr. Topps, at the West-end branch, one early morning.

"There's an obstinate defendant waiting," said Mr. Topps; "he came here yesterday and sat in the outer office for two hours, and said he must see you. He said he had been to the East-end Office and South-end Office, and they wouldn't let him see you. He's worried my life out, for he's been blowing his nose and groaning like a ghost ever since he's been here."

"Show him in," said Mr. Squigsby; "I'll soon make short work of him."

He said this in a half-sparkling, half-savage manner, as if he contemplated considerable sport from the approaching interview. He felt like a huntsman who had got a tiger in a net, and meant to play with him—only the tiger was a fellow-creature.

The door opened, and "the tiger" came in. He was an old man, with white hair, very shabby in his apparel, and very broken in appearance. His eyes were red with crying and want of sleep, and he carried in one hand a large pocket-handkerchief, and in the other a wretched worn-out umbrella, its skeleton ribs protruding at every point through its alpaca skin, which hung about it in a flabby, uncertain manner, as if endeavouring to constitute itself by its appearance a type of its owner.

"O Sir! at last I have met with you," said the old man, heaving a great sigh. "I have been trying for a long time ——"

Mr. Squigsby interrupted him. He started up and said loudly:—

"What the deuce is the meaning of this, Sir? How dare you hunt me about in the way that you have done? One would suppose *I* owed *you* money. What is it you want?"

"Time," said the old man—"a little time, that's all, Sir, and the blessings of a ——"

"Rubbish," said Mr. Squigsby. "Don't come that sort of humbug with me. What's the amount of the debt?"

"Twenty-three pounds four shillings and sixpence," said the old man, in a trembling voice, as if the bare mention of the amount sent a shudder through his miserable frame.

"That all!" said Mr. Squigsby. "From the annoyance you've given us I should have thought it had been forty times that amount. What's the amount of the costs?"

"Twenty pounds six shillings and eightpence," again trembled the old man.

"Oh!" said Mr. Squigsby, "you appeared to the action, did you, my man, and then had to knock under! That serves you right. Attempting to defeat a just claim, were you? I suppose you call that honest and respectable, eh?"

"I only wanted time, Sir," said the wretched defendant. "I couldn't pay—I couldn't get time, and therefore I staved it off as well as I could. Pray forgive me, Sir. I didn't mean to do you any injury, Sir, upon my soul I didn't."

"Don't bully me, Sir," cried Mr. Squigsby. "How much have you already paid?"

"Nothing," said the old man, "I can't ——"

"Nothing!" cried Mr. Squigsby, "paid nothing! not even the costs! This is disgraceful," and he rang the bell. Mr. Topps came in. The old man trembled so violently that the ribs in his umbrella rattled audibly together.

"Mr. Topps," said Mr. Squigsby, in a remonstrating tone of voice, "do I understand this person rightly? He says that the debt and costs amount to forty-three pounds eleven shillings and twopence, and that nothing has been paid. When did we sign judgment?"

"Only the day before yesterday," said Mr. Topps.

"Only the day before yesterday!" echoed Mr. Squigsby. "We ought to have issued execution, and had the money by this time. This is gross neglect. We might as well close the offices at once as go on like this, Mr. Topps. If this occurs again, Mr. Topps," went on Mr. Squigsby, "I am sorry to say it, but we shall have to part."

"For Heaven's sake," burst in the old man appealingly, with a heavy groan, but Mr. Topps this time interrupted him.

"Shut up!" said Mr. Topps. "What do you come here for, making a fuss, and working upon me in the way you have been working upon me this last two days, and nearly making me lose my situation? You ought to know better. I know it, Sir," continued Mr. Topps, turning to Mr. Squigsby, "I'm sorry to admit it, Sir—I've been neglectful; I ought to have had his sticks sold up, and himself in gaol, long before this. But he came here, Sir, and blowed his nose, and groaned for whole hours together. That's how he worked upon me!"

"Worked upon you!" cried Mr. Squigsby with an accent of intense contempt, "I am afraid my confidence in you, Mr. Topps, has been misplaced. You say he has been here and stopped here for hours. He has also been to our other offices. Very good. He is here now, interrupting the business of the office. Very good. If he chooses to occupy our time with his affairs he must pay for it, that's all. I presume he disregards the value of money or he wouldn't do it. The extra costs incurred by these proceedings on his part will amount to three guineas at the least, and these he will have to pay in addition. And upon condition of his doing this I will give him one hour to pay the debt and costs, otherwise execution must go."

The old man, who had been looking from master to clerk with an excitement almost amounting to a species of frenzy—directly he heard this last announcement, gave a sort of jump, and throwing his old white hat to the other end of the room, and striking Mr. Squigsby's table a violent blow with his umbrella, that made the papers upon it discharge quite a monsoon of dust, shouted out—

"I can't do it. You won't give me time, eh? You'll skin me, will you? You'll sell me up, will you? You'll lodge me in prison, will you? You'll keep piling it up, will you, costs upon costs? You'll fatten and grow rich upon me, will you? I've worked all my life honestly, and been as poor as a rat. You're rich, Squigsby, because you're a rogue and robber. You won't get anything out of me. You won't see me again—I can tell you. Hunt me down if you can—get your sheriffs to catch me—but I defy them. You've killed *me*, Squigsby, that's nothing;" but the old man paused, and then said, as the tears rushed down his face, "you've also broken a woman's heart. Curse you!" and striking the table another blow with his umbrella that sent the ribs darting through the covering like so many serpents' stings, the old man picked up his battered hat and rushed from the room.

Mr. Squigsby was not moved in the slightest degree. He only said, "It's not my business to attend to these paltry common law matters. You know that very well. You will issue execution, Mr. Topps. Instruct Isaacs in the matter. Pay him de-

spatch money. Just make a note of it at once, or you'll remember being worked upon, and forget it."

Mr. Topps, who had turned quite pale upon seeing the old man's proceedings, and appeared even now to be petrified with astonishment and terror, mechanically took up a pen and a slip of paper to make the note referred. He muttered as he wrote it down "Issue execution. Instruct Isaacs. Despatch money to be paid—Curtler *v.* Branscombe."

XXIV.

The name seemed suddenly to strike Mr. Squigsby. He dropped his pen. "Branscombe!" he said to himself. "Branscombe! I remember that name. Why, yes, it was in the will of Mrs. Rigsworth made a couple of months ago!" He started up, and added aloud,—"What Branscombe, Mr. Topps? what Branscombe? Fetch the papers."

Mr. Topps returned with the papers in the case. Mr. Squigsby turned them over hurriedly, himself trembling now almost as much as the old man had done.

"Here's his description—John Branscombe, of 206 Clipstone street, Fitzroy square. Who served the writ?"

"I did," said Mr. Topps; "but what's the matter, Mr. Squigsby? Don't *you* work upon me."

"What is he?"

"He's a music-master, or player on some instrument, or something of that sort. He was once pretty well off when he used to take in pupils in Charlotte street, and was in Drury Lane orchestra; but he's come to grief a long time."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried Mr. Squigsby. "Who did you see when you served the writ?"

"It was a substituted service, sir," said Mr. Topps. "The old man was out of the way, so I left it with a young woman I found on the premises. She burst out crying, sir, when I served her; but I made the affidavit, sir, and it added two guineas to the costs!"

Mr. Topps thought to please his master by his observations. Mr. Squigsby appeared, however, to be only intent upon his own private thoughts. At last he said—

"Fetch a cab!"

As Mr. Squigsby jumped into the Hansom, his direction to the driver was—"Clipstone street, Fitzroy square." And he added to himself, "I will see her!"

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

TOMAHAWK'S ANNIVERSARY.

TOMAHAWK does not often blow his own trumpet (all the world knows *that* fact); but there are occasions when silence becomes criminal. Such an occasion has arrived. When the statesmen were popping at the grouse; when the tourists were climbing over the Alps; when the Snobs were hunting down the Prince, and the Cads were bathing on the sea-washed sands of Margate the "h"-less, TOMAHAWK, surrounded by his braves and his friends, was dining at the Crystal Palace. It was a pleasant sight, and an impressive occasion. Bumpers were drunk to the aging Child of the Prairie (more than five volumes old, if you please) in the dryest champagne and the finest of sherry. Speeches were made, and mutual (and sincere) admiration reigned supreme. A word of thanks to our friends for coming, a word of thanks to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts for the excellent manner in which they obeyed to the letter our admirable commands—(joking apart, the *menu* was unexceptionable, the wines exquisite, and the cooking all that the most critical of *cordons bleus* could possibly desire),—and, to conclude, a shout of joy for ourselves—several shouts of joys!

Please beat the trumpets,
And blow the drums
(That's not bad language)—
The hero comes!
(*Should have been*)—SHAKESPEARE.

SEA-SIDE FOOLS.

AT a season when the dulness is felt to be so great that even big newspapers, with tremendous circulations and great breadth of sheet, are driven to the resort of publishing little letters from holiday correspondents about *Bougy sur Mer*, the *Gruphtis*, *Poppingen*, and *Flamborough*, one may be excused for recurring to a very time-honoured subject, and asking, Why on earth, when there is so much to be seen everywhere, will the great mass of Englishmen insist on scampering off to miserable British hotels, dirty British watering-places, and paying exorbitant British prices? Only last week someone wrote to the *Times* to complain of an hotel at Eastbourne, where his bill, for himself, wife, and a friend, amounted, without wine, to something like £5 in two days. The bed-room and sitting-room alone were charged at 19s. 6d. per diem, that is over 24 francs, a sum large enough to board and lodge one comfortably for three days at more than half the hotels on the Continent. Tell Puncher this and he will not believe you; or, if he does, he will not act upon it, but be off next week to his favourite British watering-place, ready again to be thoroughly plucked, and undergo any amount of imposition.

Poor Puncher, he cannot help himself. He has been bred up to this. His modest horizon of "holiday" has been bounded, as long as he can remember, at the one extreme by the solid satisfaction of Southend, at the other, by the racy revelry of Ramsgate. He cannot conceive any recreation abroad, nor would he enjoy himself, unless he got well bullied by his landlady, and nearly summoned whenever he bathed. He could not tell you anything about the hundred-and-one little quiet and reasonable places on the French coasts, but is quite well posted up on the subject of Margate. Yes, and this, though he can recall, to his cost, the sums he has often spent in a three weeks' visit to that small shopkeepers' Elysium. He has not forgotten, though he will again seek them next year, the bad rooms, bad food, bad bathing, bad fun, bad company, and seek them, knowing that there are only two good things by way of a set off against the general badness—to wit, the prices, and the chalk! But Puncher, and thousands like him, put up with this kind of excuse for a holiday—this sort of self-imposition, and never think of looking for anything better. The stereotyped vulgarities of cockney sea-side places are accepted by him as necessary integral parts of that recreation he requires, and the idea that he might spend half his money and get double its worth in some other fashion, never for a moment enters his thoroughly British and conservative head. And as Puncher and his class go to work, so do the various social strata a great way above him. The same stock places are besieged year after year by the same stock families, and the respectable English fathers and mothers hurry off with their broods for the purpose of being cramped and swindled, and tacitly supporting by their patronage that monstrous and comfortless organised system of impropriety which goes by the name of English sea-bathing. Many a British paterfamilias, who is the slave of this watering-place mania, has to pull as much money out of his purse for the six weeks' stay at the favourite and fashionable *locale* as would enable him to take his whole household, servants and all, up the Rhine and into Switzerland, or to some lovely spot on the Lake of Geneva, where *milor Anglais* has not yet, been, and by his snobbisms, stirred into a state of rabid and restless plunder.

However, it is of very little use preaching sermons of wisdom on this theme. The British character is but slowly impressed, and very much prefers discomfort to novelty. But when every year some indignant spirit bursts out in the *Times*, with a thrilling account of half-crown mutton chops and nine-and-sixpenny beds, it does really seem strange that not a soul stirs a step towards a cheaper, if not a better, land. French bathing may not be perfection; but there is no mistake about British. It is disorganised indecency. As to British prices—well, if fools *will* pay them year after year, they must!

OFFENBACH v. HANDEL.

WHAT do people mean when they talk of a discriminating British audience? We are very much beginning to doubt whether any such body has an existence, or this would not surely be the last week of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" at the Princess's Theatre. There appears to have been no difficulty in filling the St. James's night after night at Opera prices when Offenbach reigned supreme; but now that the enterprising management of Mr. Vining has given Handel a chance at playhouse prices, the venture has met with no support, and the bills inform us that "Acis and Galatea" is about to be withdrawn, to make way for "a new and original drama by Mr. Boucicault." We are ready enough to abuse managers for producing anything sensational, but we give them no support

when they really should have it. Mr. Vining deserves well of the public, and if he is forced into producing "a new and original drama by Mr. Boucicault," we only hope it may prove as remunerative to the treasury as "Acis and Galatea" should have been.

LES FORE-OARRES.

By Jules,
Member of the Paris Rowing Club.

My books is made. If your *Oxfor-blue* win, I lose seven hundred franc. But listen: if *Le cerise*, the *Mohicainnes*, *les* gentlemen of the Harvard College Outrigge Club do first catch the win post, I lose thirty-five pound (*sterling*) to a welchère Duke. You see, the bets I make are the bets *international*. The *perfide Albion* and the *sauvage d'Amerique* engage in the contest of row heroes, but *le Français*, he is courageous, he is brave, he is *la justice!* He look on, but wish no win post to one barge or to the other. He is impartial. He is a pair of scales. He bets both. He gives the back to both. He is *magnifique*. He must lose *le stake*. *Mais*—he will see fair. *Voyons*. On the *vingt sept* he will be there, on one *grand* Edinborg steam-ship. Jules is in front, *avec son paquebot du Nord!* He clears course! *Offs!* It is a race behind *le paquebot* of Jules! There will be the swells, the waves! But you know not Jules. He has on his shipboard *un regiment de* stewards! Then *courage*, Harvar! *courage*, Oxfor! Jules sees fair. All right. Yes.

THE LAW AND THE POLICE.

It is announced that the Commissioners of Police have transferred Inspector Wade and the three sergeants engaged in the affray between the police and the clerks of the Charing Cross Branch of the National Bank, from the C division to various Metropolitan Divisions of the force. We wonder if this is meant for a promotion or a punishment? Whichever it may be, it will not certainly have the effect of giving satisfaction to the public, who have not yet forgotten the case, and who, we trust, will not let the matter drop until law and order have been vindicated in a more satisfactory manner. All we can say is, that if this is the way in which perjury is in future to be punished, the principle must be carried still further. For instance, pickpockets living in St. Giles's must on their conviction be sentenced to reside at Hammersmith, while murderers dwelling at the last-named place might be transferred to Bermondsey or Tyburnia. However sound in theory this may be, we doubt if practically it would be found to answer; but we shall now have an opportunity of judging; for we shall certainly watch the career of Inspector Wade and his three subordinates with the closest attention and interest.

VERY LIGHT LITERATURE.

Up to the present date the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, on its reduction to one penny, faithfully promised its readers that the alteration in its arrangements should only extend to its price, and not to the matter contained in its pages, has certainly kept its word. The paper has been as uniformly excellent since the reduction as it ever was, and the "Occasional Notes," not one of its least attractive features, have been fully up to their mark of smartness and interest. Last Tuesday, however, the *Pall Mall*, in its principal column, published two such exceptionally brilliant paragraphs that we cannot do better than quote them word for word. This is the first:—

"A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method for recovering one's debts. The other day a crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odéon round a girl with a wooden leg, whom a gentleman at an adjoining window was apostrophizing with loud cries and gesticulations. It turned out that the girl was a washerwoman, who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and had walked off, declaring that she would not return it till she was paid."

And this is the second:—

"The Belgian papers speak of a curious wager made the other day by a young man of Antwerp. He engaged to swim on his back in the Scheldt for a quarter of an hour with his spectacles on. Scarcely, however, had he swam a few yards when the sun came out, and acting on the spectacles as on a magnifying glass, gave him such pain that he was obliged to swim to shore before completing his task. It is said (though that might have been expected) that the unfortunate swimmer has not only lost his bet, but his eyesight as well."

If we were not quoting "Occasional Notes" from the *Pall Mall*, now open before us, we should really be inclined to think that such wonderful productions of wit and genius could only have emanated from that source even more worthy of great productions—the funny column of our much respected contemporary, the *Family Herald*. What a pity it is that such brilliant writing should be thrown away on a city so dull, dirty and deserted as London just now is!

"TOMAHAWK" OUT OF TOWN.

No. I.—Boulogne.

In the sad sea cabin, among the gloomy eaters of 'am and devourers of *weal*, wandered the North-American Indian! By the steamer "Rhine," by the cheap pitiful excursion, with its paltry eleven shillings "there and back," and its substantial dinner, voyaged the red skin! Drinking of fire water, and turning as white as a pale face, stood the great Tomahawk, regarding with bloodshot eyes and much-troubled digestion the waves off the North Foreland. Sad and sick at heart sat he on the paddle-box as he passed the mud-shored Margate; sadder and sicker at heart lay he on the deck as he passed the rollicking Ramsgate, saddest and sickest at heart sprawled he in the cabin as he passed the delicious Deal! It was a pitiful sight and a painful sight. Even the basin-holding-steward was sorry, and the storm-defying captain heaved a heavy sigh. Alas! alas!! alas!!! But after the rain comes sunshine, after the battle dinner, after a voyage harbour! So things must end; so ended the steamboat's passage. The port was reached, the Douane oe'rreached, and Tomahawk landed new in heart, new in life, and new in speech.

That much for a preface. And now I drop the third person and the Indian, and adopt the first person and an Englishman.

When I arrived, Boulogne was very, very cheerful. Perhaps they knew that I was coming, or it might possibly have been on account of the Emperor's Fête (I merely add the last utterly absurd supposition to stop the mouths of my enemies if they wish to call me "conceited"). The gayness of Boulogne showed itself chiefly in flags. Go where you would and there you found acres of bunting. I noticed several very gallant attempts at representing the British flag (that "flag which for a thousand, &c."), and regretted exceedingly that the efforts were, as a rule, of the order of failure. There was, however, one startling exception. Over a certain hotel floated a *drapeau* which would have been *awfully* like the "flag which, &c.," had it not equally resembled a black currant jam tart! I felt quite national when I saw this diaphonous dainty. Another ingredient of this dish of gaiety was the entertainment at the Establishment. But perhaps as my space is limited, my patience less, and my wit least, it would be as well to give Boulogne in the shape of a *rather* (?) humorous catalogue. *Commençons.*

The Establishment.—Always pronounced "*Lesstabblismong.*" Lots of people working and flirting. Big rooms, bigger terraces, biggest idiots. Nice band playing pretty tunes, nice pier-glasses reflecting (when I look into them) a very pretty face, nice ices, and nice gin at the bar. You can get plenty of gin—the French have a vague idea that the English live on gin. So they do—at least, *I* do! You sit down in the grand concert-room, and listen to the music with a smile on your lips and a wink (a "vicked vink") in your eye. Ladies admire you, rivals hate you, and all is great joy and happiness. Get bored of this, and you *can* spring from your chair (I say you *can*, I don't say you *will*) and do a *can-can* with a wild shout of delirious merriment, or betake yourself to the grounds, where you may throw a ball at some dolls, or join in a whirligig. If you are a very good boy, and are above forty years of age, you may go to a *Bal des enfants travestie*. I went to one. They "travestied" me as

follows: I was dressed as a *bebé*, in a cocked hat and spectacles, and they said my *grey* whiskers (it's a great big story to say they're *white*) didn't show a bit.

The Fair.—While I was there they had a fair. Such a fair! and such shows! Among other things there was a waxwork exhibition. I was delighted to notice an English general officer in the usual uniform (slate trousers, hunting coat, gigantic epaulets, bell-rope, and spurs), and was greatly pleased (and perhaps a little surprised) to hear that this formidable warrior was no less a person than "Milor Dudley." The proprietor of the establishment was very glad to see me, and asked me to sit for him as a model. I said I would, and asked for what? He said for Guy Fawkes. I murdered him, and dashed his brains all over the place, and told him that jokes of that kind always *did* make me so wild! When he had come to life again, and had picked up his brains, he explained that he made me angry on purpose—he wanted to get me into a "wax," his son (a boy at school) added, to make the matter clearer to me. I said I was satisfied, and asked him to dinner. We did so, but mentioning the "Oriental Question" in the presence of a waiter the man went mad—at four he was foaming at the mouth, at six he was raving and tearing down the walls, but I regret to say at seven he was much *much* worse. He was seen in the last stage of insanity buying a copy of WILL-O'-THE-WISP! It did him good, however—it sent him to sleep—a sleep from which he never recovered. Such is life!

The Municipality.—On the Emperor's Fête day I, a few friends, several thousand local generals, and the Boulogne army, went to the Church of St. Nicholas to sing a *Te Deum* in honour of the occasion. Everybody liked my singing awfully. So did I. The soldiers presented arms at one portion of the service—wasn't it charitable of them? As far as I can make out the Municipality of Boulogne consists of

2 Mayors.
30,004 Lord Lieutenants.
94 Marshals of France.
7,563 Harbour Masters.
189 Admirals.
3 Vestrymen.
and
1 National Guard.

The uniform of the municipality consists chiefly of swords, cocked hats, and spangles. In spite of all this, Boulogne is the worst-drained town (I should think) in France, England, or China! Eau de Cologne is not exactly the prevailing odour, yet everybody talks of the—Oh!—de Boulogne!

The English Colony.—Boulogne ought to be called the Commercial Chamber of Horrors Super Mare. It's just the place to meet all the celebrities of the past season. This gentleman failed for £25,000,000, much to the annoyance of several billion widows and orphans. That lady was acquitted after murdering her father. That youth over there was the co-respondent in the Strawberry Leaves Divorce Case; and stroking that dog yonder is the nice young girl about whom all that unpleasant scandal (the Grundyton affair, you know) was talked two months ago. Then we have writers by the score, and artists by the hundred. The men paint their canvasses and the ladies their faces!

The Hotels.—The big ones certainly the best, especially the Imperial—table d'hotes not *very* good anywhere. When you are at Rome, do as the Romans do. When you are at Boulogne, eat nothing but *'air*. It's the only thing I can *really* recommend. But you don't get that even, on the porte.

And now I have done. Perchance I may return to the subject, but until then I beg to sing the following pretty little song (the words are my own and copyright):—

Fare thee well, my own dear Boulogne,
Fare thee well for a while,
For the steam-boat is ready and the steam it is up,
And the waves are beginning to *bile*,
My Boulogne,
And the waves are beginning to *bile!*

RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

WHEN are we to hear the last of the Duke of Newcastle's "affairs?" One day last week His Grace's little matter occupied the Bankruptcy Court the best part of the day, but the only progress that was made on the occasion was to arrange that the case should stand over till October next, when the point which has been raised by the Duke's legal adviser, if a peer of the realm can be a bankrupt, will be discussed.

For our part we think that there is very little doubt about the matter, and the Duke of Newcastle should be only too glad to submit himself to the operation of the law. In any case, however, the dispute may finally be decided, one result will be arrived at, for even admitting that a Duke cannot be a bankrupt, it will be shown beyond a doubt that he may be something much less desirable. When small people get into debt and run away from their creditors, we know what to call them. Surely it is not because the Duke of Newcastle is known to be enjoying himself at German watering places he should be made an exception to the rule. On the contrary, there is a less excuse for a man who has had so many opportunities of learning better; and we do not hesitate to condemn the proceeding as a disgrace even to the House of Lords.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A NOBLE Prince, whose appetites and form
Were not ill-matched, delighted here to dwell;
Now flashy Jews, and tradesmen, freed from till
And toil, alike vie with the ocean's swell.

Beside the shore these elves fresh flown from heaven,
Sport and display their limbs in fancy free,
Careless who looks, or how themselves they look,
Fearless of their grim playfellow, the Sea.

1.
The tinsel of antiquity
With which some trim the robe of art;
Who fills his mind or rooms with this
With wit as well as gold must part.

2.
A quality which some men praise
Who only outsides see;
He's this who coward is at heart,
But brave would seem to be.

3.
This people I must fairly own
Are rather strange to me;
They plagued my careless schoolboy days
By getting near Judee.

4 & 5.
Half loving and half dreading storms,
How much the first the last resembles!
When pale from home they wing their way,
Be sure the Earth with tempests trembles.

6.
A sobriquet of honest men,
Which serves perhaps, to keep out water,
But not the Spirits; Sindbad-like
By these poor Jack's made a light porter.

7.
This word is like a monster, who,
So nursery tales say, eats up men:
I have seen this too, when sweetly made,
Devour young people now and then.

8.
The man whose history foretells
The future fame of German springs;
The bath seems foul to smell and sights,
But to believers comfort brings.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

L oa F
O th O
V ioloncell O
E e L

ANSWERS have been received from Slodger and Tiney, and Tomey and Joey. One hundred and five incorrect.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 122.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A WORD WITH THE "GUARDIANS" OF LONDON.

HAIL, NOBLE (BUT PETTY) TRADESMEN!

Your wondrous deeds and charitable actions have reached my ears, and filled me with feelings of astonishment and admiration. It is notthat you keep shops and sell the morning butter and the evening pork; it is not that your names appear on facias and the headings of bills; it is not that you measure the ribands by theyard and smirk behind your counters with sleek humility. All this you do, and do well. As an Englishman I admire you, as belonging to a nation of shopkeepers; but you have greater claims than even these upon my respect and admiration. You are not only noble (but petty) tradesmen, but you are also Guardians of the Poor! Hail! three times hail! You possibly would prefer me to cry out "beer;" but allow me to have my way, and to address you with shouts of "hail!" You are (I know) as hard and as solid as stone—a fact which accounts for your love of "*quarts*." "That's not the '*pint*,'" you may probably say, when you read this. Believe me, that I agree with you.

The poor, my worthy cheesemongers, are a nuisance. You know that, and so do I. This granted, and how pleasant it is to consider your mode of dealing with them! They are ill, and you "clear the infirmary;" they are weak, and you drive them away from the workhouse door to die in the gutter! Oh! you patriots, you noble-hearted rate-payers, how I love you! Send me your addresses, and I will buy cheese and purchase ribands, and pork, and tin-tacks, and tripe at your various establishments.

Look at my cartoon, you Christians, you Gospel-readers, you "feeders of the hungry," you "clothers of the naked," you "visitors of the sick." Don't you recognise a "new guardian" in the picture? A "guardian" you have yourselves elected? Look at him well, my friends, and see how "pleasant" he seems. He brings with him the reduction of the poor-rates, the abolition of the infirmary, help to the wretched, protection for the oppressed. Greet him with plaudit, oh most pure-hearted (and economical) of Christians, oh most——

But, pshaw—to write to you (even with sarcasm on my pen and bitter disgust in my heart) sickens me. Get from before my face—England has judged you for the Present, but a more dreadful judgment awaits you in the terrible Hereafter.

Hearken to my words and tremble.

31st August, 1869. TOMAHAWK.

THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE.

MR. JUSTICE HANNEN is the very last of the Judges who should have allowed himself to fall under the suspicion of agreeing with the speech attributed to the Lord Chief Baron, that the appointments of Revising Barrister should be given only to Judges' sons. As Mr. Justice Hannen entirely owed his advancement to the independence and magnanimity of the then Chancellor, and belonged to an advanced Club, which ruthlessly condemned all promotion by favour, it is not a little startling that he of all his brethren should have been the most shameless in advocating the right of the Judges to appoint members of their families to places for which they are not only personally unfit, but which rightly should be the hard-earned rewards of other people. His former opinions notwithstanding, Mr. Justice Hannen, however, at the late Lewes Assizes, displaced two gentlemen, one of eighteen years' service and the other of seventeen years', both appointed by the Chief Baron last year, to make way for two gentlemen, sons of Judges, one Mr. Bacon, of seven years' standing, the other Mr. James Mellor, who has just completed the requisite three years, which is a necessary qualification for a Revisorship. How far the public have a right to interfere in such points as these may be an open question, but we do not hesitate to condemn the conduct of Mr. Justice Hannen as ridiculously inconsistent. It is almost a necessity that a Judge should possess not only the popular confidence, but the popular respect, and this is not the way to gain or to hold either the one or the other.

THE SOCIAL DRAINAGE QUESTION.

NOTHING could have been more admirable than the raid effected by the Police, the other day, on a couple of infamous dens in Holywell street. The report of the proceedings really was quite refreshing. No doubt that is the sort of executive treatment certain social ulcers require. Yet, at every turn, Englishmen are met by the cry of "privilege," and obliged to listen to meaningless twaddle about the liberty of the subject, as if, forsooth, the subject had not forfeited all right to his liberty for the commission of a certain set of offences! The pith of these remarks is this: Why are not raids of this kind more frequent? Why, in this whining and moaning age, are there not systematic physical force cleansings of all the social sewers? Six months of such aggression would clear away night houses, filthy museums, black holes, and all the rest of the devil's *locale*. There are dozens of disgusting resorts as well known to the authorities as the Police Courts themselves, and the man in power, whoever he may be, who first makes a determined onset upon these would deserve a public statue, though very likely he would not get it. We English are always glozing over our enormities. Why can't we look evil in the face, recognize its existence, and make a clean sweep of it?

FATHER THAMES TO THE RIVAL CREWS.

ROWED ye well, athletic strangers,
Fledglings of the Eagle's nest!
Boldly sent ye out this challenge
From your eyrie in the West!

With no lakes or noble rivers,
Such as you have, are we rich:
Narrow flows the stream of ISIS,
CAM is nothing but a ditch:

Yet a welcome, aye, a double
Welcome to each gallant crew!
Should I back the bold Magenta,
Or declare to win with Blue?

Ev'ry detail of your training
Daily had I heard and read;
Morning papers came to tell me
Of your doings, in my bed.

Gone all thought of my Embankment,
Sewage, Fisheries, or tide;
But I thrilled through all my rushes,
And my mud was stirr'd with pride.

Yes, my children, though the dog days
Put on idleness no stint,
All the world must feel your struggles,
Row the course with you *in print*.

With its plethora of "padding,"
Daily comes the well worn news,
In brain-hammered iteration,
Puffings of the rival crews—

Pace improving—fine condition—
Health and muscle hard as nails—
Steady paddling at the Soap Works—
Glorious spurt at Barker's Rails—

Legs well straightened to the stretcher—
Backs well forward to the oar—
Paragraphs of "Bravo! both sides!
Was there ever such a Four!"

You, my children, long unconscious
Of the heartbreak of defeat,
Victory on your helm was sitting!
And that goddess kept her seat!

Hardy vigour of New England,—
Light weight of the inland seas,—
Brawny South Pacific muscle
Harden'd in th' Antipodes—

Ye, whose energy spasmodic
Makes up for your want of size,
Catch the stroke at the beginning—
It is *there* the secret lies—

Turned a-stern, intrusive steamers!
Vagrant barges, cleared the way!
Father Thames would have no favour,
And the best men won the day!

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.—The authorities of the Admiralty have perpetrated another cold-blooded murder. Captain Harvey, of Her Majesty's ship Eclipse, died of yellow fever through the infamous state of the ventilation of the ship. The Admiralty knew of this, and they wilfully allowed the poisoned air to kill one officer at least and reduce other officers and men to a state near death. But of course the murderers will never be brought to justice, they will receive thousands of pounds from the people's pockets, and will come smiling down to the House, to assure the English nation that they have saved three hundred pounds at the trifling cost of a murder or two.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

SINCE I commenced this little series I have been in communication with several amiable snobs, who are at the present moment doing their very best to support the British character at some of the leading places on the Continent. They have most kindly put me in possession of many of their most effective vagaries, all of which, I trust, I shall be able to utilise for the guidance of those aspirants to peculiarity who would follow in their train. The most interesting, and perhaps, at the present moment, the seasonable bit of intelligence I have received is nothing more or less than a stray leaf from a dear snob's *journal de voyage* recently kept at *Wildbad*. The jottings are epigrammatic, but they say a good deal in their own brief way. I can heartily recommend them to my readers.

WILDBAD, *Aug.* 13, 1869.

Up at six, made for the *Platz* and hung about the back of the hotel. Think I saw one of the children at the upper windows. Waited hanging about till a soldier asked me what I was up to. He said this in German, and I gave him a bit of my mind in English. By the way, none of these fools talk English. And yet one hears such a precious lot about German education. Gammon!

8.30 A.M.—Seen him. That is, I'll lay a fiver it was. He had on a white hat and green veil, and looked out of the fourth window in the second floor. N.B. To watch that window like anything.

9 A.M.—Waiter says it's a French Count.

9.5 A.M.—Don't think it is a French Count. Only a real live Prince would wear a white hat and green veil—that is, I mean, that is what I should do under similar Royal circumstances. Hulloah! What's that? Looks like him; but the photograph I keep handy to recognise him by gives him more beard. Ah! there's a crowd coming down under those trees. N.B. Join it instanter. Yes, I'm sure they are there! I'm off for them. Done it this time!

11 A.M.—Been after lots of people who look like them, but it's no go yet. That lot I followed round the *Platz* at 9 was a dancing bear. Never mind. Faint heart, &c.

11.15 A.M.—How jolly it must be to be a Prince, out on your own hook, going about and dining at seven francs a head, perhsps ten, and then walking about for people to stare at you! How I wish I was one! Wouldn't I swell it? Oh, no!

11.20 A.M.—Another crowd. Off we go!

11.25 A.M.—Sold again. Turned out to be only a row with a policeman. Why doesn't he go about with a band, or a dozen guards or so, or something to show these German beggars his rank, and let them know what a thorough British gentleman he is? It is this dropping of royalty which degrades us in the eyes of Europe. N.B. I'll write to the *Times* about this!

11.30.—If I stick here all day, I'll see him.

11.45.—What's the good of being a Prince, if you can't walk about like other people?

12.—Hurrah! here they are. Capital! I have got close to him. Let's see—he has got on coloured, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. And she's got on blue, &c., &c., &c., &c. And the children, &c., &c., &c.

* * * * *

9 P.M.—A jolly day. I spent *seven hours* walking close behind H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and five times I got right in front of him, and had a good stare at the Princess. I like your free and easy German ways.

10 P.M.—It wasn't him after all!

HOW THE BOY OF THE PERIOD "DOES" XENOPHON.—"Παρησαν εἰς Σαρδεις,—They walked into the Sardines."

THE INFAMOUS CASE.

THERE is a certain sort of vice that imperatively demands publicity. This is its only antidote, and such as we can afford, as a sheer matter of duty, we freely give it. A gentleman who resides abroad, but is paying a temporary visit to England, applied for and obtained, on Wednesday last, from Mr. Knox a warrant for the apprehension of two people named Jordan and Miller. The case was, as the magistrate truly said, of the most abominable and atrocious description, and although we are not in the habit of quoting at length from the Police Reports, we feel that, since in this case the testimony of the plaintiff tells an infamous tale so plainly, and in such a manner as to act as a warning to others, we cannot do better than give it *in extenso*.

The prosecutor's information ran thus :—

"I called on the 10th of June at 44, Weymouth street, Portland place, and saw a short, stout man (the prisoner Miller), whose name was unknown to me, but who now appears to be Alexander Miller. I represented to him that I was in ill-health. I showed him a little book which bore the name of Robert Jordan, M.D. He gave me subsequently a bottle containing some stuff, for which he charged 11s. I called again on the 11th of June and saw Miller. He said 'the doctor' was not there, but that they had better go to him at his residence in Berners street. We went together in a cab. On entering Dr. Jordan's house, the short, stout man (Miller) and Jordan had a conversation, and then Miller left. Dr. Jordan took me into a room, in which were a large number of figures, and said, 'There are amongst these the names of noblemen, gentlemen, officers, and others, who have paid me £5,000, and some less, on being cured. He asked me particularly about my place of residence and the best way of sending money to and from that place. I had previously told Miller I resided there. I told him I would give him £20 if he cured me according to the terms laid down in 'the little book.' He said 'Go and get the money,' which I did. On my return, he asked me whether I had a banker, and I said 'No.' He then asked if I could give him £1,000. I said I could not. He then said, 'Give me £80, a further portion or a bill at a week, and a bill for £500 at six months.' He gave me something in a wine glass, and told me to walk about. After drinking it I felt quite stupefied and unnerved—very different from what I was when I went into the house. Jordan wrote out some bills of exchange, and I do not know what I did with them. Jordan then wrote something in the shape of a letter. I wrote something between the lines by his direction and signed it. He gave me some parcels of medicine, which I did not open."

There is one matter for deep regret in this affair. The prosecutor refuses to proceed with the charge, and so it has dropped, and these two medical worthies have got off for a season. There are no doubt certain inconveniences, even sacrifices, connected with a determined prosecution of this character, but we have no hesitation whatever in saying that it is the absolute duty of anyone, who has a chance of seeing justice done, to go on without flinching and let the law deal with such infamy in its most summary manner. The gentleman who has compromised this case has made a grievous mistake. He has not escaped notoriety, and has, at the same time, given a great victory to his persecutors. The security of these men lies in the cowardice of their dupes. However, there is one thing the press can do, and that is to proclaim far and wide the names of ROBERT JORDAN, M.D., of Berners street, Oxford street, and of ALEXANDER MILLER, of Weymouth street, Marylebone, and thus, to a certain, though limited extent, stretch out a hand to save some wretched victim from falling helpless and terror-struck under their merciless clutches.

SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES.

A LONG article in the *Times* last week informed the world that Garibaldi had turned farmer. Well, that is the wisest turn he has taken for a long time. Who, however, can dream of Garibaldi planting, as we are told he does, olives? Garibaldi sitting under his own olive tree,—literally shaded with the emblems of peace! Why, we shall have a Quakers' Volunteer Corps next!

A GENERALLY ACCEPTED ORDER.

As a question of military precedence has lately been opened and decided regarding the relative positions of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Artillery, and as the solution of the important point raised seems to have provoked a considerable amount of interest, we subjoin a statement in continuation of that which is about to be issued by the Horse Guards.

TABLE OF PRECEDENCE OF MILITARY OFFICERS, CAREFULLY COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AUTHORITIES AT HEAD QUARTERS :—

1.—Guardsmen being Dukes.
2.—Ditto being inferior Peers.
3.—All other Guardsmen.
4.—Subalterns of Light Cavalry being the sons of Peers.
5.—Colonels of Light Cavalry who have purchased all their commissions.
6.—Officers of the Rifle Brigade who have purchased their commissions.
7.—Officers of the Highland regiments ditto.
8.—Line officers ditto.
9.—Colonels of Cavalry regiments who have not purchased their commissions.
10.—All other officers (except officers of the Line) who have not purchased their commissions.
11.—Bandmasters, messmen, billiard-markers, &c., &c., attached to the Brigade of Guards.
12.—Line officers who have not purchased their commissions.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

Ludibria Lunæ; or, the Wars of the Women and the Gods. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a most charming poem. It is a burlesque, but bears no trace of vulgarity. It is a satire, but none of the lines have the nauseous taste of malice. It is an excellent example of the refining effects of classical studies. There is a grace and an elegance about the verses to which no one who had not filled the storehouse—his mind, with the highly finished gems of the Greek and Latin poets, could ever have attained. Mr. Courthope is not one of those who affect that quaintness and obscurity of expression which some people imagine to be the indisputable proofs of genius. He does not encumber his poem with rugged lines and excruciating rhymes under the impression that clumsiness is force. This musical and delightful work shows a gentle—a somewhat indolent and voluptuous, perhaps—but thoroughly gentle appreciation of the beauties of Nature. It is no blemish in Mr. Courthope's burlesque if it lacks the rollicking vigour of Hudibras, or the dazzling intellectuality of Don Juan. It bears strong traces of the Italian School, which the author professes to admire and imitate, but we know no English poet with whose work we can compare it. Spencer may have to some extent influenced the writer, and the brothers Fletcher; but though we have delicious bits of description here and there, we have none of that wealth of imagery which the great Elizabethan poet scatters so prodigally throughout the Fairy Queen. "Ludibria Lunæ" is not a serious poem, though the purpose is almost serious, so that if one finds melodious rhythm, correct rhyme, and elegant fluency, one must not be disappointed at the comparative absence of imaginative power and vigorous satire. Mr. Courthope attacks the follies of women with airy, fragile, graceful weapons, not with the sword or the tomahawk. Perhaps he is more likely to drive them from unworthy ambitions and mischievous chimeras with his feathered shafts of ridicule than those who steep their darts in the poison of bitter contempt. But we confess that so melodious a preacher seems to us more likely to find the road to woman's heart than to her mind, or conscience. "I must be foolish and naughty if you sing to me so sweetly," is likely to be the caressing reply of the younger advocates of "Woman's Rights," and Agapemones of Saints, to Mr. Courthope's admonitions and rebukes. But we must not quarrel with those whose amiable placidity and genial humour forbids them the exertion or severity of indignation. Mr. Courthope's sympathies are undoubtedly on the right side, though he prefers the sweet pipe of the shepherd to the shrill trumpet of the soldier.

No. IX., Price 1s.,

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,

NOW READY.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THERE has been a Railway war in America, the Albany and Susquehanna line serving as the battle-field. The New World has wisely borrowed many useful institutions from the Old; but it is scarcely politic in it, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to revive the *Train-bands.*

A GREAT fuss is being made just now about the means of communication between railway passengers and guards. It is to be hoped that, if the question is satisfactorily settled, the boon may be extended. What a blessing it would be to many dividend-less people to know that a perfect means of communication was established between shareholders and directors!

TWO offenders have already been fined, under the new Act, for stopping trains without any legitimate reason or necessity; and quite right too. What a pity, though, the penalty is not capable of extension in an opposite direction! If there were only a legal punishment attached to the reckless starting of trains as well as to the unnecessary stopping of them, what a great deal of commercial ruin would be averted! Surely the Government might take a hint, and be down on those inveterate stockjobbers, the railway promoters!

BREAKING THE BARRIERS.

A SUBJECT which has summoned into existence two *Times'* leaders, to say nothing of a heap of correspondence, may merit a word or two more from us before it is consigned to the limbo of yesterday. We have now had a free and open discussion of *Formosa*, and Mr. Boucicault himself has told us the worst. "I have," says he, "broken down a barrier which prejudice had established. I have proclaimed a literary thoroughfare, with the full approbation of the public. And I mean to keep it open." We may therefore be said to be, what is familiarly termed, "in for it." We need never turn to the French stage for strong meat. We are going to have it manufactured here for us at home. The prospect is brilliant and encouraging, and as one reads about barriers of prejudice broken down, and literary thoroughfares proclaimed, for a moment one feels there is a sort of chivalry about the whole thing. One sees Sir Dion, clad in the most glittering of armour, and mounted on the most mettlesome of steeds, riding proudly into the arena, to do battle for free speech and morality, against all the black mailed-champions of cant and false sentimentality the wicked world can produce. Farewell to our spurious philosophy! This is an immoral age, and Mr. Boucicault has taken it by the throat. We cannot keep evil from the mind of youth. Let us face the difficulty boldly. Off with them all to Drury Lane!

Mr. Boucicault is a hard worker, a clever writer, and has a wonderful knack of catching the public taste. He deserves all his remarkable success, and we take off our hat to him. But he may take our word for it—his moral lesson, from a purely moral point of view, is a mistake. Let his heroine end her days neglected in the gutter, and we shall have a moral to point to our daughters, *if* we have a taste for pointing morals of this sort to them at all, on the subject of prostitution. Let his hero go to the dogs, being first kicked out of the Oxford Eight by his disgusted College acquaintances, and we shall have another moral of a certain kind to point to our sons who happen unfortunately to be cursed with generous but dishonourable tendencies. We are quite at one with Mr. Boucicault about Wycherly and Congreve. We will go further. We believe the great hold that the *School for Scandal* has upon public taste results not from the unquestionable brilliancy of its dialogue, but from the coarse impropriety which pervades it from beginning to end. As to the Opera, it was scarcely fair to drag it into the question, but as it has been dragged in, we cannot do better than publish several letters we have received in its defence. An uncomplimentary comparison with *Formosa* seems justly to have annoyed several well-known characters:—*videlicet*

To TOMAHAWK.

(1.)

SIR,—Mr. Boucicault has instituted an invidious comparison between me and that creature he has taken up as his heroine. He wants to injure my reputation! Now surely I have an excuse for shocking everybody in my first and second acts. Why, in my third, I can't pay my rent, and I have a terrible cough, which, together with remorse and disappointment, kills me before I can marry *Alfredo* with his papa's consent. Surely no one will care to sing *libiamo* after seeing to what an end it brings,

Yours devotedly,

TRAVIATA!

(2.)

Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, &c., presents her compliments to the Editor of THE TOMAHAWK, and wishes him *candidly* to say whether he thinks she is, on the whole, the sort of person a British public admires. Does she excite the sympathy or disgust of the audience? The Duchess will be glad to hear, as she has always intended to be very bad indeed, and should the Editor have not felt that horror of crime, which she has hitherto flattered herself she has successfully kindled, perhaps he would kindly inform her of the fact, when she will poison an extra chorus in the first act, and give up the study of antidotes altogether.

(3.)

SIR,—I am instructed by my respected master to inform you that he has been very much shocked to hear that his efforts to point a moral have been so thoroughly misunderstood. He desires me to assure you that though he makes very light of the supper with the Statue, he really considers it no joke; while as to his destination, *after* that meal, he really would be glad to hear what possible lower depth Mr. Boucicault can have hit upon! I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

LEPORELLO.

(4.)

DEAR SIR,—It is really very cruel to say that I teach people to be bad. Surely you must know what my folly and vanity cost me, even down to the bitter end! I could not do more than come to utter misery and ruin, and then fly from temptation and repent? Dear Sir, could I?

Yours, very sincerely,

MARGUERITE.

(5.)

Fancy bringing *my* name forward! I who never—oh fie, Mr. Boucicault!

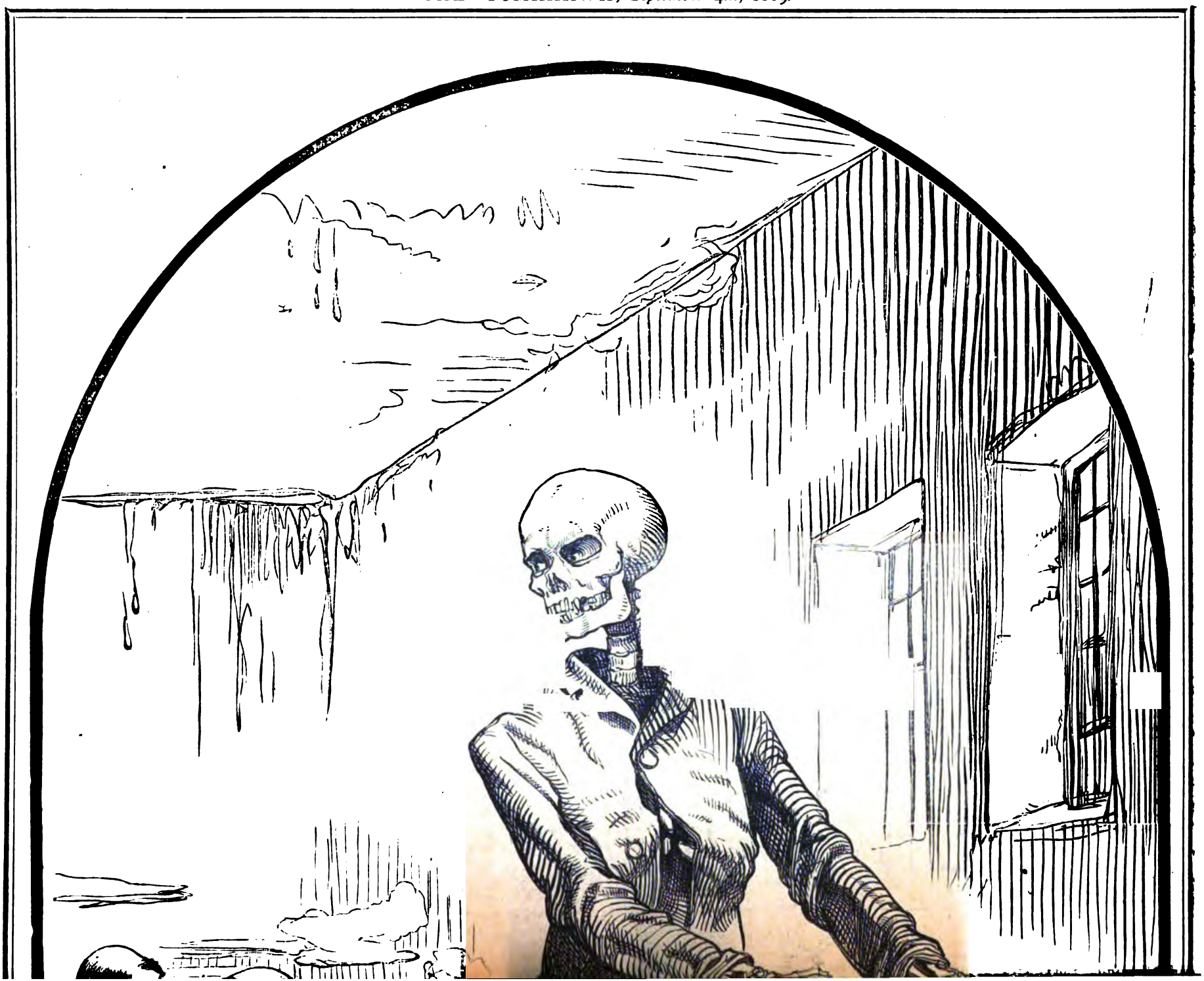
AMINA.

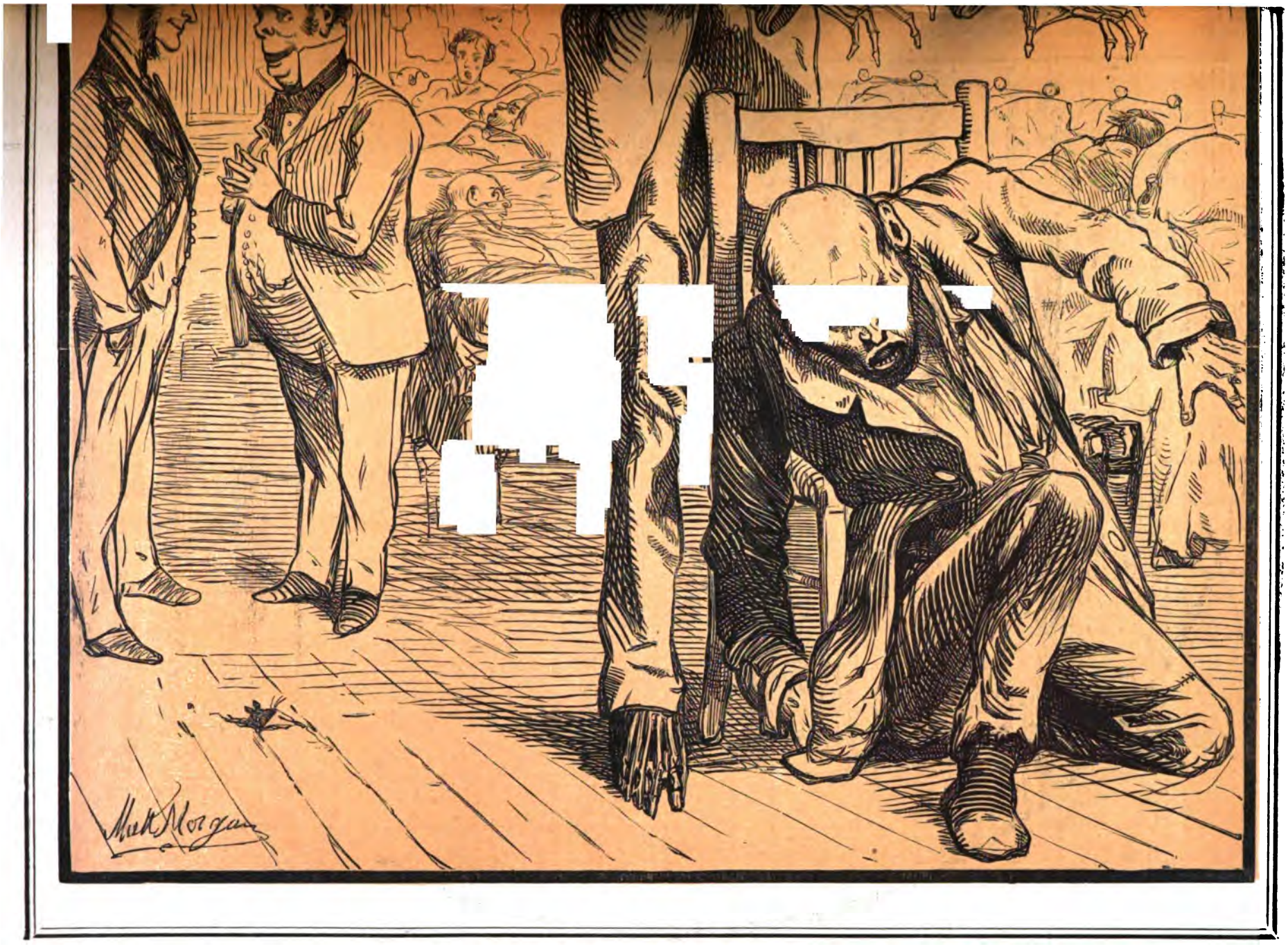
(6.)

SIR,—I have simply put the matter into the hands of my solicitors. Yours, indignantly,

THE COUNT.

And we might continue the list of letters, including one from *George Barnwell*, which is, however, totally unfit for publication. But to dismiss the subject. If Mr. Boucicault "means to keep open" this new thoroughfare, pleasant or unpleasant, as it may be, according to taste, let it at least lead to the reading of some sound moral lesson. This is where his first successful attempt to "break the barriers of prejudice" has failed.





THE REAL GUARDIAN OF THE POOR!

OR,

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

(DEDICATED TO THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS OF ST. PANCRAS.)

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 98.)

XXIV.

As Mr. Squigsby is driving along in his cab, we feel the opportunity has arrived to present him in person to our readers. We all know the popular idea of the Lawyer, more especially as represented by our novelists and dramatists. An old crabbed man, with a hard-lined, clean-shaven face, wearing old-fashioned clothes, and taking snuff, possessing an office which is ornamented with cobwebs and dust-begrimed boxes, the furniture of a broken-down character, and a general appearance of neglect and dirt covering everything—a man whose one idea is to accumulate money and to save it, harsh to the poor and servile to the rich, and maintaining a strict and hypocritical solemnity before the world to inspire confidence in his learning and his honesty. Mr. Squigsby was not a lawyer of this description: he was of the new school. We live too fast in these days to wait to be harsh, and cruel, and overreaching, and money-grubbing, and unprincipled until we are old men, as seems to have been the custom in older times. We exhibit all these attributes in our young men of the present day. In our Law Courts, upon our Exchanges, and in our Markets, it is our young men who drive the hardest bargains, who are harshest in enforcing them, who are shrewdest in their calculations, who have the fewest generous impulses where money-making is concerned, who make money quickest—it may be by the sacrifice of principle, but still who make money—who are worshippers of the golden calf in the sense that, so long as their devotion is successful, they can do no wrong. Mr. Squigsby, in himself, discarded all antiquated notions as regards lawyers in general. While maintaining the severity and cruelty of the harshest of the old school, he endeavoured to present himself as the most brilliant of the young school. He dressed in the height of fashion: his trousers were made in Vienna; his boots and waistcoats in Paris; his coats at Poole's; his hats at Melton's; and Wheeler took a pride in describing him as "one of the best-shirted and best-gloved men in London." He was shampooed by contract in Cornhill and Bond Street, and in each establishment there was one man retained who understood thoroughly, after careful and anxious study, the proper trimming to be applied to Mr. Squigsby's hair and beard, and the correct curl, done with heated tongs, to be given to Mr. Squigsby's moustache. The same in his habits. Did he care for the public prejudices as to what a lawyer or "a man of business" ought or ought not to do? Not he! He would smoke the finest havannah in the middle of the day, walking or riding down Regent street or Lombard street. When a good client, or, what was the same thing, a good defendant, such as a Duke or a Marquis he had got into his net, called upon him, he would bring out his cigars and his *Perrier Jouet* like a man, and the very last thing they would talk about would be business. It was all anecdote and "chaff." His offices were furnished in the grandest style. No cobwebs there: Turkey carpets, handsome tables and chairs, valuable cabinets, pictures on the walls, green and gold paper, elegant curtains. Papers on the desk, it is true; but papers with titled names upon them, that if the wandering eye of visitors fell upon them, it would be riveted with the idea of Mr. Squigsby's greatness and extensive business. Boxes round the room, it is true; but japanned boxes with golden names upon them of Mr. Squigsby's most distinguished clients. Personally, he was good-looking and happy-looking. He was not over intellectually well looking, and he was somewhat coarse; but what of that? He was young and wealthy. He was the architect of his own fortunes. "More credit to him for that," said everybody!

XXV.

The cab pulled up. It was 206 Clipstone street. Mr. Squigsby jumped out, paid the cabman, and knocked at the door. A middle-aged woman answered the summons.

"Does Mr. Branscombe live here?" inquired Mr. Squigsby.

"Yes, sir;" and without waiting for any further communication, she proceeded to the bottom of the stairs, and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Wanted, Mr. Branscombe!"

Mr. Squigsby waited several seconds. There was no answer to the summons—the woman, having discharged what she considered her duty under the circumstances, had retired. Mr. Squigsby stood upon the door-mat considering what he should do next. The seconds became minutes, and then, the street-door being still open, he knocked another double knock. The middle-aged woman immediately reappeared, and, without saying a word, once more proceeded to the bottom of the stairs and shouted, apparently louder than ever:

"Wanted, Mr. Branscombe!" and again immediately retired.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, after he had waited several minutes, "this is a curious system; I wonder whether anybody will ever come."

The observation had scarcely passed his lips, when a small voice was heard, saying from the turn of the staircase—

"Did you want Mr. Branscombe?"

Mr. Squigsby looked up and immediately perceived that two dark eyes in a very pale face were contemplating him in a timid manner from the turn in the stairs. Mr. Squigsby shut the street-door and went up the stairs confronting a young woman.

"I want," he said, "to see Mr. Branscombe."

"Father is not at home," said the young woman in the same timid half-frightened manner, and looking at Mr. Squigsby's unusual appearance with manifest suspicion and distrust. "He went out this morning early and he's not been home since."

"I wish to see him particularly," said Mr. Squigsby in his softest manner; "but if he is not at home perhaps you will allow me to leave a communication for him. The matter is of importance."

"Will you walk in, sir?" said the young woman becoming apparently still more frightened in manner.

Mr. Squigsby followed the young woman into the room. It was a modestly-furnished apartment on the second floor. In one corner an oboe hung upon a nail. Mr. Squigsby glanced round the room with an eagle's eye, as if mentally calculating the value of the furniture and accessories it contained. He then deliberately sat down, and with the same rapid eagle glance contemplated the daughter of old John Branscombe. She was a girl of about nineteen. Her face was pretty, though pinched and drawn with anxiety and suffering. Her figure was perfect, and her manner charming in its elegant simplicity.

"May I be permitted to ask," said Mr. Squigsby, still with an eagle's eye upon her, "whether I am speaking to Miss Maria Branscombe?"

"Yes, sir," she said with some surprise, "that is my name; but how do you know me? I have never seen you before. Oh tell me, what do you want to say to father?"

She said this in a trembling, nervous voice, as if she expected nothing but ill-tidings, and wished to hear the worst. She said it as though her life had been passed in this sort of anxious trouble—as though every moment of her existence had brought forth some new grief—as if every stranger she met were some enemy to her father—as if every interchange of words with any of her fellow-creatures would bring with it some communication of a fresh misery or a new sorrow.

"I hope I do not disturb you in any way," said Mr. Squigsby; "but my name is Squigsby——"

He had scarcely mentioned the name when she uttered, with a half-scream,—

"The lawyer!"

"I am a lawyer," said Mr. Squigsby. "Your father has some business with our office, and it is that which has brought me here; but do not be disturbed——"

"Disturbed!" interrupted the trembling girl. "It is your name that has been present to us night and day. It is as to what you would do and how you would act which has agonised us both since father could not pay. What have you come to do now? Do it at once. Do it. Seize—sell—do everything; at least you will rescue us from this miserable suspense—from these horrible phantoms of coming evil that will drive us mad."

"Where is your father?" said Mr. Squigsby quietly, and stroking his beard.

"I don't know," said the girl. "He went out this morning to see you—to appeal to your mercy to grant him a little time. Oh! how I prayed for his success. He promised to return immediately to bring me the news if he had succeeded. He has not returned. You are here instead. What is it you want?"

She drew herself up as she asked this question, and her

defiant attitude and flashing eyes made her look so handsome in Mr. Squigsby's eyes, that that immoveable gentleman, instead of feeling terrified, inwardly chuckled and congratulated himself upon the turn affairs were taking.

"I'll draw her out still more," thought Mr. Squigsby, with a silent laugh.

XXVI.

But at this period came a thundering single knock at the street door, and the next moment the shrill shriek of the landlady, shriller than ever, rose up the staircase of—

"Wanted, Mr. Branscombe!"

No one attempted to answer it. The new visitor did not, however, stop upon any question of formality, for a heavy step being heard upon the stairs and the door of the room being pushed violently open, a gentleman in a blue uniform and a helmet presented himself, and demanded, in a tone of authority,—

"Is this Mr. Branscombe's?"

It was a policeman who made the inquiry.

The girl flew to the man.

"Where is he? What has he done?"

"He is in Vine Street Police Station," said the policeman, without moving a muscle. "The charge is—attempted suicide by drowning."

The girl staggered forwards, then backwards, repulsed Mr. Squigsby, who made an attempt to assist her, uttered one scream, and fell senseless on the floor.

Mr. Squigsby took out his cigar case. He lighted a cigar. The policeman recognized him and touched his helmet.

"Who's the magistrate to-morrow?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"Mr. Knox," said the policeman.

"All right; you can go. I shall appear for the defendant."

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

IT should be scarcely necessary that we should, year after year, have to plead the cause of the school-children and their solitary summer treats. By the many letters to the newspapers, however, it appears that the good people who institute these "days in the fresh air" are very short of funds; indeed, in some districts where 300 children or more could be taken into the country for a healthy scamper in the fields for twenty pounds, the subscriptions of the neighbourhood in which the schools are situated have not reached one quarter of that amount. Perhaps just now when it is holiday time in London it will not do to expect those unfortunates who are left behind to cater for the enjoyment even of their parish charity children; but this is more the reason why those who are fortunate enough to be abroad or in the country should, on reading the appeals in the London papers, put their hands into their pockets, and transmit their mites to the various committees now employed in performing a kindly task. It is seldom that when Englishmen really entertain a question of this kind that they refuse assistance; and we, therefore, are glad to be able to put the claims of the poor children forward, in order that those people who are enjoying themselves away from dusty London may be reminded that even a single day's holiday is better than none at all; and that thousands upon thousands of their poorer neighbours are anxiously waiting for the response to the appeals made in their behalf.

AN ENTERTAINING POINT.

IT is announced that the visit of the Empress of the French to Constantinople will cost the Sublime Porte fifteen millions of francs. A bran new Palace is being built for Her Majesty's occupation, new streets are being formed, and a new neighbourhood has been established in the course of a few weeks. All is, of course, confusion and preparation at Constantinople, but everything is sure to be finished by the 20th instant, when the Empress will be due in the Bosphorus. We venture, however, to express a doubt whether these embellishments of Constantinople will be quite as soon paid for. "Payment on delivery" is by no means an admitted principle in Turkey. We suppose, however, that between this and Christmas another small batch of Turkish Five per Cents. will be thrown on the London and Paris markets in consequence of this extraordinary call on the Turkish Treasury. We wonder if we Western nations will ultimately have to pay for the Eastern hospitality accorded to our Princes. We certainly find the money, and the chances of our getting repaid in any reasonable time are points of simple conjecture. However, in the meantime, we trust that the Empress will pass a pleasant week at Constantinople.

THE PARROT PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. I.

THE PARROT APOLOGISES FOR HIS LONG SILENCE.—HE TOUCHES ON HIS SUFFERINGS.—HE DISCOURSES ON PACKING.—THE HORRORS OF MOVING.—THE USE OF SCREAMS.—THE SICK CHILD'S PRESENT.—AT THE RAILWAY STATION.—A WORD ABOUT TUNNELS.—HOW TO MAKE STEAMBOATS THAT WILL NOT ROLL.—CONSOLATION IN SICKNESS.—HORRIBLE APPREHENSIONS OF THE PARROT.—HE LANDS AT DIEPPE.—"SUR LE PLAGE."—FIRST OBSERVATIONS ON FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.—A NATION OF BUTCHERS.—THE PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.—THE POVERTY OF FRANCE: SHOWN, FIRST IN THE DEARTH OF DRUNKARDS, NEXT IN THE DEARTH OF BONNETS.—THE INDISTINCTNESS OF THE FRENCH.—THE NECESSITY OF AN UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—HINTS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE SAME.—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

I SUPPOSE the world thought it never was going to hear from me again, and that I had laid down my pen of instruction for ever. I really must say, that having once begun to enlighten mankind, I owe them some apology for having so abruptly desisted from my charitable task—and, I beg herewith to express my sincere regret for all the dreadful calamities that have resulted from my long silence. It will reawaken hope in many a despairing breast when they receive the reassuring tidings that, having once embarked on the labour of reforming the world and regenerating mankind, I do not intend to give up until my efforts are crowned with that complete success which they cannot fail to attain.

It appears that a solemn consultation having been held by the chief members of the family which resides with me, it was determined to remove me to a more bracing atmosphere than London. Without needlessly alarming my anxiety on my own behalf, they fixed on Dieppe, as the place to be honoured by our immigration. I was too prostrated with repeated attacks of bronchitis, brought on by the east wind, to care about having a voice in the matter. So I made no remonstrance when I perceived the inevitable signs which precede "a move." I must say that if there is a thing I do detest it is the worry of packing. Not that, personally, I have anything to do with it. Another sign of the superiority of Parrots over men is that when they travel they require no luggage. Their palace is portable, a little food for the journey is all they require. While to see men and women preparing for a journey, one would think that they were removing the whole population of their native town piecemeal in trunks and portmanteaus. What loathsome hideous things you human creatures must be, when you are obliged to travel about with so many disguises for your misshapen bodies! Not that I should care the least, if you could only contrive to pack up, as you call it, without making everybody around you miserable. The fearful noise of bumping boxes and opening and shutting drawers gave me a dreadful headache. Then, for the last two days nothing could be found. Everything was put away. Since my illness I have been recommended barley-sugar. On the day before our departure no barley-sugar could be found. They wanted me to go without. But I was not quite such a fool. *I shrieked till I got it.* I generally find that plan successful. You can't muzzle a Parrot like you can a dog. The youngest child, Bobby (whom I hate), has the impudence to imitate my tactics. When he wants anything he shrieks, and that fool of a mother of his absolutely gives it him, just as if he was a Parrot. It is some satisfaction to me to reflect that that child has every day been getting paler and thinner, and the other day he absolutely gave me his sugar. He must be bad. I was not to be cajoled by such valueless gifts. I took the sugar, but I left my mark on his flabby hand, and I can see he has got a piece of sticking plaister on it still.

At last we got off. I went in a carriage, of course. The children went in the cab with the servants. When we got to the railway station I looked about me. I was much struck by the animal that dragged us along. It was like a clumsy Macaw, with smoke coming out of its crest. It shrieked horribly,—a most discordant shriek, not the least like my beautiful screams. However, I made a mental note of the shriek, in order to imitate it in the dead of night,—it may frighten the children.

At last we got to what I hoped was the end of the journey. We had gone through a number of dark holes, called tunnels. They were made by men, of course, or else they would not have been dark. If Parrots had made them they would have taken the roof off and put in glass, then they would not have been dark. But men never can think of anything—not even such a simple precaution as that.

My hopes were disappointed. We had not got half through our journey. We had to go by a horrible steamboat for six hours. Such a *beastly* place I never was in. It smelt like the footman's pantry when he's cleaning the lamps. I know the smell; it's horrible. Then the smoke and the rolling of the beast of a boat. There's another instance of the stupidity of men. Why don't they build boats which can't roll? You don't see swans roll about when they go through the water. No, they are much too sensible animals. England is an island, an island is on the water, but England does not roll about. Why not? Because it is too heavy. Then make steamboats so heavy that they can't roll. Nothing can be simpler than that.

I must confess that I was not comfortable. It was, as I have said, a horridly uncomfortable boat. There was no private cabin; and we had to go amongst a whole crowd of women, who were all sick. It was a filthy sight. Of course I was not sick, but I suffered horribly. It was some consolation, however, to see the wretched creatures in their agony. Bobby was very bad. He had brought a cake with him, intending to stuff it; but I got that cake. I screamed for it; and in a cabin full of sick people a little screaming goes a long way. What *did* give me a turn was to see the people getting green; for I thought, good heavens! "if I turn green, I may be taken for a parroquet." I was miserable till I looked in a glass and saw that I was as beautiful as ever, with the exception of a slight disarrangement of my feathers. Three of the women looked so yellow and white that I really expected they were going to turn into cockatoos before their time.

At last we got safe on shore, and I found myself in France. Some inquisitive men (called "Buccaneers," as far as I could make out) wanted to look at my palace to see if there were any cigars or spirits inside it. As if a Parrot could be guilty of such filthy habits as smoking and drinking spirits! They must be an ignorant people here. I believe it is one of the customs of France to search your luggage and clothes for cigars. It is a very rude custom, I think.

We have got settled now, thank heavens! and I have got my room with cheerful windows looking out on the sea and what they call the Plague, I suppose because so many men and women walk up and down there. I have been here three days, and I am happy to say I know all about France and the French nation. It does not take a Parrot long to understand such people.

The first thing that struck me about the French was that quite two-thirds of the men are butchers. This must be very annoying to cows, and calves, and sheep, and pigs, and creatures of that sort. It must make their lives a burden to them to see such a number of their executioners always about. I always heard France was a great military nation; and everybody knows soldiers are butchers, and here I suppose butchers are soldiers. They can't be all wanted to kill beef and mutton, because the French eat nothing but frogs and chickens. But I have come to the conclusion that as they are a very feeble race, it takes five or six of them to kill an ox, three or four to kill a sheep, two or three to kill a chicken, and one or two to kill a frog; so that, in this way the number of butchers is quite satisfactorily accounted for. At this rate it would take about nine or ten of them to kill a man, so that they want a larger army than any other nation, and they are quite right to have it.

I could see at a glance that France is a very inferior country to England. In the first place, there is not half so much rain here; and I am certain it is a very poor country, for I have not seen a single drunken man since I have been here, and it is nonsense to tell me that men would not get drunk if they had money. I wonder some of the butchers don't turn bonnet-makers, for it is perfectly disgraceful to see the women going about without any bonnets on their heads. But I knew the French were a very indecent people. Parrots might just as well go about without any feathers on their head. It's no use talking to me about their clean white caps. A pretty thing, indeed! You don't see women in England walk about all day in their nightcaps because they can't afford to buy bonnets. No, they had rather lie in bed all day first.

I have had occasion to remark in one of my former papers on the strange indistinctness with which the men and women speak; but on this point the French are really unbearable. Then they rattle on at such a pace that, even if they could talk a decent language, you would never be able to hear them. A crowd of starlings is nothing to them. I never heard of such impertinence myself as these people presuming to talk a different language from English. I know no Parrot would stand it. If the general of the English Army had got any courage, he would just walk his men over to this country and make them speak English, or put them down as inarticulate vermin. That is the way we used to manage in Parrotland. There, any tribe of Parrots, Cockatoos, or Parroquets, that dared to talk any peculiar language of their own, we told them to learn ours, and if they did not we killed them. This saved us and them a great deal of trouble.

I must end this paper now, for I am tired. I shall have some more to say about the French next week; not that they are worth all the trouble, for I am *quite convinced* that a more frivolous, immoral, dirty nation does not exist. I don't understand a word of their language, and this is the first time I ever saw France, so nobody can say that I am prejudiced. Thank heaven! That's the last charge that ever can be brought against me.

"TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

No. II.—Ramsgate.

I AM a simple child of nature, in spite of my naturalisation in England. For instance, when I am wronged or insulted, instead of going to my lawyer and commencing an action for libel, as civilisation prompts me to do, I would far sooner fly at my opponent's throat and have at his life blood—a far more merciful revenge. Instead of asking my enemy to dinner at my Club and plying him with some "peculiar" champagne of a cheap and poisonous vintage to the danger of his life, I would far sooner meet him hand to hand and knife to knife on the yellow grass of the lonely prairie, as becomes a brave and a warrior. This last idea strikes me so forcibly, that for the benefit of the world I present it in a dramatic form. It's not about Ramsgate in the least; but I am out of town, by the "sad sea waves," and shall write what I like—and I like to write this.

SCENE.—*The morning room of the Pantheon Club.* BUSBY *discovered waiting patiently for the* CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE. *He reads the August number of* "BRITANNIA MAGAZINE," *and is much delighted thereat. Still he eyes the clock hurriedly from time to time, and in pantomime expresses that he hungers for food. Members (reading newspapers) eye him with sympathising glances. Enter abruptly the* CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—My dear Busby, I *do* hope I've not kept you waiting.

BUSBY.—Oh dear no—I'd only *just* come.

Enter a SMALL BOY *in a livery tail-coat and a very stiff white choker.*

SMALL BOY (*savagely to the* CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE).—Your dinner's h'up, Sir.

Exit SMALL BOY, *banging the swing doors after him.*

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*heartily*).—Come, my dear fellow, the banquet awaits us. (*Aside*) He goes to his doom! (*Exeunt.*)

The scene changes to the Coffee-room of the Pantheon Club. Slow music of knives and forks heard as the CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE *and his* GUEST *enter. The* WAITERS *shudder and murmur to one another as the* CHILD *passes them.*

FIRST WAITER (*cutting up a joint*).—'E's at it again! It shouldn't oughter to be allowed.

SECOND WAITER (*carrying pan of vegetables*).—The committee ought to h'interfere! Yes, Sir! (*He hurries away on a mission of mercy—to feed the hungry.*)

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—Sit there, my dear fellow. Send the Butler to me (*a* WAITER, *trembling, obeys him*). You drink champagne? (BUSBY *nods and the* WAITERS *shudder and turn pale.*) Ah, here's McFarlane, our Butler. McFarlane, please bring me the wine list.

BUTLER (*almost fainting from emotion*).—Yes, Sir.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*looking over the wine list*).—Get me a bottle of THAT!

BUTLER (*aside to* CHILD).—For Heaven's sake, Sir, forbear! (*the* CHILD *regards him sternly*). I obey! (*rushes to the cellar in an agony of tears*).

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—The soup was cold, I'm afraid. My fault. Will you take any more fish?

BUSBY.—No, thanks. (*To* WAITER *bearing first entrée*) thanks.

WAITER (*in a low tone to* BUSBY).—Beware!

Re-enter the BUTLER (*with red eyes and tear-stained cheeks*), *bearing a bottle of champagne. He entreats the* CHILD (*in pantomime*) *to have mercy. The* CHILD *points sternly to* BUSBY'S *glass. The* WAITERS *grow paler and murmur more loudly.*

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*to* BUTLER).—Fill Mr. Busby's glass. (*His order is obeyed.*)

SECOND WAITER (*bearing second entrée to* BUSBY, *in a low tone*).—Beware!

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*heartily*).—Now, Busby, drink that, and tell me what you think of it.

BUSBY *raises the glass and puts it to his mouth. Groans from surrounding* WAITERS.

BUSBY.—Here's to you, old boy! (*Drinks.*)

The WAITERS *turn away their heads and weep bitterly.*

CHORUS OF IMPATIENT DINERS.—Here, waiter! waiter!! waiter!!!

(*The* WAITERS *smother their emotion and hurry off.*)

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—I triumph!

* * * * * * * *

Extract from the "Times" of the next day but one.

DEATHS.

On the — July, at his residence, 1869 Wimpole street, John Charles Busby, Esq., barrister-at-law, of cholera, aged 33.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*reading the above*).—Ha, ha! He said I had a bad complexion! Thus perish all my enemies!

* * * * * *

Now, I may be asked what has the above to do with Ramsgate? I love frankness, so I answer without hesitation—Nothing whatever. So much for a preface.

Ramsgate is a very nice place for listening to music. By the latest statistics we learn that there are

27	brass bands, yielding a total of	5	tunes.
10	string „ „ „	7	„
349	barrel organs „ „	24	„
18	nigger troupes „ „	4	„
5	"comic" singers (inclusive of religious hymners) „	8	„
409		48	

From the above it will be seen that there are more than 409 bands of musicians in Ramsgate, yielding daily (between them) no less than 48 tunes, or attempts at tunes—a very fair average. This does not include numberless fish criers, sweeps, &c., who are quite as musical as their more pretentious brethren of the cornet, flute, and violin. Quite as musical! On my word, *more* musical! I may here give a sketch of one of these bands, written some years ago, but which still affords an excellent portrait of the performers. *Semper eadem* should be the motto of the Ramsgate bands. I wrote three years ago of my pet orchestra—

It numbers six musicians, divided into three divisions. The first division consists of one musician—a clarionet with seven notes; the second of three musicians—two cornets and a trombone, with a couple of notes a-piece; and the third of two musicians—a drum and a bassoon with one note a-piece: giving a grand total of six instruments and fifteen notes—not so bad for a watering-place band when it confines itself to dance-music, and does *not* attempt Meyerbeer, Rossini, or Verdi. Unluckily, the Ramsgate orchestra is very ambitious, and quite turns up its nose at anything less classical than the "Miserere" out of the *Trovatore*. As I stand listening to them this morning, I find them engaged in an extremely gallant attack upon the Overture to *Zampa*, which promises (if conducted with vigour and skill) to end in a partial success. The opening movement (dŭm-dĭ-dŭm; dŭm, dŭddĕr dŭm, &c.) is performed with great spirit, the clarionet leading the musical forlorn hope with the most reckless bravery; while the bassoon, flanked by the cornets (in skirmishing order), keeps up a well-sustained fire of "boom, boom!" The drum and the trombone are engaged in foraging among the audience—for pence. At this point of the engagement the band looks quite like winning. Alas! that the battle should be lost by the thoughtless greediness of the clarionet. At the moment when the bassoon is doing wonders in battering down the bass bars defending the "Prayer," the clarionet cowardly deserts, to join the foraging party. The result of this unkindly manœuvre may be easily imagined. After a noble and excited attempt on the part of the first cornet to convert its two notes into five (which, although it ends in dismal failure, is thoroughly deserving of a musical Victoria Cross), the attacking party is obliged to raise the siege, and the Overture to *Zampa* remains untaken. The band, it is true, is repulsed, but not routed; it quickly rallies, forms into line, and makes a "demonstration" in the shape of an extempore polka-mazurka of the bassoon's composition, which causes the audience (hotly pursued by the foraging party) to beat a very undignified and extremely hasty retreat.

Thus wrote I three years ago, and I do not recall a word. But, stop! the printer warns me that I have exceeded my allotted space. More, much more about Ramsgate next week.

LAW AND EQUITY.

IF the metropolitan police magistrates are not competent to pass an opinion on our criminal code who should be? Yet, one day last week, in two different courts, two different magistrates abused the laws which only enabled them to administer comparatively light punishments for heinous offences. In the first case, a shoemaker was charged with a brutal assault upon a young woman. It appeared from the evidence that the unfortunate prosecutrix was forced to support the prisoner by living in an immoral manner, and he beat her when she plied her trade unremuneratively. Mr. D'Eyncourt, in sentencing the man to two months' hard labour, expressed his regret that he could not give him more, adding, at the same time, that the prisoner deserved to be dragged through a horse-pond, and afterwards hanged. The second case was that of one William Henry Hall, who was brought up on remand, charged with having, according to his own confession, committed the Cannon Street murder. The police had made inquiries and found there was no truth in the man's story, but it appeared that he had more than once been imprisoned for assault and attempting to commit suicide. The magistrate had to set him at liberty, but he expressed a strong regret that he had not the power to commit him to the House of Correction as a rogue and vagabond, and order him a good flogging. We are not prepared to agree or disagree with the opinions expressed by their respective Worships; but we must admit that, at first sight, there appears, at least, a basis of reason for their strictures on the shortcomings of the law.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

B	ric Bra	C
R	as	H
I	chthyopophag	I
G	ul	L
H	usban	D
T	a	R
O	gr	E
N	aoma	N

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost and Slodger and Tiney, and Two hundred and four incorrect.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 123.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER* 11, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

"LET THE DEAD REST."

IT may be doubted whether the whole annals of literature contain anything at once so cruel and so painful as Mrs. Stowe's *Revelations of Lady Byron's Confidence to Her.* Whether this fearful story of secret crime be true or not, whether it be exaggerated or not, whether it is the produce of a nature distorted by jealousy and debased by ill-treatment, nobody will envy the feelings of the person who has told it. For, however true it be, the guilty creatures who lived this life of infamy, and the innocent person who was their victim, are all alike dead. To tell this secret, and to tell it in such a way, can have no effect but to shock the living, to awaken feelings of bitterness, to let loose torrents of abuse and virtuous wrath, perhaps undeserved, and, above all, to wring with agony, if spirits can feel agony, the spirit of her in whose behalf this hideous profanation of the tomb is professedly committed. We cannot see ourselves the faintest justification of Mrs. Stowe's repulsive eagerness on Lady Byron's behalf. The worst ever said against her was that she was cold, austere, and wanting in the gentle patience which the wife of a man of such genius, but of such violent ill-regulated passions as Byron, would have been fortunate in possessing. That Byron was not at least to blame in a great measure, none but her enemies, and not his friends, could ever wholly maintain. Those who knew Byron and who loved him,—for that he was capable of inspiring love, is, alas! for human frailty, too true,—were pardonably exasperated by the ceaseless stream of abuse and calumny which was poured upon him by the professed friends of virtue and Lady Byron. Strange as it may appear to such paragons of purity as the *Times* critic, Byron was accused falsely of many horrid crimes in his lifetime. This his friends knew; and, in the bitterness of their soul, seeing as they did, to quote Lady Byron's own words, "how much of the angel there was in him," they uncharitably blamed his wife for the wreck of his happiness and of his fame. There must have been something not quite bestial in the nature of that man who never sat down without his child's portrait, all that he was allowed to see of her, before his yearning eyes.

Byron was one of our grandest poets; every line he has written has added a stone to the temple of Britannia's fame. He is one of our Dead, and his Memory is as sacred to us as his very dust. Cruel is the hand who casts dirt upon his coffin —base is the pen that "writes down" his honour. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" It is a hacknied line, but the words breathe of the noble spirit which marks the "gentleman." Mrs. Beecher Stowe has not added a whit to her "friend," Lady Byron's, fair fame, and has pelted with pitiless mud the escutcheon of one of England's Greatest Men.

We do not envy her her handiwork.

PIPES AND PRINCIPLES.

SOME enemy of the Temperance enthusiasts has complained that on the occasion of their great *fête* at the Crystal Palace the other day, though there was no drinking there was a terrible amount of smoking. It appears "that pale youths of fourteen could be seen lounging about with cigars in their mouths." This is very suggestive, as well as awful. Unhappily for the total abstainers, their movement in this country seems always destined to be under a *cloud!* To supply this from tobacco-smoke is certainly to make the best of it.

MONEY AND MONEY'S WORTH!

MR. BARCLAY, whoever he may be, has made a very vigorous attempt to introduce an entirely new system of musical criticism. In the *Times'* report of the Norwich Festival on Thursday last, the following editorial note was appended to the article:—

"Mr. Barclay, who gives no address except London, and who has insulted our musical reporter at Norwich by writing him a letter enclosing £20 in notes in order to influence his criticism on some of the performances at the Festival, is desired to call at our office for those notes, which will be delivered to him after he has described them, and given their numbers and his address."

Although we have sometimes expressed our dissatisfaction with the manner in which some musical critics of the period have performed the tasks assigned to them, we were not prepared to suggest the comprehensive method of teaching them their craft which Mr. Barclay's note and enclosure would inaugurate. Although the extreme vagueness of the name, "Mr. Barclay, London," may not lead to the identification of this worthy person, two facts are worth noting:—Firstly, that the singers or musicians, to abuse whom the bribe was offered to the critic, will certainly rather gain than suffer by Mr. Barclay's recommendation concerning them; and, secondly, that the chances are that Mr. Barclay will not have the courage to put in an appearance at the *Times* office to get his money back. If, however, he does make an attempt to repossess himself of his bank notes, let us hope that the musical critic to whom he addressed himself may chance to be on the premises at the time; for, although he and his brethren may not always understand the subject they have to write upon, we may safely say they one and all know how to handle a horsewhip, and the use to make of it when they are grossly insulted.

In conclusion, let Mr. Barclay try us with £20 (or even £40 if he likes), and then let him see what we will do!

A PSALM OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life Assurance is a dream,
And that while the public slumbers,
Figures are not what they seem!

Really, I am quite in earnest!
So would you be. Here's a goal!
Come let's have enquiry sternest.
It's too bad, upon my soul.

Here a set of fellows borrow
Money that they can't repay,
Then buy up, till each to-morrow
Finds them deeper than to-day.

Thus my claim they'll fail in meeting,
Though they've taken all I gave!
They, not muffled drums, want beating
Soundly till they look quite grave.

Talk of board rooms' tittle tattle!
Stuff! I have insured my life.
I'm not dumb, like driven cattle!
And I'll make a precious strife!

Trust the Future? Come, that's pleasant!
Wait until I'm buried—dead?
No, I'll make a row at present.
On official toes I'll tread!

And directors think to blind us!
Humbug us just for a time.
Till we go, to leave behind us
Nothing? Why, the thing's sublime!

Nothing! Do they think another
Will insure, like me, in vain!
No! the outcry they'll not smother,
Nor catch shipwrecked dupes again!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Never mind what be our fate,
Each director still pursuing,
Shouting out, "Investigate!"

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

FASHIONS are said to repeat themselves as time goes on, and, true to this theory, Fancy Bazaars are once again coming into vogue. We are glad to observe, however, that their promoters now appear to be a little less exacting on their friends, as a few years ago it was their wont to be. At one time, watches, clocks, baby linen, or, at least, magnificent home-made table cloths and sofa cushions, were regarded as very ordinary contributions towards a stall; but now this is all altered, and Fancy Bazaar promoters have learned to be contented with offerings of somewhat less intrinsic value. Of course, it does not follow that because articles are not so costly as heretofore, they should fail to serve the charitable purposes for which they are intended; and we are glad to observe that this point was 'most unequivocally proved only the other day at a Fancy Fair held under the patronage of the Queen, at Portsmouth, for the fund for the redecoration of the Garrison Chapel at that station. The articles for sale on the stalls, the report stated, were very numerous, but the object which attracted the greatest amount of attention, and commanded the highest price, was a bird's nest taken from a branch of a tree near Lord Raglan's quarters in the Crimea.

As probably our readers are aware, we are ever ready to lend a willing pen in the furtherance of a good cause; but if such articles as those recently offered for sale at Portsmouth are of any real use to charitable committees, we can do even more than this. With a view, then, to rendering practical assistance towards chapel restoring generally, we append a list of articles suitable for fancy sales, any of which may be obtained at our office, 199 Strand, on the application of any well-disposed person, who can satisfy our publisher that the institution in which he interests himself is deserving of our sympathy and support:—

1. A piece of a paving-stone over which the funeral car of the late Duke of Wellington passed on its progress past the site of our office in 1852.
2. A playbill of the last Drury Lane pantomime.
3. A copy of an evening newspaper with an account of the Oxford and Harvard boat race.
4. Two thousand incorrect answers to double acrostics.
5. A halfpenny piece (damaged), picked up in Pall Mall, not far from Marlborough House, the residence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
6. The current number of the TOMAHAWK (on the receipt of the merely nominal fee of 2d.).

We may as well add that our stock of many of the above articles (especially No. 6) is unlimited, and that they may be obtained in any quantities on the conditions named.

OUR COLUMN
FOR LITERARY GHOULS.

THE real reason of Bolingbroke's retirement into the country during his early youth has been discovered at last. In a private letter which has recently come to light, one Dennis Broke says that he heard from one Margaret Eburn, who heard it from some one else, that he wished to find a spot to bury the limbs of a servant-girl, whom he had seduced when a child and then murdered.

POPE'S deformity was caused by a fall he had when he was a child. He tried one day to strangle his mother, and in the struggle he was thrown down and hurt his spine.

ADDISON'S relations with Steele are well known, but not the intrigue which he had with Lady Steele. This is proved by the correspondence of a housemaid in the service of Lady Steele, who makes frequent mention of this scandalous connection.

THE secret history of Prior's wife will shortly be published. It will prove very sensational reading. She was, as is well known, a woman of very low character.

SWIFT confessed on his death-bed that he had tried to poison Stella some fifty times, but unsuccessfully. He was a horrid monster. His secret memoirs will be ready soon.

GOLDSMITH'S chequered career has often furnished food for the moralist; but we may expect shortly some revelations as to his nightly debauches, which will astonish the admirers of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

THE real reason of Churchill's quarrel with Garrick was that on several occasions the poet forged the actor's name.

"LITTLE'S Poems" will be shortly published, with copious notes, and a key to all the allusions both to persons and places. This will throw much light on the character of the author of the "Irish Melodies."

WE are sorry that we can promise the admirers of "Revelations of the Lives of Celebrated Men" no more for the present; but they will allow that the above promise well. Magazines had better apply at our office (under cover to Mrs. Pry) as soon as possible.

BROAD CHURCH.—"The numerous clergymen" stated, on the authority of Messrs. Boucicault and Chatterton, to be nightly assisting at the performances of *Formosa*.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

AN AFTER DINNER DUOLOGUE.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (*with ideas of the Period*).
COUNTRY COUSIN (*with ideas behind his Time*).

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Seen the new Play?
COUNTRY COUSIN.— Not I. You know I hate
This modern craving for th' indelicate.
(*Decisively.*) I read the Papers.
MAN ABOUT TOWN.— Yes—and, on their word,
Condemn our favoured Dramatist *unheard?*
COUNTRY COUSIN.—I read the Papers, I repeat.
(*More decisively.*)
MAN ABOUT TOWN.— Your views
No doubt are largely borrowed from the news.
You join the blatant chorus, when the Press
Abuses, till abuse ensures success;
With sympathetic indignation bristle,
And, at its bidding, tune your penny whistle.
Judge for yourself. I argue that the Play
Pictures the manners of the present day—
No more, no less.
COUNTRY COUSIN (*indignantly*).—The heroine, a jade!
A—why not let me call a spade a spade?
MAN ABOUT TOWN.—The evil *is*,—then where the wrong to show it?
COUNTRY COUSIN.—None,—if you drew it so that all might know it.
MAN ABOUT TOWN.—We show it *as it is*, are we to blame?
COUNTRY COUSIN.—Make it attract,—call *that* your moral aim,—
For Sin in cotton, dreary, vulgar vice,
Can point no moral when it can't entice!
Urged by propriety your tastes require
That tigress' claws be hid in silk attire;
The scene must be all glitter—but you scout
The thought how soon the gas must be turned out,
The paint be dimmed by premature decay,
The dust and broken spangles swept away!
There's a *true* picture! *You* prefer the task
To preach the genius of GRANT and GASK,—
You, who from life-long study of the nude,
Give startled Innocence the name of Prude;
The "tawny Siren's" inner life unfold;
Make guilt a legal tender for pure gold;
And, *coram populo*, have dared proclaim
The splendid home of marketable shame!
Is this your sermon? Preach on, unperplexed,
And trust the Devil to supply your text!
MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Bucolic virtue! would you then deny
The evil rampant in our midst?
COUNTRY COUSIN.— Not I!
When girls (who should know better) strive to win
Our admiration in the garb of sin.
I know it all. I see the self-same paint
Bedaub the Siren, and conceal the Saint;
And even country cousins in their dress
Assume a lack of virtue they possess.
MAN ABOUT TOWN.—You wander from the subject. Let me bring
You back. This Drama is indeed "the thing."
Let's go. I promise you the treat in store
Shall leave you starched in morals as before.
(COUNTRY COUSIN *shows signs of indecision.*)
COUNTRY COUSIN.—Hem! ha!—*Formosa?*—Fulham?—yes—'tis true
No harm can come from seeing something new—
'Tis well to live and learn, to see new life—
Not that I'm curious—I may take my wife—
But first, in my respect for Mary Jane,
I'll see myself—(*with great decision*)
Hi! Hansom! DRURY LANE!!
[*Exit, in a burst of curiosity*—MAN ABOUT TOWN *follows triumphant.*

A HACKNIED SAYING.—Hi! cab!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

The Seven Curses of London. By JAMES GREENWOOD, "The Amateur Casual." London: Stanley, Rivers & Co. 1869.

RATHER a disappointing work. When we opened the book we expected to find any number of exposures and suggested reformations. Alas! hope told a flattering tale. Mr. Greenwood has certainly produced an amusing collection of essays, but we question very much whether the world will be any the better for their publication. Emphatically, the author is impracticable. We have stories of wickedness and wrong-doing, but for real names and true addresses we have stars and blanks by the score and the hundred. This is a great mistake. The "Amateur Casual" should have attacked the evils of which he complains with greater freedom and spirit. He gives us what we *don't* want, and keeps from us what we do. We *don't* want sensational accounts of wretchedness and spasmodic word pictures of gaudy wickedness;—those kinds of things we can get at any time in the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Morning Star;* but we *do* want to have facts put before us that will assist us in crushing out from our social system the many parasites that live upon us and destroy us. The "Seven Curses of London" (according to Mr. Greenwood) are "neglected children," "professional thieves," "professional beggars," "fallen women," "the curse of drunkenness," "betting gamblers," and the "waste of charity." We think our author might have added another curse to his list—the "quacks." In conclusion, we may cordially agree with his strictures upon certain "bookmakers"—nay, we can go further than our author; *he* only abuses the "bookmakers" of the Turf, while *we* consider the "bookmakers" of the Press quite as objectionable. Perhaps Mr. Greenwood will understand our allusion, and be warned for the future.

THE BACCHANTE AND THE INK-BOTTLE.

NOBODY has yet discovered who threw the bottle of ink at *M. Carpeaux's* group *la Danse* that adorns the exterior of the new *Grand Opera.* The *Figaro* says that there is a certain sort of moral protest in the atrocious act of vandalism, inasmuch as *M. Carpeaux's Bacchante* is *very* French. "Still," it further remarks, "it is at best retaliating on an infamous act by a brutal one." The *can-can* in marble is, in fact, too strong even for Parisian tastes. But what is the use of ink, printing otherwise? How many gallons, we wonder, have been hurled this side of the water at *ballet* indecency without any result? The Paris *morum censor* was not only an enthusiast, but a fool. Ink, in these days, spite the nonsense we put into newspapers, does very little. It protests,—*mais voilà tout.*

WHO IS TO BLAME?

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports of the brilliant reception accorded to Prince Arthur in America, an ill-feeling has already arisen against us on the part of our American cousins, in consequence of its having been decided that his Royal Highness is not to visit the United States. It is reasonably enough suggested that the hearty welcome accorded to the Prince of Wales a few years back is a sufficient guarantee that Prince Arthur would be well received, and that the great respect that all American citizens bear towards the Queen is alone a sufficient passport for her son. That the Americans should make a grievance out of the matter we are not surprised, but it is quite a mistake for them to suppose that the English nation or the English Government has anything to do with it. Prince Arthur is possessed of a free will, which, report states, he is wont to exercise, and it is not likely that he would alter his plans and put himself to inconvenience simply to be polite to a foreign nation. If there is one gift that our modern Princes have learnt to appreciate more than another, it is the value of independence, and we must not expect Prince Arthur to admit any one's right to dictate to him even what would be wise and creditable.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—"Professor" Risley in the Dock.

No. IX., Price 1*s.*,

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,

NOW READY.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has arrived at the Sandwich Islands. We hope that he will not try and do a stroke of business there by selling the natives cold beef and pickles cheap, else the nation may have to pay for his extravagant generosity.

AGAIN this gallant age is down upon the weaker sex. A correspondence is at this moment raging on the subject of the "Waist of the Period!" *Cui bono?* Surely every day proves that the real *waste* of the period, as far as woman is concerned, is—words!

THE papers that delight in personalities are full of General Prim's French journey. They insist that he has gone to Paris to see his mother-in-law, and to Vichy for the hot water. Taking into consideration the condition of Spain, the General's excursion must be strongly suggestive of home.

IN the evidence given by the sister of the poor little girl who was shot at Wormwood Scrubs through the most culpable carelessness on the part of some Volunteers, she deposed most clearly and decidedly that on telling one of the Volunteers who was at the Range that they had shot her little sister, the brute answered, "Serve her right." As the girl says she should know the monster again—and it is not likely she could forget such a choice specimen of ruffianism—it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in discovering the name of the brute, and in expelling him with every ignominy from the corps which he disgraces. The Volunteers owe it to themselves to show by every means their horror and disgust at this piece of brutality on the part of one of their number. It would be well if he could be literally kicked out of his corps. Should his name transpire before we go to press, we shall have great pleasure in holding him up to the execration of mankind.

WE cannot sufficiently admire the courage and almost Roman devotion to duty shown by the Empress of the French. It must have involved no slight struggle for one of so sensitive a nature to leave her husband when he was so unwell. But duty and the interests of France demanded that she should go, and she went. Here was no selfishness of sorrow. The Emperor could bear his illness alone; if the Empress had deferred her visit to the South, not only would the anxiety on account of her husband's health have been much greater, but the disappointment of many loyal persons would have been inevitable. A woman who can thus free herself from the sentiment of sorrow so as to be capable of action is very rare indeed. It can have been no pleasure-trip to the Empress; the world is too slow to appreciate such real unselfishness and heroism, and to attribute to heartless indifference what really is the result of painful repression of feeling and magnanimous self-control.

WE are glad to see that one Englishman, at least, has been found who is not afraid to row against the American champion on the Thames, and that it is finally settled that Sadler is to represent this country against Browne. It appears that Renforth, though Browne had had the pluck to come from New York for the purpose, declines to race him over the Putney and Mortlake course. The matter is scarcely one for public comment, except that it serves to illustrate the fact we have so repeatedly pointed out—namely, that the clap-trap talk about English generosity is sheer nonsense. Here is a man who has come all the way across the Atlantic, thwarted in his object simply because his English rival will not travel three hundred miles to his three thousand. Not being a sporting print, we know nothing of the ins and outs of the question, but, looking on as mere spectators, we can only say it does not do much credit to our national large-heartedness. However, *pro tem.*, Sadler is the real English champion, and the American, if he wins, may justly go home and say we can show no better man.

A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

IT seems that, owing to the contemplated financial reforms in France, it is estimated that a surplus of sixty million francs will be left at the disposal of Government at the close of the year 1869. Of this amount, twenty millions will be applied to the increase of small salaries of persons holding official appointments; twenty millions towards the reduction of the land tax; and twenty millions towards the reduction of the octroi duty on wines entering Paris.

While we congratulate our neighbours on the soundness of their pecuniary position, and compliment them on the excellent use they propose to make of forty out of the sixty millions saved, we must admit that we scarcely understand why the last twenty millions to the good is to be devoted to cheapening the drink of the Parisians. Of course, we are well aware that Paris is France, and the provincial population has always admitted its responsibility in having to keep the capital in a state of magnificent repair; but it is scarcely equitable that the Parisians should alone enjoy the advantages of a substantial saving, and the talked of removal of the wine duty will surely create no little discontent outside the barriers. What would Englishmen say if Mr. Lowe's next surplus were to be expended in providing gin within four miles of Charing Cross at half price? And yet this is very much what M. Magne's scheme amounts to.

A MODERATE SUGGESTION.

THE *Church News* of last week, in discussing the possibility of Dean Stanley being nominated for a Bishopric, declared that "there are times when rebellion is not only excusable, but a positive duty," and that such a time may be at hand should a notorious abetter of heretics be chosen by the Government to act as a spiritual head of the Church.

No doubt, as the *Church News* suggests, there are exceptions to most rules; and although rebellion is generally regarded with some degree of popular aversion, certain circumstances might justify it; but the *Church News* is on dangerous grounds when it makes the recommendation, for, on the same principle, interference with the liberty of the Press might "not only be excusable, but a positive duty," when it would become the immediate business of the Government to seize and demolish our seditious contemporary, and, much as we all should mourn the loss of a periodical professing a policy so deeply religious and so truly Christian as that of the *Church News*, we should have in sober justice to admit, that if our contemporary were suppressed for using such indecent language as we have quoted, it would serve it perfectly right.

"FORBEAR!"

OR,

"UNCLE TOM'S" NEW SPEC.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
To drive this pestilence from out the land.—BYRON.

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 110.)

XXVII.

"An old gentleman, named John Branscombe, a musician, was this morning brought before Mr. Knox charged with attempting self-destruction by drowning. Mr. Squigsby appeared for the defendant, and made an earnest appeal for his release. Mr. Branscombe's daughter also joined in the entreaties for the discharge of her father. It appeared that the defendant had been very despondent of late, and his rash attempt was attributed to some temporary embarrasment in money matters, which Mr. Squigsby explained could be easily removed. Mr. Knox, after reading the defendant a severe lesson upon his conduct, and Mr. Squigsby undertaking that he should be looked after for the future, he was discharged. The defendant, who left the court with his solicitor and daughter, was apparently quite bewildered at the proceedings."

This was the descriptive paragraph in that evening's *Pall Mall Gazette* of what had taken place. No wonder old John Branscombe was bewildered at the lawyer's sudden generosity. He was still more astonished when Mr. Squigsby insisted upon his having a suit of new clothes and a bran new hat, and a new umbrella; and, to enable him to provide these necessaries, he compelled him to accept a loan of thirty pounds, payable three months after date, at ten per cent. interest alone, and upon his own personal security! Was there ever such benevolence? Even Maria Branscombe, who still maintained a sort of mysterious terror for Mr. Squigsby, without exactly knowing why, somewhat softened in her manner when she saw her father so altered for the better.

"You may depend upon it, my dear," said Mr. Branscombe to his daughter as he brushed his new hat, "that Mr. Squigsby has a large heart—a very large heart; only he don't often show it."

"You may depend upon it, father," replied his daughter, "that Mr. Squigsby is not taking this interest in us for nothing."

XXVIII.

Mr. Squigsby, a few days after this, was driving down one of the noisiest of the noisy streets running out of Golden square. The street was lighted, and suddenly the glare of the various coloured bottles shining in a doctor's shop threw a bright and demoniac light through the windows of his brougham. It was apparently more by accident than anything else that Mr. Squigsby in looking up caught sight of the name of the owner of the shop and the brilliant bottles. Mr. Squigsby's face, coming full within the reflection, had scarcely time to change from red to green, and from green to blue, of the brightest possible description, when he ordered the coachman to stop. He got out, and went into the shop. It was "Dr. Plummy's." Dr. Plummy was behind the counter, pounding away with a pestle and mortar in a savage noisy manner, and a small boy, with his face tied up in a white handkerchief, was sitting on a chair, evidently waiting for the completion of the compound, and looking on in the interval at the doctor's proceedings with a sort of fascination of mingled terror and curiosity.

"Will you oblige me," said Mr. Squigsby as he went in, "with half-a-dozen boxes of tooth-powder and a couple of ink-extractors?"

The doctor looked up. "Why, surely, it is Mr. Squigsby."

"Why," said Mr. Squigsby, "it is, if I mistake not, Dr. Plummy."

"It is," said the doctor; and then, sternly addressing the small boy with the swollen face, he said: "Perhaps, Sir, you will allow me a respite in the preparation of your medicines to wait upon Mr. Squigsby, whose carriage I see is waiting at the door?"

The small boy gave a sort of gasp of relief, and Dr. Plummy proceeded to crawl into the shop-window in order to produce the articles required by his customer.

"How's business, Doctor?" said Mr. Squigsby, leading the conversation; "much sickness about, eh?"

"A good deal, Sir," said Dr. Plummy, reappearing from the window; "a great many disorders raging about this neighbourhood just now; but my system of treatment, Sir, is active—very active. No half measures with me." The small boy looked white. "I think you said a couple of ink-extractors, Sir?"

"Make it half-a-dozen," said Mr. Squigsby; "they're always useful."

"Thank you, Sir," said the doctor. "Upon my word I really don't know what would become of my profession if it wasn't for the retail business. A period of general rheumatism or influenza is good to a certain extent, but a brisk demand for corn plaisters and hair-oil is very much better. Here's a case however," he continued, pointing to the small boy on the chair, "most interesting from a medical point of view. We've been treating him for ever so many things; but his head won't go down. We're going in at present for neuralgia with him; but if he don't answer to that, I am afraid we shall have to deal rather actively with his back teeth."

The small boy looked intensely miserable, and began to whimper. "Don't let him be obstinate, then. Don't let him defy the Science of Medicine, or we shall have recourse to Surgery. Anything else, Mr. Squigsby, Sir, to day? No soap, Sir? or skin-brushes? or the newvermin-powder?"

"No, thank you, Doctor," and Mr. Squigsby took up his purchases. "Oh, by the way," he said, turning round as he reached the door, as if the matter in question had only just crossed his mind, "can you tell me how your patient, old Mrs. Rigsworth, is getting on? I've not seen her since I met you there. How is she, Doctor?"

"Going fast, Sir," said Dr. Plummy; "it's lucky she made the will at the time she did, for she never would have been able to make one since. It's just what I said, Sir: going, Sir, with the cold weather coming in. Shouldn't be surprised to hear the news at any time. More's the pity; I shall lose a good customer and a first-rate patient."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Squigsby, as he left the shop. He might have been; but directly he got into his brougham he threw himself back upon his seat and laughed quite loud.

"This will be a game," he said.

XXIX.

"What do you think, my dear?" cried Mr. Branscombe, bursting into his daughter's presence—and dancing frantically round the room. "What do you think? Here's happiness! Here's joy! Here's unexpected bliss! Here's cherubs sitting up aloft for you! I can't believe but what I'm dreaming."

"More likely mad, father," said his daughter, quietly.

"No, not mad. I heard it with my own ears. I heard him say it. I heard him myself. It is all about you, my darling, and you deserve it. You've been a good, devoted, affectionate daughter, and you deserve it."

"But what is it?"

"Mr. Squigsby," said her father with a sly laugh, "Mr. Squigsby, you pussy-cat-mew. Mr. Squigsby, you goody two shoes."

"Mr. Squigsby again! It's always Mr. Squigsby now."

"Yes," said Mr. Branscombe, "and it always will be. What do you think? Your bright eyes have struck him hard. He has proposed for you, my dear. He wants our consent to his marrying you."

"Mr. Squigsby marry me!" cried the girl in unfeigned surprise. "Why, I hate the man—and I won't have him."

"Won't have him!" cried old Mr. Branscombe. "Won't have him! Won't have the great Mr. Squigsby! Won't have carriages and horses, and no end of money a year—and you without a penny, my dear!"

"No, I won't have him," repeated the girl.

"Won't have him, and I getting into debt to him, and he lending me money, and only at ten per cent.—and on my personal security! What is to become of us if he comes down upon me again? Mr. Knox is a good magistrate," went on the old gentleman, "but he's a severe one—and I shouldn't like my enemy to stand in my shoes if I get before him again!"

"Oh! father," screamed the girl, "don't speak like that. I will marry Mr. Squigsby!"

* * * * * *

Within a fortnight Mr. Squigsby became the lawful husband of Maria Branscombe.

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

A CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND!

TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in informing the world at home and abroad that,

AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE!

that *may* be estimated, if anybody likes to take the trouble, at

£16,478,000,

he has secured a number of what the authors have been pleased to term—

"NEW AND ORIGINAL PIECES,"

scenes from which will shortly be published in these pages.

When the Series is complete, a Prize of indescribable (for excellent reasons) value will be given to

THE PRIZE PIECE.

In accordance with this programme, TOMAHAWK will publish next week scenes from a Grand Sensation Piece, entitled—

POOR NOSE, SIR!

or,

THE HANSOM CAB TO DESTRUCTION.

BY

DYING BOUGICAULT, ESQ.,

Author of "A New Literary Thorofare," "A Great Pecuniary Success," "Shakespeare Outdone," &c., &c.

SILENUS ABROAD.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a journal so deservedly respected as the *Pall Mall Gazette* opening its columns to the ridiculous misrepresentations of prurient imaginations. In the impression of August 19th, we find a letter from Dieppe, which is full of the most objectionable falsehoods from beginning to end. It gives a picture of sea-bathing at that charming watering place, which can only have been derived from a study of the pictures in the purlieus of Wych street and Holywell street. The writer commences by an inaccuracy which is only important as showing that, in a matter so easily capable of disproof as the situation of a building, he is too careless to be truthful. Everybody who has been at Dieppe knows that the warm baths are without the enclosure of the *établissement* within the gate of the town, and directly oposite the theatre, not of marionettes, but of the live drama. But nothing can exceed the vulgar insolence with which this advocate of purity goes on to invent a scene, which is, doubtless, the offspring of his wish as much as of his imagination. Take this sentence as a specimen: "But never in England have I had to make my way in a state of nudity (drawers excepted), down a long beach thick with ladies, many of whom bring their work, which I fancy makes little progress, and their books, which I misdoubt their reading, and take up their positions as nearly as may be to the edge of the water, in which scores of naked men are disporting themselves." This is entirely untrue. The ladies sit on the terrace in front of the Casino, and there are never more than a very few at the end where the men bathe, and these are waiting for their husbands. A woman on the beach by the men's bathing-place is as rare a sight as a man on the beach by the women's bathing-place. In England, at any small watering-place, this miracle of manly modesty may walk naked without any drawers out of his machine, within a few yards of benches or beaches crowded by grown-up women and girls. So much for proper delicate England. We ourselves were obliged to bathe in our clothes at a small watering-place on the Yorkshire coast, to try and shame the English matrons and virgins from sitting within six feet of the machines from which, in very low water, we were bathing.

It would be tedious to wade through the tissue of chaste fictions which this apostle of decency has evolved from the purity of his inner consciousness. Women walking about in diaphanous robes before crowds of admiring men; gentlemen with their opera-glasses glued to their eyes; ladies wrapping up their beloved ones in "peignoirs," and patting them affectionately on the back,—such are some of the groups called up by this moral enchanter. Everybody who knows Dieppe, everyone who is there now, who is not interested in bathing machines at Margate or Ramsgate, will testify to the utter falseness of those "views of Nature." The paragraph near the end of the letter, about the way in which women cling to the male "guides" who attend on them, we will not reproduce, as we are afraid we have not much sale in Holywell Street, and we respect Lord Campbell's Act. We will conclude this article on a most unpleasant subject with the remark that we do not know which to wonder at most—first, how any man with any respect for truth or decency could write such an article; secondly, how any respectable journal could admit it into its columns. The desire to be sensational as well as clever has its dangers: let the *Pall Mall* be warned in time, and not, however distantly, imitate that pandering to pruriency which it so eloquently denounces in others.

THE MOVINGS OF THE SPIRIT!

WHAT is the mysterious connection between licensed victuallers and the Evangelical persuasion? The *Morning Advertiser*, that constellation of journalistic literature, which is embellished with so many rings by the pewter-pots of devout publicans, has been thrown into a fearful state of alarm by hearing that the Bishop of Oxford is to go to Winchester, that Dean Stanley is to be Bishop of Oxford, and that Dr. Vaughan is to be the new Dean of Westminster. The Deanery of Durham was offered to Dr. Temple, and, being refused by him, was given to Mr. Lake, another broad churchman, and, like Dr. Vaughan, a contributor to Dr. Alford's *Contemporary Review*. All we can say is, that if the statement of the *Morning Advertiser* is true,—and who shall doubt the veracity of this inspired journal?—such a list of proposed recipients of Church patronage does credit to any Minister who selected them. It is long since so many distinguished men have been available candidates for the prizes of the theological profession, and it is important at a time when the Church of England is on its trial to show that she possesses among her members so many men of noble intellect and enlightened Christianity. There are very few names that are so surrounded with grand associations as those of Dean Stanley and Dr. Vaughan. There are few Reviews so distinguished for intellectual liberality undimmed by heartless scepticism as the *Contemporary Review*. We can imagine the fact of a man having contributed to the *Rock* being a slur on his Christianity; but to have written in the *Contemporary Review* is an honour of which any clergyman of the Church of England, who does not deem cultivation of mind inseparable from Christianity, might be proud. Does not the *Morning Advertiser* see the moral of its fit of pious horror? The Broad Church and the High Church contain most of the intellect and most of the active benevolence of the Church of England; and, therefore, it is not unnatural that a Minister who studies the real welfare of that Church should select its dignitaries from those sections. No doubt, there are many among the Evangelical saints adored by licensed victuallers who are respectable, if narrow-minded men; but, until they can produce some greater claim on the admiration and respect of mankind, they must expect to hide their light under a bushel or a quart.

ANOTHER LAW-COURT QUESTION.

IT is said that Sir Alexander Cockburn, in consequence of ill health, is about to retire from the Lord Chief Justiceship of the Court of Queen's Bench. If this is a fact, we are extremely sorry for it; more especially as rumour suggests Lord Penzance as Sir Alexander's probable successor. What Lord Penzance has done to entitle him to the honours and rewards already heaped upon him, we cannot see. He is a good Judge, no doubt, and conducts the business of the Divorce Court in a satisfactory and creditable manner; but this did not call for his elevation to the House of Peers, which took place a few months back, and certainly would not justify his selection for the high place which is understood to be about to become vacant. No doubt there are wheels within wheels in most matters, and we must suppose that the machinery which drags Lord Penzance up the ladder of promotion must be powerful and well greased.

"TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

No. III.—Margate.

GENTLE reader, do not think evil of the poor Red Skin. The Noble Savage, the Child of the Prairie, has left London, and wandered far away from the street called Fleet footed—the Cross surnamed after the Chief of the Women of Charring—those terrible creatures who sweep in the kitchens of the wigwams of the Pale Faces and imbibe terrible potations of nut-brown beer, and drink great drinks of crystal-coloured fire water. He has wandered far away into the desert—to Boulogne the brilliant, Ramsgate the rollicking, Dieppe the deceptive, and Margate the mobile. He has done all this, and surely shall he not write of what he has seen? Most assuredly. He is at Margate. Tremble, ye who hate vulgarity—be much afraid, ye who never sink below Deal! The poor Red Skin is at Margate! alas! alas!! alas!!!

So much for a preface.

Do you know anything about Margate? If you *do*, please don't read any further in this article; if you *don't*, you may safely continue.

HISTORY OF MARGATE.

Margate was discovered early in the twelfth century, and built in the tenth. It was the birth-place of the celebrated Temple Bar of Fleet street, and the whole of the Pike family. Hence its name—Mar-gate, *i.e.*, the mother of the turnpikes. It was here that William the Conqueror came after the passing of the Bill of Rights at Runnymede. Since then the inhabitants have been great hands at "bills." The following is a specimen:—

——— Hotel.

THOMAS HAWK, ESQ., Dr. TO NEMO KNOWWON.

		£	s.	d.
Sept. 1,	To apartments*.....	1	5	0
	„ service †.....		1	6
	„ pennyworth of paper		2	0
		£1	8	6

It is said that Margate once was a part of France. Our readers must clearly understand that we refuse flatly to give up our authority for this assertion. This was about the Middle Ages—who have since resided a good deal at the place. From that time we hear nothing about the place until last year, when Brown's aunt went there and saw a good deal of the Robinsons, who know Smith (*our* Smith, not the Smith who married Miss Jackson), and—but this is intruding upon the sacred ground of private life. On second thoughts, why should I give the history of Margate? No one cares a pin whether Oliver Cromwell died there or not? *Apropos*, it *is* said that the Prince of Orange *did* dye there. He went to Margate in the winter an Orange, and found the place so very cold that he began to look quite black! I should not have mentioned this little *on dit* but for two reasons—firstly, because by some unaccountable mistake Lord Maccawley has omitted to insert it in his history; secondly, because the little story may please some of my readers in the North of Ireland.

EXPORTS OF MARGATE.

Chiefly the letter "H." At least, you never find that consonant in the town. Perhaps it is sent to Ramsgate, where in truth it is much needed. The letter "V" also is largely exchanged for "W" by the shopkeepers.

IMPORTS OF MARGATE.

Bad grammar, vulgarity, cads, snobs, drunkenness, oaths, and ribald tomfoolery.

Shopmen and women are also imported during the season in large quantities. Moses and Noses always on hand.

THE HALL BY THE SEA.

On the sands. Conducted by the boatmen of the town. When a sailor induces a family of six to patronize his pleasure (?) boat, he considers that he's obtained a very good "haul by the sea."

THE JETTY OF MARGATE.

A sort of pier into the seas. Mild wags have been known to declare it "a worthy pier of the harbour." The name is taken from the French; in fact, in Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* there's a song about it, called "*Si j'etais*," or, as we spell it, "Sea jetty." It is here that the Margate world promenades. It is made of iron, because it has to bear a great deal of *brass!*

THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.

"A place to send a happy Dey;" for in it the amiable Oriental will find plenty of females to his taste. There are balls here occasionally—balls, however, which have nothing to do with "great guns."

THE BATHING MACHINES.

These charming carriages are unquestionably a great improvement upon the London cabs. The horses that drag them into and out of the water stay at Margate only three months; they devote the rest of the year to winning races in France.*

MARGATE FASHIONS.

It is the fashion in Margate to watch the bathing from the shore. This fashion is known in London as the "snob's survey."

It is the fashion in Margate to bully and brag; to persecute the police, and to howl at anything approaching to respectability. This fashion is known in London as the "rowdy's waggery."

It is the fashion in Margate for the police to occasionally interfere. At these times the visitors are rather severely handled. This fashion is known in London as the "cad's desert."

* * * * * * * *

There, I think that will do for the present. Before I conclude, I think I ought to print, in the interests of science, the following case (in point of fact, my own—*I* was the patient), which will, or should be, reported in the columns of our excellent contemporary, the *Lancet*:—

Notes of a Case of Extreme Nausea—a caution.
By Dr. Lardner Esculapius.

Monday.—Was called in, and found the patient weeping bitterly. He was nervous, irritable, and half insensible. He was very sick, and could not eat. I administered stimulants.

Tuesday. — Delirious. Raves about "dummy" advertisements, and quotes doggrel from some Conservative comic paper. Ordered a strait waistcoat.

Wednesday.—Still delirious. Raves about some Conservative comic paper. Declares he sees horrible cartoons, senseless and out of drawing. Ordered a Seidlitz powder.

Thursday.—A little better. Delirious in the morning, and very sick in the afternoon. Ordered tincture of iron.

Friday.—Decidedly better, but still weak. I allowed him to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* for five minutes at a time. Administered stimulants.

Saturday.—Quite well. I ascertained that the nausea had been brought on by the patient imprudently reading *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, which is very bad at this time of the year.

I am happy to say I am quite recovered now. The sea-bathing, and Oxford winning the boat-race, cured me.

I am now off to the machines. The sun is shining brightly—the water is as smooth as glass. Sweet reader, do you envy me?

* A room at the back, with a splendid view of a dead wall.
† Evidently on foreign duty; no one came near me.

FOREIGN POLICIES OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

THE failure of the Albert Life Assurance Company threatens to become an awkward question for the Foreign Office. It seems that the Albert's victims are distributed throughout the whole face of Europe, and meetings are already taking place in several Continental cities. The North German policy-holders have already passed resolutions against liquidation and against the proposed scheme for reconstruction, and call for a declaration of bankruptcy in the usual course. With this view they have requested the intervention of their Government, and it is not unlikely that the matter may become troublesome.

* A fact.

It will, no doubt, be difficult to make foreigners comprehend that in England the State has no direct control over the class of societies to which the Albert belongs, and that the customers of such companies are entirely in the hands of the dozen or so persons to whom their direction has been entrusted; but the sooner this is understood on the Continent the better, for it will never do, in these days of economy and retrenchment, to throw on the Foreign Office the extra work which would be entailed on that department if it undertook to become the apologist for all the questionable ventures which have extended their depredations beyond British territory. Our neighbours must learn that they have to take care of themselves; and if they are at all reasonable, they must surely admit that they cannot expect protection from our Government in such matters when Englishmen themselves are left out in the cold.

MACBETH.

NOTICE.—We are sorry to say that the libretto of this Part is not quite complete; we, therefore, give the argument. Managers desirous of producing this unequalled work in England must apply at the office of the TOMAHAWK, 199 Strand.

PART IV., AND LAST.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE scene opens with a chorus of Witches in the cave, expressing their triumph over King Macbeth's soul in having urged him to the murder of Duncan and of Macduff's wife and children; also their delight at the guilty intrigue which has now commenced between Banquo and the Queen. After a wild ballet of imps Macbeth enters dejected, and seeks counsel of the Witches in his difficulty. Banquo, through his knowledge of the murder, holds an insufferable tyranny over Macbeth, which inspires him with hatred and rage; but these are lashed into a perfect fury by the implied information of the Witches that Banquo is the favoured lover of his wife; he now swears vengeance against Banquo and all his. The Witches artfully feed his fury, and he leaves with the resolve to murder Banquo and Fleance on their way from the Castle that night. In the next scene we find the Queen and Banquo plotting how to get rid of Macbeth, whose cruelties have excited the populace against him. Banquo resolves to treat privately with the principal Thanes, and, if he find them favourable, to raise the flag of insurrection at once, depose Macbeth, and make the Queen absolute Regent. The interview has taken place at night, Macbeth being away on some affair of importance. After an affectionate duo Banquo departs, and the lady watches his departure from the window—presently a scream is heard, and Fleance rushes in covered with blood, and tells the horror-stricken Queen that his father has been murdered. The chorus of Lords, Ladies, &c., enter, and afterwards Macbeth, whom his wife at once suspects of the murder. He denies it to her, and she conceals her anger. The scene ends with a grand finale, in which the chorus threaten the murderer of Banquo with vengeance. A short pause takes place now while the final tableau is preparing, during which a beautiful piece of instrumentation is introduced, in which the good genius of Scotland is supposed to triumph over the wicked machinations of the Witches, and Macbeth's punishment is foreshadowed. The curtain then rises on the banqueting hall of the Castle—a most magnificent piece of stage grouping, Macbeth and the Queen in gorgeous robes are seen seated on the throne. The chorus bursts out into a congratulatory ode, between the passages of which are introduced concerted pieces for Rosse, Angus, and the discontented Thanes. Everybody is deploring the absence of Banquo, for his murder is not yet generally known. Macbeth rises to sing a drinking song, and, with the goblet in his hand, has just finished the first verse, when the apparition of the gory Banquo rises by his side from behind the throne and lays his hand on Macbeth's arm. The cup drops from the King's hand as he leans horror-stricken against his wife. The guests are astonished at the conduct of Macbeth, but the spectre having disappeared, he regains his self-control and resumes the drinking song, in which Lady Macbeth, whose face has suddenly lit up with strange joy, madly joins. As the refrain is being sung, the spectre of Banquo again rises in the midst of the hall, and as the horror-stricken guests retreat from around it, raises its bloody hand and denounces Macbeth as a murderer. The discontented Thanes, headed by Rosse and Angus, gather on one side, and Macbeth, who remains alone upon the throne, stands fixed with horror. Lady Macbeth has fainted in the arms of the ladies near her, but now recovers, and, with assumed tenderness, implores her husband to speak. The muffled discontent of the people breaks forth, and in a grand chorus they bid Macbeth disprove the charge or die. The ghost has meanwhile disappeared, but as Macbeth staggers from the throne to defy the rebellious Chief it again steps in front of him. Mad with rage, he draws his sword and rushes on the spectre, which, to the astonishment of all, defends itself vigorously, and after an exciting combat Macbeth is slain. Banquo, for it is he himself alive and well, explains that having suspected Macbeth's designs, he always wore a shirt of mail underneath his dress, which fortunately saved his life; he declares on his oath that Macbeth was his assailant, and that he has slain the tyrant from no motive of private revenge, but from love of his country. The Chiefs and Thanes cheer, and hail Banquo king. Banquo thanks them, but declines the crown for himself, at the same time proposing that Lady Macbeth be made Regent till the majority of Fleance is attained. This all assent to, and with hearty acclamations greet the Queen Regent. The body of Macbeth is borne away, and the curtain descends on the congratulations of everybody, including, it is hoped, the audience.

The librettist is aware that in departing thus from the story of Shakespeare's tragedy he may incur the censure of some pretentious prigs and pedants. But he confidently appeals to the British public whether, as a lyrical drama, his version is not much better than any strict adherence to the tragedy could have given. Where there is so much material to choose from, it is difficult to select the finest gems so as to please all. But the librettist ventures to state that most of the beauties of Shakespeare's tragedy have been preserved, while the interest is better sustained, and the happy ending is at once more moral and is likely to be more popular. The taste of an English audience is proverbial, and on that the librettist feels he can confidently rely.

A SHOCKING IMPUTATION.

A WAGGISH contemporary has stated as a fact that on the occasion of the recent Teetotal Fête at the Crystal Palace, such was the rush on the refreshment stalls, that by five o'clock bottled ale had run out of stock, and that every drop of brandy and lemonade in the establishment had been consumed at even an earlier hour. We cannot pretend to endorse such scurrilous assertions as these, but there is no doubt but that of the fifty thousand odd teetotallers who were at the Crystal Palace the other day, a goodly percentage of their number indulged somewhat heavily in malt liquors. Whether teetotallers have special rules for special occasions, or whether bitter ale and gin-and-water are the usual remedies prescribed by their medical advisers for those people with whom "the pledge" does not agree, we do not know; but certainly the proceedings of the teetotallers on the occasion of their last festival would lead us to form some theory, giving a more liberal interpretation to the term "total abstinence" than it is popularly supposed to possess.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN parvenus all social bonds would burst,
The upper ten fall back upon my first,
And yet e'en parvenus are often reckoned
Men of my first, because they have my second!

1.

You're off to Paris? Missed the mail? it's plain
That far your quickest way is by this train.

2.

Burthen your horse, and load him as you will,
He likes to have these heavy on him still!

3.

"Improper word," say prudes! and yet, forsooth
Men hate it most when it's allied to truth!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 124.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER* 18, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

IT is difficult to believe, even of Byron, the mad debauchee of whom we catch a glimpse at Venice in the memoirs of the friends or companions of his after-life, that he could be guilty of such deliberate and fiendish villany as Mrs. Beecher Stowe imputes to him. But if the accusation is true, surely it should have been boldly advanced in his lifetime and in the lifetime of the so-called "partner of his guilt," or it should not have been made at all. If this terrible crime was revealed to Lady Byron in the carriage on the wedding day, as Mrs. Stowe says, and if Lady Byron's charity and long-suffering patience were sufficient to sustain her after such a revelation in the endurance of cohabitation with her husband, and of the terrible disgrace of bearing a daughter to such a monster, surely no person who, on whatever slight grounds, calls herself the friend and confidante of Lady Byron, can, with any semblance of truth, pretend that she is vindicating the character of her departed friend by publishing this revelation years after the deaths of all the principal persons concerned. We can imagine nothing more cruel to Lady Byron, we can conceive no more deadly injury to her, than the course which her friend, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, has thought fit to take. If Lady Byron's chastity, if her fidelity to her marriage vows, had been called in question, if she had suffered under the filthy imputations so freely brought, without a tittle of evidence, against her husband in his lifetime,—then the heroic vindication of her character might have been necessary. But the very last person who, in body or in spirit, can be gratified by this ecstatic and sensational tribute to her virtue which Mrs. Stowe offers, is the wife who, to the last, through years of separation, embittered by the imprudent enthusiasm of friends and the malignant malice of enemies, still loved her impulsive, violent, dissolute husband; who, in spite of the loathsome degradation into which he had sunk, according to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, still confessed that there was somewhat of the angel in him. If there is any certain fact to be evolved from the inspired rhapsody of the guardian spirit of Lady Byron's reputation, it is that to the end, through all provocation, through all insults, through all outrages, the forlorn wife loved her unfaithful husband. In proportion as this increases our reverence, our love, for the memory of Lady Byron, in proportion as it adds to the bitter sorrow with which we deplore the viciousness of Lord Byron's life, are we infuriated against this lady authoress, who, in order to snatch from the pollution of the grave of the suffering loving wife, and the suffering erring poet, some ray of that glory and that fame which must ever cling to them, with which to decorate her literary reputation, thus mercilessly drags into light the wicked scandal of years gone by, and revivifies the buried monster of crime past, and, let us hope, repented and atoned.

We fearlessly challenge that reckless malignancy which, biting its lips over such a congenial morsel of scandal as this, imputes to all who will not join in its rabid assumptions of virtuous indignation, the crimes that it gloats over while it deplores. We are content to be classed by such creatures with the irreclaimable votaries of vice, because we have protested against the beastly curiosity which lays bare the repulsive secrets of the lives of those who were great in spite of their moral blemishes. Even if the next week produces indisputable proof of the truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Great Revelation, we shall be proud to have protested against the publication of it. If we are to add to the acknowledged vices of that fitfully noble poet the indelible stain of incest, the time has gone by for the expression of any more vindictive feeling than heartfelt pity. It is easy to exalt our own virtue by denouncing the vices of dead men,—vices which have happily lost all power for evil, all power of injury, except for the unhappy author of them, if even for him. We shall be the last to falter in the fearless execration of all evil, whether in the dead or living, which is illumined by the halo of success, or which is held up in the disguise of good by facile parasites to the admiration of the world.

But even as no sense of our own demerits can cause us to falter in the advocacy of right, or in the impeachment of wrong, so can no false and hypocritical assumption of the lives of virtue's servants delude us into the sin of worshipping what is really the corrupted curiosity of degraded minds. We would respect the sanctity of the grave, even if it conceals the bones of the most vicious, so long as we are not called to worship the mock image of a saint set over them. If the growing apathy of mankind, if the revolting insincerity of public morality, robs us of the glorious privilege of being gentle and indulgent to the sins of the present, at least we may hide our heads under the silver-lined cloud of mercy that protects the dead from our weapons. If there is any occasion when man may, without presumption, ape the graced toleration of a god, it is when life no longer gives to the sinner the power of doing evil. In words more vehement than it may seem fit to the well-disciplined writers of the present day we have pleaded for reticence, if not for truth and justice, towards the dead Lord Byron; we know that we plead in vain; and that if the fierce rebellious spirit that for comparatively so

short a time inhabited that beautiful but crippled form, can feel in its present abode pangs other than those which a just God may inflict, it will writhe with torment at the impatient torrent of execration which this Revelation of Mrs. Stowe's will invoke against the name of Byron.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S NONSENSE.

PERHAPS there is not a place on the face of the earth where more humbug, *pur et simple*, is laboriously spun out than in the columns of a French Liberal newspaper. The recent stupid speech of Prince Napoleon, for instance, gave this department of literature a text, and it has, in consequence, preached plenty of sermons. There has been the usual talk about English, Italian, and Prussian liberty, as compared with French, and a good deal more to the same purpose on the subject of press privileges here and in other favoured spots on the Continent. The fact is, the whole story is baseless. French liberty is about as perfect as it can possibly be. No one who has resided any length of time in France can help admitting that, for all the purposes of personal security, liberty of the subject, protection from lawlessness, prompt legal redress—in a word, for a comfortable existence in *equity*, one is a great deal better off than in this country. The general contempt for the executive and unfettered licence given to evil-doers, strikes an Englishman on his return to his native shores most forcibly. We may boast more talk, more bombast, more what is called "free discussion" in our papers; but then the opposition to Government with us does not mean revolution. If a thundering leader in a penny Sunday paper meant with us red-caps, barricades, blood, gunpowder, and an exiled Queen, we should soon be down upon our press liberties with all our hearts. Across the Channel, men of the *Henri Rochefort* stamp do not aim at a change from a French Gladstone to a French Disraeli: they want—and would fight for it too, if they had a chance—a French Cuffy, or a French Donovan O'Rossa, dressed in a Roman toga, consigning bloated aristocrats to execution at a French Charing Cross. On the whole, *liberal* France has got quite enough liberty. Prince Napoleon therefore talked nonsense, and possibly no one was more thoroughly aware of the fact than the hero of the *Palais Royale* himself.

A JACK IN OFFICE.

THE Russian naval journal states that during the late manœuvres of the Russian Fleet in the Gulf of Finland, a large frigate of 57 guns went to the bottom in consequence of an accidental blow from an iron-clad steam ram. The hole made by the steam ram in the frigate's side was so large that she sank in a quarter of an hour; but the journal expresses its satisfaction, that owing to the sea being calm, that only sixteen men were drowned. We are not aware if Mr. Childers is a subscriber to the publication we quote, but anyhow the story is particularly applicable to him in his present position, for he may reason with himself, that if an experienced admiral, when in command of a fleet, can make such a disastrous mistake as to lose a fine ship by such means as these, what risk does not a landlubber of a First Lord run if disposing of a whole squadron when he puts himself into the false position of a Commander-in-Chief? Is the sinking of half-a-dozen men-of-war a new phase of Mr. Childers' tendency towards wholesale reduction, or is the right honourable gentleman really an experienced seaman, who is desirous of teaching the officers of the British Navy how to navigate their vessels? If all First Lords are to be like the present gentleman, we hope and trust that he may be the last of them.

MOTTO FOR M. LEDRU ROLLIN ON HIS REFUSAL TO RETURN TO FRANCE.—*Rollin*-g stones gather no moss!

THE CHINESE MANDARIN ON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.—"I don't care a *button* for it."

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.—The removal of the dog-seller's shops from Seven Dials.

SHAKSPEARE'S APOLOGY,

Addressed to

MANAGERS, AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

MISLIKE me not, good Managers, that I
Have brought a plague of ruin on the house
That gave me shelter, frighted troops of friends,
And left your benches empty as the purse
Of managerial indiscretion. True,
Much evil have I done, in that I wrote
Too well to be forgot, and that my memory
Is green as those who would do honour to it.
More have I wronged you yet: you love to shout
The praises of my master mind; unearth
My hidden beauties to the groundlings' eyes;
And, with th' allurements of a mammoth type,
Parade me through the provinces, where none
Are found to listen. Such uncivil outrage
I own with sorrow melts your ducats down
To form the diadem of ill success.
Forgive me for my genius, whence you reap
A certain Ruin—O that stone could speak,
And my poor bust could ope its marble jaws
To cast up your account of moneys gone!—

A greater burden yet of crime I bear.
I scorned the dazzle of a painted cloth—
Nor witched the eye with gay habiliments—
Nor padded Nature to the actor's fit—
Nor dwindled human passions to the scope
Of some poor player's manner—nor events
Have I so twisted as to fit the groove
Of realistic cravings—nor have shown
My paste-board profiles for two hundred nights,
The last abortion of a shallow brain—
Nor have I gilded Sin—nor held to Vice
The lying mirror, nor have hung her neck
With the false jewels of attractive name—
Misruled indeed by genius!—I have left
No opening for the idol of the day
To supplement my lines with passing jest,
Or foist his own poor humour on the crowd.—

Thus have I wronged the stage. These faults have power
To make remembrance bitter: and I blush
To see myself, who did these thousand ills,
Enshrined in gaudiest morocco, lie
The gift book of the season,—or in type
Of meanest style to suit the humbler purse,—
My name on every lip, as he who wrote
For all time, *but the present.* So, farewell.

"TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

No. IV.—Dieppe.

A VERY pleasant place when you get there is Dieppe; but the getting there from England is the difficulty. From Paris it is easy and pleasant enough; but from London the journey, unless you go round by Calais, combines all that is disagreeable.

In the first case the steamers start at the most fearful hours—four o'clock in the morning—two o'clock in the morning; and this involves waiting some four or five hours at that dismallest of dismal places, Newhaven. To the one merit of the Newhaven route that it is cheap, we may add variety. The railway is one of the worst in England. On no line are the servants so rapacious. Everybody, from the police-inspector to the porter, expects to be "tipped" for doing anything, however small a part of their duty. By the evening train there is only one carriage that goes direct to Newhaven, so that if there are more than six passengers they must change at Lewes. The pace of the train is leisurely. To be in time is neither its aim nor its desire. "Three quarters of an hour late," cheerfully remarks the ticket-collector; "I dare say you've missed the tide," as if this was

part of the programme. To wait from 9.30 or 10 o'clock, to 4 a.m., is not pleasant. You can't go to bed, and you can't keep awake. There is no delightful train like that on the Chatham and Dover Line, which takes you quickly and surely, almost up to the boat, starting at a most convenient hour, and enabling you to arrive at Calais just in time to have an excellent supper. The authorities of the Newhaven Line played a pleasant little practical joke on TOMAHAWK, which he begs to record, as an instruction and warning to others. Wishing for a private cabin for himself and spouse, such as are always obtainable on the Calais boats, he inquired at the Telegraph Office whether he could get such a thing on the Newhaven boat. He was told he could, and in the innocence of his young heart, he telegraphed to Newhaven for one. The result was, that the very worst berth in a small stuffy cabin (the only one for ladies) was reserved for his wife's use. TOMAHAWK thought it strange that a benevolent company should induce him to waste his money in telegraphing for what they must have well known he could not get.

The passage to Dieppe! what misery! The most uncomfortable boat—the deck occupied by contributors to ocean's store—the cabin occupied by contributors to steward's basins! The passage is just long enough to make it impossible to keep awake all the time, and not long enough to make it worth while—supposing one could do so, to go to bed! Then you arrive at Dieppe—at least, we did, at 5 o'clock in the day, and had to wait an hour before the luggage could be passed. This is cheerful. We recommend all persons going to Dieppe to go by Calais and Paris, if they can afford it, and, if they can not, to go somewhere else. In spite of its financial catastrophes, we place the London, Chatham, and Dover Line first of all lines in England for comfort, civility, and punctuality—at least, as far as concerns passengers to Calais; while decidedly last for comfort, civility, and punctuality, and for every other good quality, we place the London and Newhaven Line, or whatever it may call itself.

But Dieppe is reached at last. It is a queer old town. It consists of two parts. The one part is a long terrace, or rather collection of houses of all sorts and sizes, looking on the sea, which we may call La Plaze, and the other a number of houses looking on to each other, or to nothing in particular, but all absorbing through their noses, if they have any, the most horrid smells. Cologne must yield to Dieppe as a "bouquet de parfumes naturels." The shopkeepers may be briefly described as the most impudent and most exorbitant which we have ever had the happiness to encounter. There are a few exceptions, but even they rob you while they bow and smile. Nearly every other shop is a "magasin d'ivoirerie," or otherwise a shop where the articles in carved ivory would (if they could feel shame) be dyed red with blushes at the monstrous prices asked for them by their proprietor. We do not write without some experience of the various "marchands." We have "kept house" at Dieppe; and can safely say that for insolence, imagination, and high prices, the butchers of Dieppe cannot be matched. The only civil robbers are the fish women in the market. We have not included "Le Pollet" in our description of Dieppe; but there the odoriferous portion of the town will be found in superlative form. It is a study for amateurs of dirt and squalor. It has almost shaken the proud boast of TOMAHAWK that for downright filthiness and horror Seven Dials had no rival in Europe.

The hotels of Dieppe are well known. They are comfortable and expensive. The Royal swarms with English. The Imperial is more cosmopolitan, and the hostess has a pleasant way of sitting at the receipt of custom. Dear as these hotels undoubtedly are, it is possible to get what we never got yet in any English hotel, notwithstanding any amount of mendacious professions, viz., a good bottle of wine at a reasonable price. Many worse places might be selected for a temporary home than the Hotel Imperial, Dieppe. Here Prince Napoleon, hero of the recent great debate in the Senate, descended from Olympus for a short time to refresh his mind and body previous to his great effort of oratory. TOMAHAWK saw the noble individual more than once, and he remembers only one thing about him, he wore a white hat. Perhaps for the same reason as the miller, to keep his head cool.

Life at Dieppe may be varied at your pleasure. You can commit suicide in two ways; rapidly, by jumping down from the very high and steep cliffs; slowly, by walking about the smaller streets of the town. Other modes of self-destruction will suggest themselves to the ingenious. For example, you can drink iced soda American drinks—this mode is slow, but sure; or you can go and see the performance of a comic opera at the Casino—this method is slower, and not quite as sure, as you may fall asleep during the process. The ordinary way of passing their days in vogue with the visitors to this "elegant and fashionable watering place" is to get up in the morning and go to the Casino; bathe, go back to breakfast, back to the Casino; go back again to dinner, and after that again to the Casino. This place of amusement provides balls and concerts gratis for subscribers. It also, as mentioned above, occasionally provides theatrical or semi-theatrical entertainments. We do not, as may be believed, go with the mob. But, speaking of one concert, we can say that the instrumental music was fair, and that one of the singers was very fair. But her style! Grasping her music (in a roll) with both hands, she fidgeted it round and round (without ever looking at it); meanwhile she oscillated the upper half of her body in a manner highly suggestive of one's experiences on board the steamer. She did not keep time either with the music or with her body. Our advice to the very fair songstress is, "Play as often as you like, but never sing." One of those fearful creatures, a local favourite, sung, through several layers of throat, some utterly inaudible words. The whole concluded with a comic opera, which, we rejoice to say, was hissed. This concert was for the benefit of the poor. If the incapacity of the performers in the opera fairly represented the incapable nature of the objects of the charity, let us hope the receipts were enormous.

The bathing at Dieppe is excellently and modestly managed. This, TOMAHAWK most positively asserts, spite of the account given by some prurient snob a few weeks ago in the *Gentleman's Journal*. We were amused for some time by trying to guess who the fellow could have been who possessed such a vivid and cleanly imagination; but it was decided that he was probably some relation of the widow of William Wiggins, proprietor of bathing machines at Ramsgate and Margate—perhaps the immortal Mr. Knox himself. The most remarkable thing at Dieppe is that the people on the terrace trouble themselves with anything but the bathers. No men are allowed on the women's side, not even husbands with their wives, while no women ever are seen on the beach by the men's bathing place. Men are not allowed to bathe with women. Every precaution is taken against any accident; in fact, such a thing as a person being drowned is almost impossible. TOMAHAWK does not think that everything is managed in France better than in England; but certainly bathing is. Last year we visited a quiet place in South Devon. Here women bathed, not in tunics and trousers, but in bathing gowns. They bathed within a few yards of men. They displayed their limbs very liberally. This was considered proper. One lady ventured to bathe in a French costume. A mob crowded around her machine. "How improper!" sneered the virtuous matrons and virgins who had been just before floundering about in limp dressing gowns.

As for men's bathing in England, TOMAHAWK used to bathe at a very quiet place in Yorkshire. There were four benches within one yard of the men's bathing machines—always crowded with women. The men bathed stark naked, and that in water so shallow that for twenty or thirty yards it did not come much above your knees. The Chief, as a gentle hint, always bathed in a coat and pair of trousers. He was jeered, but he preferred ridicule in this case to admiration. It was at this quiet village in modest England that the clergyman once saw a whole girl's school undress on the shore and go into the water without any more protection than conscious innocence could give them. Scenes worse than this might be witnessed. We withhold the name of the place only because we do not wish to send a troop of pure-minded inquirers there. But there was no one to interfere with these exhibitions of modesty, any more than there was any one to prevent any bather who got out of his depth being drowned instantly. If people want to bathe comfortably and modestly, let them go to Dieppe, not to a quiet watering place in England.

The country round Dieppe is beautiful. It reminds one constantly of English landscapes; but nowhere in England can you get such butter as you do at the farm-houses about here. It is worth being bilious for. Very few things are.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS.—TAKE NOTICE!—The real medium for moving furniture—the broker.

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SHORTLY.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Sultan is still angry with the Khedive. Nothing will persuade him that the Suez Canal was not meant for the *cut direct.*

ONE Insurance Office has put itself under the protection of the *Phœnix.* Considering the revelations made of the state of the affairs of several others, a bird of less amiable omen suggests itself. The next time an absorption process begins we would suggest the *Albert-ross.*

LOW and High Church organs are in a fever of excitement at the reported determination of Mr. Gladstone to "move up" some of his late clerical friends. Fancy a shuffle that will find Stanley a Bishop, and Jowett head of a College! Well, if the list is not very long, it is certainly *broad* enough! What more can the extremes want?

"LOST AT SEA," the title of Mr. Boucicault's new piece, fairly puzzles us. He talked of the new thoroughfare he meant "to keep open." Can it be possible that he is still in remorseless pursuit of the unhappy Oxford eight? If these frisky veterans are to go down, mid ocean, rowing, for £5,000 a piece, a race against time, across the Atlantic, let us hope at least they will have *Formosa* on board!

THE NEW DRAMATIC THOROUGHFARE.

IN another place we have confessed ourselves at a loss to fathom the plot of Mr. Boucicault's new Adelphi piece. This was a mistake. A little serious thought would have told us the truth in a few minutes. Mr. Boucicault has declared his determination to "break down barriers" and "keep new literary thoroughfares open." He began by a good fling at the Universities. What next suggests itself, as most intimately allied with those time-honoured institutions, but the Church? The title is most striking. Surely it is a misprint for *Lost at See!* This granted, it *must* be a hit at the Bishops, and we may confidently look for the same truthfulness to existing facts, the same clever spicing with strong sauce that has so distinguished the great national drama at Drury Lane. Really, if it were not for the fear of not only breaking down, but of literally sweeping clean away, the barriers, one might almost be tempted to anticipate the leading dramatist in his heroic task. The capabilities for startling effect and racy novelty possessed by such a subject are simply enormous. The very thought of Mr. Romer, let us say, as the Bishop of St. David's, is in itself overwhelming! Mr. Eburne again, as a young Curate, suggests much food for serious reflection; while Mr. Stewart, as an ambitious Rural Dean, affords grand scope for the introduction of unhackneyed situation! The scenes might be laid here, there, and everywhere. We might have the Sheldonian at Commemoration time, with Mr. Benjamin Webster as the Vice Chancellor, surrounded by a thousand clerical Adelphi guests. With such elements adroitly turned to account, by the introduction of a dance of Dons, a song and chorus in Convocation, and a headlong young fellow in Deacon's orders, the dramatic interest might be rendered tolerably strong. Then, again, the Bishops might be supplied with mitres as well as lawn sleeves, and rove about Piccadilly after the fashion of the famous, careless, and one-suited eight in *Formosa.* The "syren" and the "tigress" being used up, fresh spice might be secured by a deeper dig into the social *substrata.* There *are* things even worse than the evanescent life in Fulham Villas! Indeed, when one reflects how much putridity there is underlying society, one feels that there really are magnificent opportunities for an author of a dashing and not over-particular turn! The new dramatic school is to abolish vice by dragging it out of its holes and corners for two hundred night runs. Is not this something like a prospect opening upon the playgoer of the future? But to pause. We may be quite at sea ourselves about this or any other new piece. One thing, however, is quite certain. The Lord Chamberlain's amiable reading of his duties to public morality has prepared us for anything!

A HINT TO MEN ABOUT TOWN.

IT is no doubt a particularly hard fate to be left in town at this most depressing season of the year; but, after all, London in September may possess its advantages. There are few people who are not willing to add to their stock of general information when they have nothing else in the world to do; and for the use of these unfortunates we append a programme for getting through the week in a manner at once exhilarating, inexpensive, and original.

Sunday.—Take a Hansom to Kew Gardens (after church, of course), and thence go by train to Hampton Court. Return by omnibus through Bushy Park to Richmond, and get a steamboat from there to Hungerford and Greenwich. Spend the evening in the park, and be careful to come home by the last train.

Monday.—Pass the day in the Tropical Garden at Battersea Park, with a few light volumes of reference and a sausage roll in your pocket.

Tuesday.—Take a Favourite omnibus from Charing Cross, and wait until it turns you out, which will be in the course of two or three hours. Make acquaintance with Holloway, and get an unexpected view of the Alexandra Palace. Avoid it carefully, however, and walk home through Colney Hatch.

Wednesday.—Go to all those sights which, as a dweller in London, you have never before visited. Your round may include St. Paul's and the top of the Monument, the Tower, the West India Docks, London Wall, half-a-dozen manufactories, and as many museums as possible.

Thursday—Friday.—Try and find out where the Victoria Park is. The attempt will occupy two clear days; and, if you are particularly intelligent, may prove successful. *N.B.*—It is better, however, as a rule, if you are in earnest about the matter, to begin on a Monday.

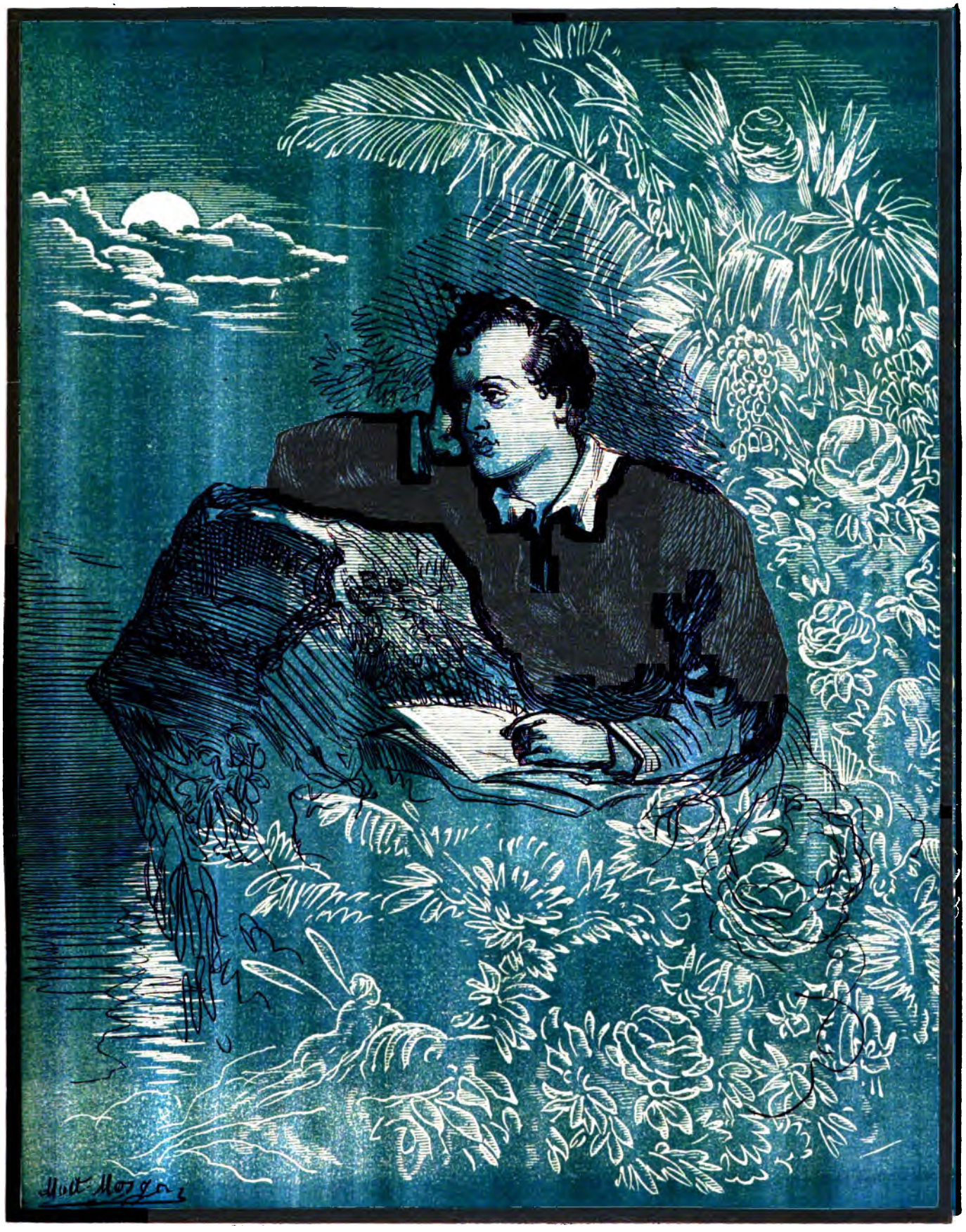
Saturday.—After a busy week, a quiet day will no doubt be an acceptable change. You may therefore walk down to St. James's street and Pall Mall. Exercise may be taken in these solitudes, without danger of intrusion, between the hours of noon and 6 p.m.

If this programme is strictly and conscientiously adhered to, it will prove an excellent substitute for "change of air" in its accepted sense. Indeed, some people, capable of forming an opinion, consider it more enjoyable than a trip to Boulogne or a week at Baden. We ourselves, however, are not quite sure about this; but, from our experience, we are ready to aver that the tour we have laid down is better than going to the British seaside; or, at all events, to Margate or Ramsgate in September.

MOTTO FOR MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—"Brass, not (B)yron."

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

"LOOK ON THIS PIC



PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON IN THE HEARTS OF THE BRITISH NATION.

RE. AND ON THAT."

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 121.)

XXX.

MR. SQUIGSBY'S honeymoon was not of long duration; but, short as it was, Mrs. Squigsby was enabled to form an excellent opinion of the industry and attention to business of her lord and master.

In order that the time might not hang heavy upon his hands, he had taken with him a whole portmanteau full of legal papers which required his attention, and to these, during the brief period of his absence, he devoted himself with unremitting attention. He "settled" huge bills of costs. He read and annotated for answering voluminous Bills in Chancery. He prepared "Cases for Counsel" to be submitted on his return; and, in doing this work, he took the unfortunate Mrs. Squigsby into his confidence. It was extremely agreeable to that patient lady to have to listen to the long and incomprehensible paragraphs of a Bill in Chancery, or the still more monotonous items of a bill of costs, for hours together, in their private rooms in the Grand Hotel in Paris; and it was real ecstacy to Mr. Squigsby to be able to indulge his newly-married wife with this diversion.

"It is really much more amusing and interesting, my dear," Mr. Squigsby would say, "doing this sort of thing than driving up and down the Champs Elysées, or promenading the Boulevards, looking at the shops, or going to see those stupid fairy pieces at the theatres. This gives you an insight into the business of the law, and enables you to take an interest in the proceedings." When he did put down his work his conversation was equally entertaining, relating, as it did, exclusively to the "cases" he had in hand, and what he could do, under the circumstances, to obtain advantages over his opponents, garnished with anecdotes of what he had done in other "cases" of a similar description, and how he had come off triumphant. Mrs. Squigsby's lot was, indeed, one to be envied. Even her occupations were furnished for her by an ever-attentive husband. Mr. Squigsby wrote dozens of letters every day to England, and as he had no letter-press with him, and as he never sent out a letter without, of course, keeping a copy, what better employment for his wife—who wrote a fine bold hand—than to make her do the copying? "I had no idea a wife could be made so useful," thought Mr. Squigsby, as he watched his partner for life doing clerk's work. She proved to be an admirable writer, and never made any mistakes, although, when Mr. Squigsby examined her work, he found many curious-looking blots upon the paper. Were they of tears?

XXXI.

She was thus writing one bright afternoon. The windows of their apartments looked out upon the Boulevards, and now were heard the *sonnettes* of the horses, the distant drums beating, the joyous cries of children, and the thousand and one sounds which go to make up the harmonious and exhilarating life music of the streets of Paris. Mr. Squigsby, pen in hand, was peppering a bill of costs with omitted six-and-eightpences, and thirteen-and-fourpences, and guineas, when a tap came at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Squigsby. A waiter with a telegram.

Mr. Squigsby opened it, read it hurriedly, looked steadily at his wife for some seconds, and then said:—

"Leave off writing, my dear Maria. We go back to London to-night."

A smile of pleasure mantled her face, the first that had shone upon it since she had been married. "Thank Heaven," she murmured to herself, "at last it is over." She now asked him what had called him back, or what was the nature of the intelligence he had received. Her heart was too full of thankfulness that the honeymoon was at an end.

When they were in the *coupé* of the train, on their journey home, Mr. Squigsby said suddenly to her—

"Oh! Maria, did you ever know a Mrs. Rigsworth?"

"No," she replied; "never; why?"

"Nothing," said her husband. "I thought perhaps you might have heard of her." Presently, and once again for the hundredth time, he took the telegram he had received that morning from his pocket and read it to himself with avidity. It was from Mr. Topps, his clerk, and it ran as follows:—

"Come back. Mrs. Rigsworth died this morning. The servant has been here and left the keys."

XXXII.

Mr. Squigsby, in his position as executor of the deceased old lady, took possession of everything. She had not over estimated her fortune. He ransacked the drawers, the safes, the cupboards. He found the property in the shape of "securities" everywhere. He carried them bodily away. They represented quite £80,000. He inserted no announcement of her death in the papers; but the next of kin and expectant legatees seemed to have acquired a mysterious instinct of her decease, and hurried in a crowd to the spot. They were referred to Mr. Squigsby. Mr. Squigsby dealt with them all calmly and coldly. "Was there a will? Had the poor dear lady arranged her affairs by testamentary disposition, or would the property be distributed by administration?" These were the questions. Mr. Squigsby only made one answer. "He was the executor. There was a will. It was in his possession. It would not be read till after the funeral." In the meantime, Mr. Squigsby quietly took the will down to Doctors' Commons and proved it. "It's better," he said to himself, "to get these things done as quick as possible. The duty on £80,000 is a good round sum, and I don't see why Government should be kept out of their money. Besides, it saves a good deal of trouble to prove the will at the earliest possible moment."

When, therefore, the funeral being over, at which solemn entertainment Mr. Squigsby had assisted the next of kin as one of the mourners, that is, he had steadily carried a white pocket-handkerchief to his mouth, and kept his eyes shut throughout the ceremony, and had partaken of a good many glasses of sherry, and eaten a great many sandwiches, and had felt uncommonly cold in his feet, and had sneezed several times, and had wondered who it was that made undertaker's gloves, and why the fingers should always be too long, and why the sensation of wearing them should always be like putting tight eelskins on to your hands, and why it was necessary to wear cloaks which smelt abominably, and when he had been driven in a stuffy coach flavoured with coffins to the cemetery, and jolted back again to the house, when, in short, the funeral was over, then it was Mr. Squigsby produced the probate of the will, and, with an air of authority, which the appearance of the document (now no longer upon a few sheets of foolscap, but written in fair round-hand upon a sheet of parchment, stamped with blue and silver, and having hanging to it a portentous seal) in no way diminished.

He read it to the crowd of next of kin and expectant legatees, and when he had finished there was a general shout of disappointment and disgust.

"But who," cried Mr. Bilberry, the law stationer, "who is Maria Branscombe, the residuary legatee, who comes in for upwards of £60,000? Who is she?"

"Ah! who is she?" echoed everybody.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Squigsby, quietly folding up the probate, "Maria Branscombe is Maria Branscombe no longer. Her name is Maria Squigsby. She is my wife. A married woman, I need not inform you, can hold no property; the amount, therefore, you refer to, comes to me! Gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

RADICALISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

A RETURN has just been issued by the New Zealand Government, showing that the number of "rebels" killed in the recent skirmishes at the north part of the Island during the year ending June, 1869, was 260, which, considering not 1,000 of the natives have at any time been in revolt, cannot but be regarded as a satisfactory result. We scarcely think, though, that the New Zealand Legislature has much right to take credit to itself for thus reducing their enemies. Extermination is at the best but a clumsy mode of putting a stop to rebellion; and there are means quite as effective, but more gentle, of winning the New Zealanders back to their allegiance. Perhaps the Government will try some such method of reducing the seven hundred odd Maories, who are still at large; after all, the stamping-out process does not seem to have been particularly successful; forthe New Zealand authorities cannot altogether congratulate themselves on the success of the vigorous policy they pride themselves upon having adopted.

"PROGRESS."

SCENE.—*A street near the Strand. Enter* DION BOUCICAULT *and* TOM ROBERTSON, *at opposite entrances, meeting.*

DION B.—Do I indeed behold the modern Sheridan?

TOM R.—Is this the modern Shakespeare that I see before me? (*They laugh heartily, and shake hands.*)

DION B. (*recovering himself*).—Well, how are you, old boy? I think I am astonishing them with *Formosa*, eh? Got up a sensation this time with a vengeance, haven't I? I've just posted six more letters to the newspapers. The six will be answered by twelve correspondents. Fourteen leading articles will be written upon the eighteen letters. There's an advertisement for you! Everybody says nobody ought to go and see it, and that's the very reason everybody comes to see it.

TOM R. (*wiping away a tear*).—Precisely the system that made *School* go. Let the correspondents fight about something. That's all you want.

DION B. (*with animation*).—How's *Progress* going on?

TOM R. (*with great animation*).—Oh, very well indeed. I have got a good sound plot—besides, you know, I go in for moral lessons. My idea in the piece is to show that we must always keep progressing,—always keep pace with the times,—never stand still.

DION B. (*laughing sardonically*).—Especially in dramatic matters, eh? We don't, do we?

TOM R. (*continuing*).—So I arrange my *dramatis personæ* in this wise:—Old fogies who are always talking of the past as better than the present, who always appreciate what was higher than what is, and who are averse to change or improvement in whatever form it may come.

DION B. (*explaining*).—The idiots—men who prefer *Lady Macbeth* to *Formosa!* I hope you lash them well, Tom.

TOM R. (*still continuing with increased animation*).—I make my hero an engineer, who comes to survey the grounds of an old aristocrat for the purposes of a railway.

DION B. (*interrupting*).—Railway! That's good. Had it mechanically in *After Dark*. Got it figuratively in *Formosa*. How do you do it? Do you explode, or run off the line?

TOM R. (*explaining*).—No, the railway is not seen; hero only comes to survey for one. Heroine, relation of old aristocrat, sees him surveying from the window. Falls in love with him because he surveys. Love so powerful that it gives her a fever. Atheistical doctor attends her, finds out her complaint, prescribes for her, sends her to sleep, and tells her in her sleep that her love is returned by surveyor, and that old aristocrat has given his consent to her marrying him. Surveyor comes on—meets heroine—grand love scene. Surveyor indifferent, not knowing he is loved. Heroine affectionate, believing herself loved and engaged. Heroine works upon surveyor; surveyor gives way, and declares his passion. Heroine happy. Canting old woman comes on, informing heroine that it is only a scheme on the part of doctor and old aristocrat to bring her round from her love-sickness and cure her of her fever, and that surveyor does not love her, but pities her, and has lent himself to the arrangement. Heroine, left alone, gets delirious in consequence of conduct of surveyor. Long window at back leading to balcony. Snow seen to fall. Heroine, more and more delirious, rushes out of window. Snow falls harder than ever. Heroine tears off all her things in her delirium to get her death. Everybody rushes on. Heroine falls insensible into arms of surveyor. Her teeth chatter as the curtain falls. That's a strong act, isn't it?

DION B. (*with excitement*).—By Jove! it's done at last. I've waited for it. I've passed sleepless nights thinking who would be the first to do it. I congratulate you, my dear Tom. You are, indeed, making progress. You are increasing your dramatic reputation with giant strides. I must look to my laurels.

TOM R. (*flattered, raising his hat and wiping his brow*).—I'm glad you like the plot as far as I've told you. I'll go on with it.

DION B. (*with gentle irony, interrupting him*).—No; don't. Let me continue. Last act. Heroine in a very bad way. Atheistical doctor in attendance. The doctor again prescribes the mixture as before. Tells old aristocrat that she must marry surveyor. Old aristocrat must get consent from still older aristocrat—the Duke of something—not Loamshire, my dear Tom. Sick-room business all over again. More physicking. Surveyor arrives; again declares his love. Heroine repulses him because she has not got old aristocrat's consent. Tableau. The older aristocrat, having overheard her, pushes the door open, and gives his consent. Tableau! The heroine is immediately cured, and marries surveyor. Curtain!

TOM R. (*with astonishment*).—Why, you know the piece!

DION B. (*patting him on the back*).—Know it, my dear fellow? I should think I did. That rascal, Victorien Sardou, is under sufficient obligations to me to make me well acquainted with him. Didn't I open a thoroughfare for him upon the English stage with his *Seraphine*, in the same way that you opened a thoroughfare for him with his *Dégèl*, or what you called *A Rapid Thaw?* And to think I shouldn't know *Les Ganaches!* However, it shows progress on your part, old fellow. I'm glad to see, my dear Tom, you are leaving off writing such rubbish as "Caste" and "Ours," and going in for good healthy dramatic literature—such as "Home," or "A Breach of Promise," or "Progress"—you do it much easier; and, as you have got a name as I have, it pays. Remember that it pays. What's the screw?

TOM R. (*timidly*).—A mere trifle—£200 a night.

DION B. (*with passionate gesticulations*).—That all! You are spoiling the market, old fellow. Why, the dramatic critic of the *Times* would have done it for that, with a column of *Kudos* in the leading journal into the bargain.

TOM R. (*apologetically*).—I think, perhaps, I ought to have had more; because, you see, I go in for dialogue.

DION B. (*placing his glass in his eye and smiling wildly*).—Precisely. You write in the English language; Sardou writes in the French; or Benedix in the German. The critics say, "This is thoroughly Tom Robertson," as they used to say of Labiche's farces; in English, "This is thoroughly Maddison Morton." You've got your critics into a groove, old fellow, as I have. Make money. You ought to have had £500 a night for *Les Ganaches*. Bucky, of the Haymarket, or John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety, would have given it you, I've no doubt. (*Stopping, and after looking round.*) Between ourselves, it's an awful bad piece; but that's all the greater reason why managers would jump at it. It is frightfully discursive, and there is nothing but sickness and physic bottles from the commencement to the end. It's the *Traviata* with the best part cut out—the immorality. The only acting part is the old aristocrat, played by Lafont; and where can you find any actor to play Lafont on the English stage? My system is, train mediocrities; get them to do what you want, and you make them respectable. Take this as a rule: No English actor can "create" a part. The author must create it for him, and it is much easier to do it with a mediocrity than it is with an obstinate first-rate conventional, who fancies he knows more than you do, and spoils your whole idea.

TOM R. (*exultingly*).—You're right, Di! But I'm sorry you don't think much of *Les Ganaches*, or, I should say, *Progress*.

DION B. (*affectionately*).—I don't say that, old boy; only let them snow hard in the great scene. Have plenty of paper ready—I don't, of course, mean in the front of the house—and don't snow brown, and you are safe! The snow will bring them down, you'll see.

TOM R. (*with emotion*).—Thanks! a thousand thanks! It comes out on Saturday, the 18th, at the Globe Theatre. But where are you off to?

DION B. (*with volubility*).—Off to, my dear Tom! I'm so busy that I don't know where to go to first. I've got to superintend *Anonyma*, at the Princess's; then I've got to read my new drama of *Skittles*, at the Gaiety; and after that I've got to put the finishing touches to my new comedy, entitled, *Who is Mabel Grey?* which I think is exactly suited for the Holborn!

TOM R. (*with envy*).—Well, good-bye. I hope *Progress* will be a hit. (*They shake hands with fervour.*)

DION B. (*with enthusiasm*).—Sure to be. You have done it, old boy; that's enough. You have made *Progress*, my dear Tom—(*quietly aside*)—like a crab! [*They exeunt severally.*

DRAMATIC MEASURE.

2 "*Traviatas*" ... ... = 1 "*Dame aux Camelias.*"
2 "*Dames aux Camelias*" = 1 Holywell-street Publication.
3 Holywell-street Publications = 1 "*Confessional Unmasked.*"
1½ "*Confessional Unmasked*" = 1 "*Formosa.*"
2 "*Formosas*" ... ... = 1 Pint of Laudanum.

RATHER "FULL" DETAILS OF AN EVENT!

BEFORE the Boat Race of the season is quite a thing of the past, with a graceful acknowledgment of the perfect good temper and kindly feeling of the American press, we must just note the *personal* strain in which some of the New World papers indulge when dealing with events of this sort. What would any random Oxford Four say if disposed of in the *Times* in this fashion?—

No. 1.—Mr. Blank, a son of Mr. Blank, the celebrated member for Loamshire, who paid his creditors 5s. 6d. in the pound in 1848. He is a wonderful oar. The development of his muscle, fine reach, and open brow, place him at the head of English rowers. In 1867 he won the Kilkenny sculls. He is of a melancholy temperament, and is said to be engaged to a youthful heiress, whose name begins with K. He stands 6 feet 2½ inches in his shoes.

No. 2.—Mr. Dash, related to the renowned General of that name. His maternal uncle married late in life a half sister of Lord Star, and his condition may now be regarded as perfect. He has the real grip of the water, and is an excellent mathematician. Report says he is intended for commercial pursuits, but the Bar or the Church have been more reasonably suggested by his admirers. He pulled No. 13 against Cambridge in 1865 to 1869, and is slightly blind in the left eye. He has a cousin in trade in Manchester, with whom he is not on good terms.

No. 3.—Mr. Cross, related to the firm of Cross and Lines. The finest oar in the boat. His father is said to be enormously rich, though divorced from his second wife. It is impossible to watch the fine sweep of his oar without feeling that he must contribute immensely to the success or defeat of his crew. He is said to be most amiable to ladies, and sings comic songs. His present weight is 172 lbs., and his views are Evangelical.

No. 4 (STROKE).—Mr. Asterisk, a nephew of Lord Asterisk. A perfect athlete, from whatever side he is regarded. He is to be married to Lady Augusta Points soon after the race, unless money difficulties, about which a good deal has been said, stand in the way. He seems to have the veritable catch of the water at the commencement of the stroke, though his great grandfather was reported to have realised an enormous fortune out of damson cheeses. His *biceps* measures 29½ inches in circumference. His tailor is Mr. Poole, of Saville row. His bootmaker and hatter he changes continually. He can row 52 strokes to the minute; and there is said to be a serious mortgage on his uncle's estates in Paddingtonshire.

COX.—Mr. Spot, only son of Mr. J. Spot, of the City. The house of Spot realised £100,000 alone by one operation in damaged shoe leather. Mr. Spot has a wonderful eye for the river, though report says he is on bad terms with his father!

Such is the Oxford crew, and it ought to be a slick and slick match.

A HINT TO HOLIDAY FOLK.

WHEN enlightened Englishmen (by whom we mean Londoners) make up their minds to take a holiday and go out of town their first consideration is where *not* to go to. Margate is healthful, but hopelessly cockneyfied. Ramsgate is almost as unbearable, and as for Ryde, Hastings, and Brighton, they are all more or less fashionable, hot, uninteresting, and expensive. It is, therefore, something to find out a "new place," and as such we recommend Aldborough, in Suffolk, to people who want real change. To begin with, Aldborough has none of the usual watering-place attractions. Pleasantly situated on the sea, it has no pier, no esplanade, no town band, no niggers, and no extravagant prices for the necessaries of existence. No doubt, as soon as the place is properly appreciated, it will be as certainly spoilt; but, pending its fate, we recommend it to those who want a few weeks of real holiday at comparatively little cost. Our most respectable contemporary the *John Bull* has taken the initiative in recommending Aldborough to the notice of the enlightened public, a recommendation which we in all sincerity endorse; for the paucity of English watering-places which are by any means enjoyable is becoming a national nuisance.

OAKUM OR STONES!

SNUG in insolent ease of good worldly position,
Sitting, feet on the fender, and dreaming of gold,
Shut the door of your hearts to forlornest petition
Of paupers who dare to be hungry or cold!
Is there place for stray thought in your happy seclusion,
Of fevers, starvation, or bed-ridden crones?
Wake one instant, and softly reward the intrusion—
Sleep again, with a murmur of OAKUM or STONES!

See the widow who trembles, so cowed and heartbroken!
Is this one of God's creatures so humbled and worn?
Sleep on, deaf to the truth—leave her story unspoken—
Mute appeals of her agony answer with scorn!
She is poor,—odious crime!—to the Board she is debtor
For bread—what but labour for hunger atones?
Give her vicious companions,—she'll serve you the better—
Soothe her sorrow, good Guardians, with OAKUM or STONES!

Bent with age comes another—misfortune has made him
Unfit—see the jail bird is striving to shirk!
To the yard with the idler! for illness upbraid him!
Paralysis? pshaw! send the beggar to work!
Gentle words of your charity go on repeating,
"The parish we'll rid of these pestilent drones—
"Show your face here, my friend, at our next merry meeting,
"Ask relief, and you'll find it in—OAKUM or STONES."

Fit reward for long years of privation and meekness
Hard words,—cold neglect,—cruel insult,—the street,—
Strength in well-fed security trampling the weakness
That crawls, as a worm, at gentility's feet!
Guardians,—only in name, when your charge is forsaken,
And self-love the prompting of conscience disowns,—
Look around! Let strange Pity your slumber awaken—
Find a text in your OAKUM, read sermons in STONES!

WORDS AND WIND.

NOW that the Emperor is really "out of danger," the recent satisfactory official reports of the state of his health are vanishing into thin air. It appears that he has really been very seriously ill, and, for once, those most unscrupulous of all news-makers, the Radical French papers, have told the truth, and no merit to them for having done so. The malicious reports unceasingly propagated in their pages in reference to the approaching death of Napoleon III. have so thoroughly established in impartial minds the conviction that with them the fear of the catastrophe is very nearly related to the wish for it, that their paragraphs about "Serious illness of His Majesty" have lost their force. However, as far as this last occasion was concerned, their "grave solicitudes" had the warrant of facts. While we heard that the Emperor was taking walks in the gardens of St. Cloud, he was literally lying on his bed in a dangerous condition. The only personal friends with whom he was associating in a quiet way, turned out to be his medical man and his nurses. Such society as there was at the Palace consisted of a bevy of doctors, discussing in anxious consultation the latest development of their master's symptoms. But this crisis, fortunately for Europe, has passed by. He seems on the road to recovery. As spectators of a farce such as this, we can only be on our guard for the future. And perhaps the easiest method of avoiding subsequent delusion will be to table out some sort of standard by which "official" news may be correctly translated for our benefit. Judging from the authorized language used by Government organs on former occasions, something of the following kind might prove very useful to the European stockholder. A trustful reference to the equivalent might show him the true state of the Emperor's health, and protect him from the effect of that

sudden confusion in the Money Market which will inevitably follow upon a change of Government across the Channel :—

REAL STATE OF THE CASE.	OFFICIAL RENDERING OF THE SAME IN THE GOVERNMENT JOURNALS.
A cold.	A State dinner at St. Cloud.
Taking a Seidlitz powder.	Private theatricals.
A toothache.	An interview with the Chinese Embassy.
A touch of neuralgia.	Distributing the prizes at an Agricultural Show.
Influenza (*mild*).	A Cabinet Council.
Ditto (*aggravated*).	Giving an audience to the Minister of War.
Gout.	Promulgation of a new Liberal measure.
Ditto (*rheumatic*).	Reception of M. Jules Favre.
Fever.	Arrangements for a review of 100,000 men.
Paralysis (*partial*).	A promise to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal.
Ditto (*total*).	A walk in the grounds at St. Cloud.
Highly dangerous state.	A slight attack of rheumatism.
Considerably worse.	Much better.
Life almost despaired of.	Symptoms quite disappeared.
Consultation, and scarcely any hope.	Quite well.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

THE question of the real state of the Emperor's health threatens to become one of those mysteries which are never to be cleared up ; such are the reports and counter-reports, statements and counter-statements with which the French newspapers have been teeming for weeks past. Seeing, however, the numerous bulletins which are semi-officially issued from St. Cloud several times a day, it appears quite unnecessary that there should be any room for doubt about the case. If the French authorities were entirely silent there might perhaps be cause for alarm regarding the Emperor's health ; but, as on the contrary, they are extra communicate concerning His Majesty's doings, the feeling of uneasiness which prevails cannot be well-founded.

As a rule, of course we never make use of the showers of telegraphic despatches which pour in upon us at our office at all hours of the night and day, but as the true condition of the Emperor is a moot point which it would be a charity to set at rest, we for once depart from our custom, in order to insert the latest intelligence, derived from the highest official sources showing the state of His Majesty's health during the last five minutes before going to press.

(TELEGRAM NO. 1.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.6 A.M.

The Emperor has passed an excellent night, but the morning being cold, he will not leave his room to-day.

(TELEGRAM NO. 2.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.7 A.M.

The Emperor, though pronounced to be decidedly better, had his sleep interrupted by a slight return of the rheumatic pains. His Majesty, therefore, rose at 5 a.m., and rode unattended into Paris, for the purpose of correcting the proof sheets of the *Journal Officiel*.

(TELEGRAM NO. 3.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.8 A.M.

The true condition of the Emperor can no longer be concealed, His Majesty is alarmingly ill, and the worst fears are entertained concerning him. Seventeen of the leading doctors of France are in constant attendance at the Palace.

(TELEGRAM NO. 4.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.9 A.M.

The Emperor is perfectly well, but is so busy with arrears of business, that no one is admitted upon any pretence whatever into the royal presence.

(TELEGRAM NO. 5.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.10 A.M.

The Emperor has eaten a hearty breakfast, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain now falling, has gone out shooting.

Should any slight discrepancy be apparently detected in the facts recorded in these despatches, we should remind our readers that they are purely official documents, which of course cannot be incorrect, and as such must be accepted as not admitting of question.

FRIENDS IN COURT.

MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT has certainly fairly earned his reputation of being the leading counsel of the day for making the best of a bad case ; but, notwithstanding the undoubted advantage the firm of Messrs. Harwood, Knight, and Allen derived from being represented by that gentleman at the Mansion House last week, they appeared but to sorry advantage. Yes, we regret to state that the "Great City Robbery Case," of which Messrs. Harwood and Co. were the victims, has come to an untimely conclusion, and those gentlemen having withdrawn from the prosecution, Mr. Clement Harwood, who stood charged with stealing bills and securities to the amount of £15,000, the property of his employers, has been set at liberty. Mr. Straight, in withdrawing the charge, covered the retreat of the prosecutors with much eloquence and tact ; but the bare facts still remain that a clerk in a City office embezzled an enormous sum, and that, owing to private influences being brought to bear in the matter, he has been let off.

We do not think that any but a civic magistrate would for a moment have listened to the idea of an abandonment of the case ; but as Mr. Clement Harwood was fortunate enough to have committed his depredations within the liberties of the City of London, we cannot of course say what would have happened if he had figured at Bow street instead of at the Mansion House. However, here is the moral of the story as it stands :—

TO THOSE ABOUT TO EMBEZZLE.

If you want to effect this desirable proceeding without fear of punishment, first take care that your father is a "senior partner," and then rob his friends of say ten or twenty thousand pounds. Afterwards, get an alderman to hear the charge who has a proper appreciation of a "painful case," and you will find yourself "an unfortunate young man, much to be pitied."

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

T ida L
O at S
N ake D

ANSWERS have been received from Mumbles and Co., Sid, Ponteland, Cabana Chica, and Samuel E. Thomas.

ERRATA.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. CXXI.—First stanza, fourth line, for *And toil, alike* read *And toil alike*. Last stanza, third line, for *sights* read *sight*.—PARROT PAPERS, No. CXXII, Page 110.—Title, seventh line, for *Le Plage* read *La Plage*.—In answer to Double Acrostic, page 112, for *Ichthyophagi* read *Idumæi*.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 125.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER* 25, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

FASHION'S MUMMERS.

AUTUMN brings other things besides fruits to perfection, among them the extravagance of each year's Fashions. The season of general holiday-taking is a capital opportunity for the extravagant powers that rule the land of Le Follet, and they avail themselves of it to the utmost. At a time and at places when simple dresses would, one would think, be most suitable, the brains of the modistes and the fingers of their wretched workwomen are taxed to the utmost to produce the most costly, useless, and ridiculous sort of garments which can possibly be imagined. Arrayed in these, the queens of Fashion and the imitative apes who wait in their train, take their pleasure at the sea-side by walking up and down some few yards of terrace or esplanade, showing themselves and staring at others. This is their idea of pleasure—of the beautiful country around them, of the many interesting objects of Art or of Nature, they take not the slightest notice. They may rouse themselves to the effort of lunching, in a new and special costume, on board some yacht; or of being transported, in another new and special costume, to some old ruin—not to a picnic, but to an elaborate out-of-doors luncheon, where all the comforts and luxuries of a dining-room are imitated, if not exaggerated, and where a due regard for their dress prevents them from wandering far from their well-cushioned seat. None of these parties of pleasure would be deserving of the name unless attended with the utmost expense in the way of dress. Each excursion is made the excuse for some fresh enormity of extravagance, and the most religious care is taken by those who profit by this wicked folly that the nature of the dress shall prevent any healthy or vigorous exercise of the muscles; the shoes are made for anything but walking; while the whole dress is formed of the material most easily stained or torn, and generally adorned with lace, the safety of which is quite sufficient to occupy the mental powers of the puppet who is its temporary owner.

That this is not an exaggerated picture no frequenter of the fashionable autumn resorts can with truth deny. It is a very striking feature of modern Fashion, that it seems to have been one of its aims to render all honest simple enjoyment out of doors impossible. The time was when women were as ready as men to ramble through woods, or climb hills, or explore the mazes of some wild dell and scramble beside the mountain stream. But now all this is at an end except for the few who despise fashion. The tight stays that impede all healthy respiration, the dress which, while pretending in its shape to be simple and comfortable, is so lavishly ornamented, and made of such costly material as to give the lie to the pretence; the useless high-heeled shoes, throwing an unnatural strain on the muscles of the instep, and, in time, deforming the foot, while they render walking martyrdom; the monstrous pinnacles of false hair, twisted and pinned and plaited and messed about so as to produce headache after the slightest exertion; when to these are added the, happily, not universal accessories of bismuth and other poisons gradually making their way through the pores of the skin into the blood, and producing sickness, dizziness, and a host of uncomfortable sensations; when all these items of Fashion's livery which now-a-days her servants are content to wear, it is not surprising that all pleasure should be confined to the gratification of that contemptible vanity for the sake of which such crosses are borne. The amount of perverted heroism which is displayed by woman in submitting to the monstrous caprices of *la mode* is enough to raise her, if properly directed, to any height in the social scale which she may desire.

Another equally distinctive feature of Fashion, but one which we believe she has generally exhibited in all civilised communities where female disciples have not been wanting, is the wanton extravagance which she enforces. Certainly now-a-days this seems carried to its utmost limits, but it would be dangerous to say so, for next year the inventive brains of the milliners' artists might produce some kind of garment in which money was more recklessly wasted than it is in the "costumes," "drapeaux," &c., &c., of the present season. We have not the slightest objection to women bestowing attention on their dress, it is one of the very few things on which they are capable of bestowing any, and it would be cruel to deprive their petty minds of such a congenial occupation. Let those who can afford it wear real lace, and dress as handsomely as they like. But let those who can't afford it not try and emulate them with trashy imitations, dear at any price, because in themselves utterly valueless, and of a most perishable nature. But lace is but a slight item in our wives and daughters' bills; we do not wish to dabble in the nauseous jargon of the artists who piece together that elaborate mosaic—a full-dressed lady of 1869; suffice it to say that by every device expense is added, and that no one ever seems to give a thought to real comfort or to economy, but solely to appearance and ostentation. Girls now-a-days *must* have this and *must* have that, till Heaven and their fathers only know the mean shifts and hard screwings which must be resorted to in order to provide these useless necessaries. Even in man's dress, which remains monotonous only in its ugli-

ness, this reckless extravagance is gaining ground. Silk facings and velvet collars and satin linings, and the tailor only knows how many expensive items, are added at the bidding of Fashion. One sees not many, thank Heaven! but still, not a few men with their feet squeezed into finicking patent leather boots, and their clothes cut in such a manner as to make it dangerous to laugh, even if they were capable of so manly an exercise. Dandies, we thought, were things of the past, but *petits maîtres*, to devise a very expressive synonym, seem on the increase. It is a bad sign when even ever so slight a tendency is shown to effeminacy in the young men of a country, especially if that is accompanied by a tendency on the part of woman to imitate man in no other point but in his dress. Neither good citizens nor good wives are to be chosen from such. As for mothers, now-a-days, the nurse usurps their place; maternity is a duty for which, like the conscription, every one who can afford the luxury gets a substitute.

This extravagance of dress is very stale food for the satirist. But he is none the less obliged to feed on it sometimes, for neither the physical nor moral effects of this folly are easily limited. Something more than imperfect respiration and injured digestion, than excessive vanity and levity, spring from this source. It is always said that the extravagance of the rich finds employment, and so food, for the poor; and to a certain extent it is so. But, various as are the materials employed in the adornment of the human form, from the excrement of the insect to the spoil of the corpse's head, everybody cannot live by dress-making and its kindred trades. Extravagance in mere ornament may enrich a few, but it does not benefit the many. The great branches of industry do not receive a stimulus from the elaborate shapes or excessive trimming of women's dress. Where servile imitation makes all society lavish of money on dress, it either compels families of moderate means to practise meanness in more useful branches of expenditure, or it lands them in the Bankruptcy Court. And, though Art, in its noblest and purest sense, is not much thought of now-a-days, we may say that it is invariably the case in a country where much attention and expense are devoted to the bastard art of adorning the human person, true art languishes. In the cause of intellectual and moral progress we plead for fashion in dress, handsome, but not extravagant—comfortable, but not indecent.

PUBLIC OPINION AS A POWER.

THIS is an age of humbug. We are continually saying what we do not mean, and deceiving not only everybody about us, but ourselves as well: for instance, we are never tired of canting about "public opinion." We allude to it as a sort of infallible despot, at whose power Poor-law Guardians, money lenders, statesmen, and anatomical museum proprietors grow pale and tremble. We know all the while that this is sheer nonsense. Over and over again we have seen public opinion howling frantic—literally kicking with tumid indignation at some momentary evil, but kicking hopelessly and in vain. A fat noisy baby would have had more influence in putting a stop to many scandalous abuses than our great flaccid and petulant demi-god. We know this well; yet we write leading articles about it, and repeat the conventional twaddle with unabated vigour. Here in England we shake our heads solemnly, and refer to "braving public opinion" as the culminating effort of the hero or of the maniac. Foreigners have caught the phrase from us. Dirty Frenchmen, with bad educations and worse incomes, allude to "*the opinion publique*" with fervour, and picture to themselves some strapping heathen goddess with a red cap, atheistical tendencies, and broad views on the marriage question. We do not undeceive them. We do not admit, except quite privately to each other, that the lady in question is nothing but a helpless, mumbling, querulous old crone, to whom nobody on earth pays the slightest attention whatever. If a proof be sought, one is ready at hand. A reference to any number of any daily paper will supply it at once. There it is, the everlasting letter full of indignant complaint, shrieking to all-powerful public opinion to raise its mighty voice and put an end, once and for all, to some intolerable nuisance. Day after day the ball is kept rolling. Policemen, railway directors, organ grinders, foot and mouth diseases, and all the other social scandals of life take their turn. But nothing happens. The torrent of indignation pours down the accustomed course, but not a rock stirs an inch. The noise is terrific. The result is *nil*.

We make these very few commonplace remarks by way of preface to several appeals that have, from time to time, come into our hands. We are not in the habit, as our readers are aware, of publishing letters, but a perusal of the following will carry a short lesson of instruction to the least reflective thinker. All the grievances alluded to below have been, to say the least, suggested before. How far they have met with any remedial treatment, an occasional look at the column of the *Times* will show. Single cries for help appear to have produced but little result: possibly a chorus may prove more effective. We subjoin one:—

(1.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

London, Sept. 19, 1869.

SIR,—To those who may, in any emergency, be induced to make use of the General London and European Cosmopolitan Telegraph Company's wires, I beg to recount the following facts, which speak for themselves. A grandmother of mine, who resides at Bermondsey, was seized on Thursday last with a severe attack of superficial *epistragitis*, and in the sudden crisis she had a telegram despatched to me at my town residence in Little Peter Street, Westminster. Six days were occupied *in the transmission of the message*, and I have been charged three shillings and ninepence *for its keep at the Head Office during that period*. I need scarcely add that I brought an action against the company for heavy damages; my grandmother, offended at my silence, having struck me out of her will, and died immediately afterwards. I lost my case, and have been mulcted in £259 3s. 10d. costs, the Judge having ruled that "no telegraph company shall be held responsible for its own defalcations provided the message be delivered within six calendar months." And this, Sir, takes place in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, and within ear-shot of Printing-House Square! I appeal to your powerful pen to assist,

Yours, &c.,

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

(2.)

The Police Station, Bobbinham, Cornwall, 12th August, 1869.

SIR,—I took a ticket yesterday evening, from Blaxham, on the South Middle Counties Extension Line, asking at the same time most distinctly for a return second-class, *vid Pottsborough*, to Piggleton Junction. I paid 7s., the fare demanded, and got into the first train that came to hand. I was, without any warning, taken three hundred and ninety-five miles in the wrong direction, to this place, SLUGGS HILL. The station-master has given me a black eye, and sent for a policeman, and my *return ticket has been taken from me by force*. What had I better do?

Your obedient servant,

FIAT JUSTITIA.

(3.)

Margate, Sept. 22, 1869.

SIR,—After beating about for 172 hours in an open boat with two old ladies, one suffering from tubercular paralysis, I have managed to reach this place. On the 19th of August last I took a passage by one of the Mid-Ocean and Overland Steamship Company's packets to Hull. After three weeks' severe weather in the Channel, during which every living thing was swept off the decks, I discovered that we were carrying a cargo *of live gorillas and gun cotton*. I remonstrated strongly with the captain, who, after putting me into irons, said I might do what I liked. The two old ladies to whom I have referred were at their own request let down in an open boat at a quarter to three in the afternoon, and it was only on their threatening to have their

passage money returned that I was allowed to accompany them. I have since applied to the Secretary, but his only answer is that it is a rule with their Directors *never to interfere* in the concerns of the Company. Trusting to the mighty influence of public opinion to investigate this scandalous case,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED FREQUENTLY.

(4.)

Belgrave Square, N., 19th Sept., 1869.

SIR,—Yesterday afternoon, in Bray street, E.C., I noticed a policeman knocking out the brains of an apparently harmless old man of eighty. On my gently remonstrating with him about his unnecessary severity, he threw me down, broke my nose in, and jumped on my chest for three quarters of an hour. I have applied to the Chief Commissioner, but he refuses to interfere. I merely mention this case as a warning to others. I endorse my card, and subscribe myself,

JUVENIS OLIM.

(5.)

South Kensington.

SIR,—I live in what is supposed to be a quiet street. Last night, between the hours of ten p.m. and three a.m, I was disturbed by seven military bands, an open air meeting, an Irish riot, a howling dog, five organs, a drunken man selling bird-cages, a collision of three coal waggons, a man practising on the French horn, and the continual firing off of street crackers. I appealed to several police, who all said that I had *better go and live in Buckingham Palace.* Now, Sir, I do not wish to complain ; but when I tell you that for years I have been such a martyr to nebulosous contraction of the nerves that the passage of a fly through the air throws me into paralytic hysterics, you may suppose that I passed a *very* uneasy night. I have spoken on the subject to my landlord, but his only reply has been to add £10 to my rent. Trusting to the aid of your powerful pen,

I am, yours, &c.,
NUDA VERITAS.

But we must close our list for want of space, for the urgent appeals to the "powerful voice of public opinion" in our possession would fill, not only one number, but every volume we have written. Would their appearance in print have touched a single grievance, or removed a single scandal? *Credat Judæus!*

THE ORACLE OF ROCHDALE.

ON Thursday, September 9th, appeared this sensation announcement, under the head of "This Evening's News:"—

"MR. BRIGHT, M.P., ON FOOLS AND KNAVES.

"Rochdale, Sept. 8, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for the newspaper. There are knaves in the world and there are simpletons, and the one class preys on the other"!!!!!!

Wonderful discovery! How original in the great Tribune! He goes on to denounce the Tory party as usual. We do not certainly approve of Tory politics; indeed we suspect we are much more hearty and sincere Reformers than Mr. Bright; but we certainly hope that we have generally something more to the point to say than Mr. Bright has in his dogmatic, pretentious letter. If wages have risen from 20 to 50 per cent. since 1840, what does it prove? Certainly not that our commercial policy has been a wise one. How much have provisions and house-rent risen since then? How much has Pauperism increased since then? Mr. Bright has always been one of those who think that three things only are necessary to make the world perfect: Free Trade, an Extended Suffrage, and the Ballot. But we want something more than free trade, as he understands it. We do not want that free trade which allows the tradesman to adulterate the poor people's food with impunity. We do not want that free trade which encourages commercial dishonesty, and all the mean tricks and falsehoods of great speculators and petty hucksters. We should like to hear from Mr. Bright something a little less arrogant in tone, more truly liberal in spirit, and, above all, more honest, than this epigrammatic epistle. A person who defends false measures and adulteration of food has only the choice of being classed among the simpletons, or among—the Tories.

THE POET'S PLEASAUNCE.

(SUGGESTED BY MR. BOUCICAULT "DE ARTE POETICA.")

YOU ask me, in what happy ground
The poet's garden may be found,
In gayest liv'ry dress'd,
With dazzle of perennial bloom,
And heavy with the rich perfume
Of Araby the blest?

Think not the Bard with blossoms bright
Can stay his heaven-born appetite,
For flowers of nobler birth;
The soul athirst for greater things,
Can find no joy in that which springs
From cold material earth.

The higher craving of his kind,
Choice Flora of a brother's mind
To gather in his sport,
Where, wet with fancy's dew-drop, peer
The leaflets of a stray idea,
In unmown fields of Thought.

To slyly pluck with furtive care
The buds of genius here and there,
Wherever he may find it;
And reaping where he has not sown,
Call the choice bouquet all *his* own
Who found the thread to bind it.

And, blending with harmonious skill,
The chosen flow'rets at his will,
To saunter up and down,
While wreaths of stolen blossoms, tied
Around his temples, serve to hide
His baldness with a crown.

So when we find our search repaid
By Wit and Fancy ready-made,
What need of useless pains?
The workers of our age profess
The noblest watchword of success
Is—SCISSORS *versus* BRAINS!

SCARCELY WORTH THE CANDLE.

A VERY sad accident happened the other day at the Edgware Road Station of the Metropolitan Railway. A passenger rushed on to the platform just as the City train was moving away, and attempted to force an entrance into the carriage. The guard, on seeing this, immediately struggled with the passenger in order to prevent him from effecting his purpose, and the result was that the unlucky old gentleman—for he was a man of sixty-five years of age—fell between the platform and the train, and, the carriage-wheels passing over his body, was launched into eternity with the abuse of the officials ringing in his ears. We do not wish to offer any particular remark upon this particular case, but we cannot refrain from questioning the advisability of the rule generally adopted by the railway officials when a passenger is foolish enough to imperil his life in trying to catch a train, of so obstructing him in the attempt that the chances of his getting crushed to death become seriously increased. The rule should be to do all that is possible to prevent passengers arriving on the platform after the train is in motion; but when once there and they have managed to get half into the carriage, it should not be considered worth while to pull them out again simply to ensure their falling under the wheels. We can sympathize with the guards being indignant at an infringement of the bye-laws of their railway company; but this very proper and natural feeling scarcely justifies a reckless sacrifice of human life.

No. X., Price 1s.,

BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,

NEXT WEEK.

NEW NOVEL
BY
PALGRAVE SIMPSON,
"WORSE THAN DEAD,"
SHORTLY.

Vol. IV. price 8s. 6d.

THE TOMAHAWK.

Handsomely Bound, Bevelled Boards.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Khedive, in the opinion of the Sultan, has been taking far too much *steel*, and the regimen is to be changed. *Cui bono?* For it seems very probable that the patient will fare no better. He will be expected now to swallow far too much *Porte*.

IT is with great pleasure we write, for the first time, "Sir David Salomons," at a season when religious rancour and sectarian animosity are hissing themselves hoarse, it is refreshing to hear that a Baronetcy has been conferred by Her Majesty on one of the leading English Jews. And more. There is no class of Englishmen who are harder workers, better men of business, and more respectable members of society generally, than those who are of Sir David's persuasion. The Snobbish bigotry of the day has received a satisfactory shock, and we congratulate Mr. Gladstone most heartily on his spirit and tact.

PROGRESS IN INDIA.

THE Maharajah of Jeypore has danced a quadrille! and one of our contemporaries has made capital out of the event to felicitate India on the satisfactory progress which this condescension on the part of his Highness indicates. We often hear of the *rapid strides* which civilisation is making, but we have hitherto failed to perceive the extent to which this metaphor might be made to admit of a literal interpretation. TOMAHAWK, however, takes his stand against humbug in every shape and form, and would like to ask the writer in the *Standard* what his idea of the civilisation of India is, which is to "advance" in harmony with the great fact of the Rajah's performance. If saltation is the gauge of progress, then cannibals must rank high in the human race; and we may hope to see Professor Huxley converted to the *can-can* soon, after he has finally demonstrated our community of origin with apes. Hindoos have already much, too much, of that superficial veneer of civilisation which manifests itself in eating meat and drinking brandy, and generally in aping European habits of vice and self-indulgence; and the Rajah of Jeypore has had the acumen to hit upon a new method of gaining a notoriety, which is to him cheap at some twenty thousand rupees. If he and his fellow-countrymen will show that they have some love of good government and justice for their own sake, that they can be unselfish, and care more for the improvement and enlightenment of their wives and subordinates than for their own gratification, and learn to practise a mean between servility and presumption, between self-abasement and self-conceit, we can afford to let them remain for another century, if they like, in ignorance of the Lancers or the Deux Temps. Surely it is cruelly, not to say unjustly, sarcastic in the Conservative organ to declare that "no greater triumph has yet rewarded Lord Mayo's diplomacy." Perhaps ere his Excellency's diplomacy reaches its maturity, he may yet succeed in playing a rubber with Scindial, Holkar, and the Rajah of Puttiala.

A PROVISIONAL RULE.

RETRENCHMENT is still the order of the day at the Admiralty, and, notwithstanding Mr. Childers' absence from Whitehall, his agents are busy economising. The field for reduction has certainly become limited lately, since stores, clerks, and junior officers have been disposed of in that wholesale manner which has rendered the rule of Mr. Childers unenviably notorious; but a new branch of expenditure in which the pruning-knife can be used has been dexterously discovered, and we understand that the following Circular will shortly be issued :—

MEMORANDUM.

Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

In consequence of the immense waste of provisions in Her Majesty's ships of war resulting from the great and unnecessary number of articles of food at present supplied to vessels on their being put into commission; it is hereby directed that in future, the undermentioned articles only shall form the provisions for the crew of Her Majesty's sea-going ships :—

Biscuit (*hard*).
Water.
Salt pork.
Salt beef.
Salt.
Pepper.
Lime-juice.

As it has been ascertained that these articles are all that are really necessary for feeding the men, and as a simple diet has been recommended by a committee of naval medical officers as best suited for sailors, no other stores will in future be put on board the vessels of the Royal Navy.

The only exception to this rule that can be made is in the case of an officer of great rank (such, for instance, as the First Lord of the Admiralty) hoisting his flag on board a man-of-war, when, in addition to the usual stores of beef, mutton, poultry, &c., put in stock under such circumstances, the following articles may also be supplied at the public expense :—

Game (*if in season*).
Truffles.
Champagne (*any amount*).
Fruit (*from Covent Garden*).
Cigars.
Oysters.

As the saving effected by the reduction of the present scale of rations will be considerable, the latter part of this Memorandum, referring to exceptional cases only, may be interpreted in a liberal spirit.

By order of the STOREKEEPER OF THE NAVY.

October, 1869.

Although the above has not yet been promulgated officially, we understand it has already been partially acted upon, for our special correspondent at the Fleet reports to us that not only has Mr. Childers given several excellent dinners on board his flagship, but that the right honourable gentleman is extremely bilious.

THE NEW FLOWER FOR SPAIN.—The PRIM-rose.

A REAL PUBLIC SERVANT.—The Holborn Valet!

THE WASTE OF

A PLATE OF FASHIONS

THE PERIOD!

THE BRITISH "FOLLY"

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

XXXIII.

MR. SQUIGSBY proceeded to administer the testatrix's estate in a manner surprisingly expeditious, which proved, more than anything else could do, that Mr. Squigsby was personally interested to no small degree in getting the whole business wound up. Had he not been so interested the estate would have been administered under the usual system in his office. He would at once have thrown it into Chancery, where he would have kept it for a couple of years or so, driving the next of kin and creditors almost to madness by the delay and the ingenuity of his operations, and piling up the costs in a steady, methodical manner, that when they were made out no one could object to them, although the amount was absolutely bewildering in its enormity. In *Re Rigsworth*, however, it did not suit his purpose to administer in this fashion. He, therefore, went at it upon another system. He got his advertisements out for creditors. He got in the bills. He paid them all. He routed out the legatees, and paid them down upon the nail, himself included. He realized everything the old lady possessed, down to the last pair of boots she had worn. He paid himself the costs of administration. He made out the residuary accounts, and when he had struck the balance of residue coming to himself in right of his wife, he rushed up to Somerset House and passed the accounts in one day (he was a wonderfully energetic man, it must be admitted), and having paid the residuary duty, the whole estate was then legally administered, and the balance of upwards of £60,000 as completely Mr. Squigsby's property as a few weeks before it had been the lamented Mrs. Rigsworth's. What a popular lawyer, too, Mr. Squigsby became in the Golden-square district! What an honest one he certainly was to wind up the estate in such a rapid and straightforward manner! How his fame spread! The baker's man, the policeman on the beat, the printer's compositor, and the other legatees, went about showing their legacies in good crisp bank-notes within a fortnight of the old lady's death. What high jinks and revels were held in honour of the honest lawyer! From Marlborough-street Police Court to Blanchard's in Beak-street, Mr. Squigsby's proceeding was the topic of the hour, and never had that worthy gentleman more cause to congratulate himself upon his conduct of a difficult case to a successful conclusion.

XXXIV.

There were, however, two persons who, when the facts of the case had become known, were certainly not disposed to join in the song of praise to the lawyer's integrity; and these were old John Branscombe and his daughter.

"I told you, father," said Maria Squigsby, in an excited conversation they were having upon the subject, "that Mr. Squigsby would not take an interest in us for nothing. He made the will. He alone knew of the fortune that had been left to me. He got you into his power, and compelled you to give your consent to my marriage with him. He married me for the money, which is his now. I hated him then. I hate him now more than ever."

"The villain! the abominable villain!" cried old Branscombe. "And to think that my old flame, Maria, should have thought of me at the last moment; and that a villain like that should not only rob me of my child, but rob her of a fortune." And he dashed his hat upon the ground in his rage and disappointment.

"There is no help for it now, father," said his daughter quietly.

"And to think," continued the old musician, "what we might have done with the money. Why, we might have taken a theatre, and brought out English opera, and I would have got together a first-rate orchestra, and conducted it myself, and we should have doubled the fortune in a couple of years."

The mere idea of having lost the opportunity of making so valuable an investment seemed to add to the agony of the old gentleman's despair, and he promenaded the drawing-room like a caged animal, kicking down and striking the chairs as he encountered them, as if each chair possessed not its own particular legs and back, but those of Mr. Squigsby.

"You must control your passion, father," said his daughter; "you must remember that you are still in my husband's power. I, of course, have no power to assist you. The money is not mine, and I have no influence with him to enable me to obtain any. You must be quiet and patient."

"Quiet and patient!" roared the musician. "I won't be. I won't accept a shilling from him; I'll play the oboe in the streets first, that I will. Let him throw me into prison for the money I owe him and the costs. I don't care. He's villain enough to do anything."

"I'm glad," said Mr. Squigsby, entering the room at that moment, and having overheard Mr. Branscombe's speech; "I'm glad, Mr. Branscombe, that you form so correct an estimate of me. I can assure you, Sir, that you are not at all mistaken. I am a lawyer; and so long as I exercise my talents within the limits of the law, I have as much right to make my fortune how and in what method I can, as you have to make yours by playing upon your instrument. Had you used the ability and intelligence you evidently possess in the earnest pursuit of your profession, you might have risen to a position equal to my own."

There was something particularly sardonic in Mr. Squigsby's manner as, with intense unction, he burlesqued the favourite dictum of the learned judges, so frequently used by them in passing sentence upon some hitherto highly respectable prisoner in the dock, who has brought himself, by his injudicious operations, within the meshes of the criminal law.

"Pursuit of my profession!" cried Mr. Branscombe. "I have pursued my profession: pursued it honestly and without doing any man an injury. If you had played on the oboe all your life, and done nothing worse, you would never have been in the position you talk of now. Look here! if I grind my flesh off my bones, I'll pay you back all I owe you—principal, interest, and costs. Don't forget the costs, Squigsby. Stick it on. Make all the six-and-eightpences you can into thirteen-and-fourpences; and don't forget the 'Term fees.' I'll pay it all—I will—sooner than be under any obligation to such a rogue as you. There!"

He was hurrying out when his daughter intercepted him. "Father," she said, "let me go with you."

The old man caught her in his arms and kissed her wildly. "Not now, dearest; not now. Not till I am free from him." He placed her half fainting on the sofa, again kissed her, and, with a scowl of defiance at his son-in-law, rushed from the room.

Mr. Squigsby walked calmly to his wife.

"My dear Maria," he said, "I think your father is most selfish and unreasonable in his request. He wishes his bill made out at once, at a time when really we have so many more important matters to attend to in the office. However, to show him that I can be generous, I will give orders that it shall be done immediately!"

XXXV.

Slicker was dead, and Squigsby was the sole surviving partner of the firm. Squigsby gave up the branch offices; but enlarged the West End establishment, and increased the number of his clerks. Squigsby now went in for mortgage business; that is, he lent money upon the mortgage of estates. He used his own money upon the best mortgages that came in. He got the money from clients when he didn't care for the particular mortgage himself. He combined his own with clients' moneys in very large affairs. He had the management of all the arrangements—and very profitable they were too. No lawyer ever sweated the mortgage money with more audacity, cold-bloodedness, and ingenuity than Mr. Squigsby. When a man wanted money upon his estate, and went to Mr. Squigsby, Mr. Squigsby would tell him to bring his deeds. If they were brought—and they often were, without the intervention of any other solicitor—then Mr. Squigsby would glance through them, and make a comparatively small advance, upon the understanding that when the title had been examined, and a proper legal mortgage was executed, a further advance should be made. Once having got possession of the deeds, then his operations commenced in earnest. He would send surveyors to survey the property. He would go into the title and make requisitions upon requisitions. He would have a score of "cases" submitted to counsel for opinions

in the course of the investigation. He would have the deed settled by counsel in consultation; and then, when he did "complete," and hand over the balance of the money to the borrower, after deducting the costs, how the borrower would stare to find that Mr. Squigsby, the lawyer, got nearly as much money from the transaction as he did himself.

It was in pursuance of some such operations as the above, carried out to their extremest limit, that Mr. Squigsby became personally possessed of the magnificent estate of Crockington. Young Sir Richard Crockington requiring money, and having borrowed it of Mr. Squigsby, and having executed a mortgage and gone abroad, and omitted to pay the interest, and being generally reckless and indifferent, and fond of betting, Mr. Squigsby took advantage to the full of these agreeable weaknesses, and proceeded to file a bill to foreclose; and young Sir Richard not having the money to pay him off, and Mr. Squigsby holding the deeds, and steadily refusing to give them up, or furnish abstracts, or do anything whatever in reference to them, except to stick to them, and there being no legal remedy to compel him to alter his amiable intentions, it followed that there was no one who would advance the money to take them up, and young Sir Richard still remaining abroad, and the suit in Chancery still proceeding, it also followed that in due course of law, Mr. Squigsby found himself the proprietor of the Crockington Estate, at something like half its real value.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, after he had accomplished this feat, "I think now I shall retire. I shall apply next term to be struck off the Rolls, and go in for county magisterial business and Parliament! I think I shall make an excellent member. I could at least, I am sure, give them some 'wrinkles' upon measures of Law Reform!"

L'ENVOI.

And here we must part with him. Artistically speaking, we ought, no doubt, to bring him down from his high estate, reduce him to poverty and misery, send him begging through the streets, an object of pity and the type of the dishonest man punished for his ill-doings, drowning the pangs of conscience in the tap-room, and lamenting over the days when he had strayed from the paths of honesty and commercial morality. Unfortunately we cannot do this. We meet so many (especially of Mr. Squigsby's profession) who, honest and straightforward, generous and kind, talented and hardworking, have not been able to keep pace in the race of life with those who regard all the finest principles of our nature as "folly," when exercised to the loss of money. A little of what an unscrupulous lawyer can do in the exercise of his profession we have endeavoured to show in the person of Mr. Squigsby, and, by so doing, point out some of the many abuses which call for remedy. How many hundreds in his profession are there who, rather than sacrifice one honest principle, would forego the most brilliant and certain chances of wealth, we all well know! These are the truly honest lawyers—but do all these rise to the position we have left Mr. Squigsby now enjoying? We fear not.

(*Concluded.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

NOVELTIES FOR THE SEASON.

In consequence of the great success which has attended the introduction of paper petticoats, we understand that the following articles have been patented and registered, with a view to being immediately introduced:—

Papier Mache Boots, manufactured from that million of used postage stamps which we have all, in our day, assisted to collect.

Earthenware Watches, at a shilling each, being expressly adapted for the use of travellers on the Great Eastern Railway.

Sawdust Bread, as already largely consumed under the title of "Best Wheaten Loaf, only 7½d."

Cast Iron Overcoats.—To be worn, after dark, as a protection against the Police.

Fashions are said to be continually repeating themselves, so the rumour that "Mud Pies" will soon be in season again may be well founded. Indeed, we have reason to know that several influential persons possess the recipe for their concoction.

(POLICE) COURT AND FASHION.

In this dead season of the year we admit that we do not make a point of studying the columns of the *Morning Post*, but that fashionable record within the last few days contained some such paragraph as the following:—

"Sir Robert Carden has returned from his trip to the Isle of Thanet, and is back at his business on the Stock Exchange."

We are sorry we missed noting so important an announcement at the time; but the fact that the irrepressible alderman was once more amongst us was soon promulgated by means of the police reports, which have already informed us that Sir Robert is as eccentric in his notions of justice as ever he was.

The case to which we allude was one in which a man (who himself had been beaten on the head with a heavy boot by a friend in a public-house brawl, for which the friend in question had received two months' imprisonment) came home to his wife with his head in a bandage, and assaulted her in exactly the same way (though with a greater show of cruelty and brutality) as that in which his recent assailant had served him. The man, when called upon to answer the charge, made no defence of any kind. The evidence went to show that the poor woman, fearing his violence, had tried to hide herself, but had failed, and the villain had actually beaten her in the chest with his hob-nailed boot within an inch of her life, for no reason whatever. For this outrage Alderman Carden sent him to prison for one month, being just half the term of the sentence imposed upon the man who had beaten the ruffian in the first instance.

If there was ever a case in which the extreme penalty of six months' hard labour should have been the sentence of the Court for an offence such as this, this was it; but Sir Robert Carden was on the bench, so the wife-beater got off next to scot free. We wonder if the injured woman will, in her turn, thrash Sir Robert with a hob-nailed boot. Were she to do so, according to the code now in force at Guildhall, she would have to be discharged with a caution simply. At all events, the point would be worth trying.

SLEEPING PARTNERS.

The Foreign Office agency system has ceased to exist—at all events, we hear that the following arrangement has been come to. Mr. Alston (the chief clerk) and Mr. Bidwell have handed over their agencies to Mr. Stavely, on an agreement that the latter gentleman is to pay Messrs. Alston and Bidwell a large sum annually; and Mr. Stavely has resigned his post in the Foreign Office. How far this compromise will be tolerated by the public still remains to be seen. No doubt the agent is now no longer a public servant himself; but a couple of public servants are, nevertheless, in receipt of large incomes, which, of course, are derived from the business from which they have nominally retired.

We doubt that if Colonel Macdonald were to resign his post of Private Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, and agree to pay his Royal Highness £2,0000 a year for the use of his patronage, the authorities in Pall Mall would quite see the propriety of the arrangement; yet this is simply the plan which has been introduced into the Foreign Office. Really, we are getting tired of the agency scandal, and it is time to insist it should be finally put an end to. Who are Messrs. Alston and Bidwell that they should be allowed to degrade the service to which they happen to be attached by the introduction of a traffic which is as illicit as it is unquestionably remunerative? In these days it is not the fashion to show great consideration to Government clerks, and these gentlemen, of all others, have little enough claim to be exempted from the fate which has already overtaken so many of their poorer brethren. Let us hope that the day is now at hand when Foreign Office clerks will be made to understand their real position, and learn that the high opinion they entertain of their own merits is not shared in by their employers, the British public.

Misplaced Confidence.—That Be-*Stowed* on a friend.

Motto for Soldiers.—Care killed the cat, and the cat the British army.

Motto for the Albert Assurance Company.—"Your money *and* your life!"

THE PARROT PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. II.

STILL AT DIEPPE.—THE FINAL CAUSE OF THE CREATION OF FRANCE.—A PREPOSTEROUS NOTION.—A DISCUSSION.—MR. GEORGE, THE AUTHOR.—THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."—A DIGRESSION ON LOW PEOPLE AND THEIR WRETCHED STATE.—HOW TO BE REALLY CHARITABLE.—THE USE OF NEWSPAPERS.—MR. GEORGE'S LETTER ON BATHING.

I FIND I am better for the change of air. This country is of some use after all, for it possesses a climate which is found useful in restoring the health of Parrots and Englishmen. This must have been the final cause of the creation of France.

That pale-faced brat—Bobby, I think they call him—is also better. I heard some one say the other day that we came here not on my account, but on his. This is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. Next they'll say we came here on account of the servants.

My opinion of the French people has not altered. My opinions, as I said before, never do alter. There has been an amusing discussion here at which I assisted as listener, interspersing a few interjections or ejaculations when I thought fit.

One of our party, Mr. George, it appears, excited by my example, has taken to writing for the papers. He, by some underhand influence or other—for surely no editor in his senses, even though he was a man and not a Parrot, could have admitted anything from such a gaby on account of its merits, obtained admission into the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a letter in which he described the bathing at this place. I don't know much about the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I believe, as papers go, it is rather a good one. It is apt to take up rather low subjects, but it is found in the houses of very first-class people. In fact, it is admitted into good society on the same grounds that prize-fighters used to be entertained by young noblemen; their art was a low one, but it was recognised by fashionable society. Your aristocracy likes to read about paupers and low women, so long as it is not asked to take them by the hand, or kneel in church beside them. Accounts of people dying in filthy cellars, of young boys sleeping four together in vermin-thronged beds, and swearing horribly, of women living like rabbits in a hole in the earth, give to those who have comfortable houses, good dinners, and plenty of servants, a very pleasurable sort of pain. Such pleasing relations are like the hot pickles which give a relish to meat. One can shudder and say "very dreadful," and perhaps go so far as to express an opinion that the wretches ought to be cleaner, that it is their own fault if they are not more comfortable—for, as we pay an enormous amount for poor-rates, &c., to say nothing of subscriptions to charities—whose fault can it be?—but having roused oneself to this laborious effort of sympathy, it is perfectly absurd to expect one to do anything else. And that is where it seems to me these newspapers are so useful, they drag to light these interesting secrets of the private lives of low people, and they express a great deal of indignation at such a state of things, in much better language than one could oneself, without taking a great deal of trouble, and one reads the article and agrees with it, and there's an end of it. One's conscience is satisfied; one feels one has been very virtuous and benevolent; and one is not fatigued. It would never do for well-dressed people with delicate constitutions to go near these creatures and see their dirty disgraceful condition. It might make one sick, or might spoil one's dress. I hate dirt and bad smell, I always did. I can quite sympathise with society in this respect. These newspaper fellows can do the thing—it pays them—and they really describe it all very cleverly; and I've no doubt everybody, including the dirty wretches themselves, are very much the better for it. This is what is called a digression. To return to my hempseed; Mr. George's letter duly appeared; it was smartly written, and it made out, that bathing, as carried on here, was very indecent, and that, spite of what some stupid people say, they do not manage these things much better in France. Everybody liked the letter very much among us, it made the young ladies blush a little, but girls like blushing, it's a change for them, and their lives are very monotonous.

One evening, shortly after the letter of Mr. George appeared, a man came to visit us, who had a copy of the paper with him, and he did abuse this letter most heartily. His name I found was Plainman, and plain enough he was, uglier than a cockatoo, and not half as intelligent; add to this he was a nasty low radical, always speaking ill of his own country. Well, I saw everybody smiling when he came out with this tirade against Mr. George's letter, and I whistled loudly, in order to express my conviction that this time he had put his foot in it. Mr. George looked rather aghast, then he said in a sulky sort of tone—

"I wrote that letter!"

"Oh, did you?" rejoined Mr. Plainman, "I am very sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Because I think it from beginning to end a tissue of misrepresentations, if not something worse."

"Do you mean to insult me?" asked Mr. George, biting his cigar as if it was his enemy's nose.

"I mean to tell you the truth, and I am not afraid of you. If you want to quarrel wait till the ladies are gone; in fact, I should be sorry to discuss the matter before them for several reasons," said Mr. Plainman, very calmly.

One horrid trait in this low fellow's character is, that he is always most disgustingly in earnest, and that he is never afraid of speaking what he thinks, or believes to be right. Such fellows should be suppressed. They are always contradicting one, and are not fit for decent society.

The young ladies all got up to leave the room. I notice the young ladies hate Mr. Plainman. I don't wonder at it. He never pays them any compliments. As for me I loathe him, he called me a stupid bird once. He little thought I wrote for the papers.

Well, when they were alone he turned round to Mr. George and he said, "George, I have known you many years, and I repeat I am very sorry you wrote that disgraceful letter. You have fallen into the too common mistake now-a-days of thinking that to be flippant is to be clever. You are imitating a class of writers—I cannot dignify them with the names of authors—who have no respect for truth or decency. Under the pretence of correcting abuses, and defending morality, you pander to the lowest tastes of the most vulgar and the most degraded of mankind, and you care not one straw for truth, so that you can get what you call smartness. It is a dishonourable, a dastardly trade, and for God's sake, my dear fellow, give it up."

This was a pretty long sermon—once or twice I was on the point of whistling, but as I wanted to listen, I waited till the end, when I said "Bosh!" very distinctly. This remark, though not very original, was clever, and raised a laugh against Mr. Plainman. But that did not put him out, the low thing. He looked at me and said very quietly, "That bird is not a bad type of debased ignorance, you see it is with you."

Now, coming from such a quarter, of course the remark is not worth noticing. It would be folly to expect such an underbred dolt to understand Parrots. Debased ignorance indeed!

I should like to have Mr. Plainman's eyes on a biscuit—with a little brown sugar to help them down. I could dine off that dish. Mr. George looked rather sheepish for a few moments after Mr. Plainman's speech, then he said, "Everybody knows you are one of those fellows who admire everything that is French, merely because it is not English."

"A very good hit that," thought I.

"I am nothing of the sort," was the answer. "I don't choose to flatter my countrymen, or to blind myself to their many vices and vulgarities"—a nice creature to talk about vulgarities!—"while I admire their many good points."

"You're prejudiced, Plainman, you know you are; I suppose next you'll say Schneider is perfectly proper?"

"I shall say nothing of the sort, nor do I go and see her. But that has nothing to do with the subject."

"Oh yes it has; I suppose you think it decent for women to walk about in tunics and trousers. You're a nice sort of moral man—you are."

"If women were always so decently dressed as they are here when dressed for bathing, I should go to the opera and balls with a great deal more pleasure."

"Now you are going to talk rubbish about shoulders and bare bosoms and all that sort of cant. Pah! you'd like to see women as they are in *tableaux vivans*."

"You are talking rubbish. The question is, whether your letter is true or not. I say it is not. I say that bathing here is conducted very decently, that women do not go near the men's

side of the beach when they are bathing, that men do not go near the women's side of the beach. I say that women nearly always go straight to their 'tents' from the water. That opera-glasses are few and far between, and these directed at the ships, not at the bathers; that all the inuendoes which are contained in your letter, are catch-penny bits of prurient affectation, that you never saw what you describe, and that as a man of honour, you ought to retract your statements."

"If I did, the paper would not put it in. Editors can't afford to look like fools."

"It is better to look like a fool than be convicted of falsehood, and anybody has only to go down to the casino here to convict you of that at once."

"What the d——l do you mean by that?"

"What I say!"

"You confounded impudent thief, you—do you mean to call me a liar?"

Here the others tried to interfere. I enjoyed the noble warmth of Mr. George, and the dastardly coldness of that fellow Plainman; so I whistled and drew corks. That is my way of expressing delight. It is much better than laughing. Plainman stood quite cool. "The dispute is getting warm," he said. "I am sorry to speak what seem harsh words to you, George, but I am not going to retract anything I have said. I will not mention to any one, for your sake, that you are the author of the letter; but if I am asked my opinion of it, I shall give it honestly, fearlessly as I have done to-day."

George muttered something, and the other fellow put on his hat, and, without bowing to me, left the house.

"Plainman's a regular low snob," said George.

"A dangerous man," said another.

"A free-thinker, I fancy," said a clergyman brother who was there.

"Writes for the TOMAHAWK, I believe," said a talented individual who collects scandalous stories for a fashionable morning paper.

"This shows," said Mr. George, "what impure-minded creatures these social reformers are. Plainman's always clamouring for the reform or abolition of something or other. He admires the French just because they have had a few revolutions, and he thinks they are going to have another. I consider it the duty of a writer to show up the indecencies of the filthy nation of monkeys and—and—apes, as Voltaire called them. The idea of a man calmly defending such a thing as the bathing here! Why, look at the French stage—look at the French novels, perhaps he'll say next they are not immoral. Pah! I hate the anti-English cant of these snobs. Come along, Harry" (to his clergyman brother); "let's go down to the Casino and look at the people. Here, I may just as well take that novel of Paul de Kock's. One must read these things in order to judge of them. It's a blackguard sort of book. The French are, 'pon my soul, the most immoral nation in Europe."

And George and his clergyman brother went off to the Casino.

"Bravo, George!" said I to myself, "I agree with you, and in my opinion, and that's worth something, you had the best of the argument."

ANOTHER EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is certainly happy in the organisation of his invading expeditions. If we remember rightly, the Abyssinian affair cost England something between ten and twenty millions of money, but the whole sum which the Khedive has expended on the great exploring party which is on the point of leaving Cairo for Central Africa as yet only amounts to £25,000. The most extraordinary point though in the matter of the cost of the projected expedition is, that the expenditure is to be recovered by Sir Samuel Baker and his select band of 1,500 men in a year's time. If this really is the case and if Baker Bey is to be absent four years, as it is at present proposed he should be, the invasion of the Bari country will not only be inexpensive, but actually a remunerative speculation.

Of course we do not know enough of the plan of action which is to ensure this satisfactory surplus on the Egyptian army estimates to offer any criticism on the soundness of the principles on which the calculation is based, but from a superficial glance at the question, we should consider that a modern Rob Roy would be far better fitted for the command of the Egyptian expedition than Sir Samuel Baker. Although perhaps it would not at first appear so, scientific research and wholesale robbery may be analogous after all, but we would rather it were left to some other than an English gentleman to give a practical proof of such being the case.

THE TROUBADOUR ON SALT.

I'M left here in London,
Yet happy to stay,
Though fashion and beauty
Are flying away,—
To roll in the billows,
To plunge in the sea,
To ride o'er the breakers
That—break not for me!
And yet by an ocean
In rapture I halt—
'Tis my bath, fresh and brined
With *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

Think you that I'm ailing,
Though wanting fresh air?
Just show me the burthen
That I cannot bear!
I toss up my dumb-bells
Like feathers on high,
The strongest of strong men
I simply defy.
You ask, "Whence these forces,—
Gin, brandy, or malt?"
Delusion! This muscle
Is *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

And 'tis thus I revel
In manhood's proud prime!
Don't fancy I'm dreading
The ravage of time!
My brow may grow wrinkled,
My teeth may fall out,
My legs may grow shaky,—
Yet still I'll not doubt.
But limp to the chemist,
And,—never at fault,—
Buy youth—by the gallon!
Youth? *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

HINTS TO LONDONERS IN SEPTEMBER.

FROM OUR DULL CORRESPONDENT.

YOUR HOUSE.—Pull the blinds down and live in the back rooms. Do not knock at your door, but come in quietly with a latchkey by the servants' entrance. If you are careful your neighbours will then fancy you are out of town.

YOUR GARDEN.—Plant mustard and cress in the form of your initial letters, and watch it come up. This will be found a never failing resource for the dull season of the year. To pick Michaelmas daisies and preserve them (after the recipe for making marmalade, as extracted from your Cookery Book) will also be found a pleasing and original experiment for your leisure evenings. In giving this compound away to your friends describe it as something someone has sent you from Japan.

YOUR CLOTHES.—Look out everything old you possess. Wear a wide-awake in Pall Mall, and tell everyone you meet that you have been travelling all night.

YOUR SERVANTS.—Insist that because everyone is out of town but yourself, that they have necessarily nothing to do. Attempt to reduce their wages, but failing to do so, let everything in the house undergo a "thorough cleaning" at least twice a week.

YOURSELF.—Persuade yourself that you are deeply to be pitied, and hate everyone you see riding in a cab with a portmanteau on it.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 126.] *LONDON, OCTOBER 2, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MORAL FROM LIEGE.

Is it too late for this self-worshipping egotistical land to learn any lesson? or have ages of delusion blinded it hopelessly and completely? Has the voice of the charmer sent it off into a drunkard's leaden doze, from which there is no waking, even were flames bursting through the rafters, and the cry of "Fire" echoing away upon the night? Yes, TOMAHAWK knows the answer before it is spoken. This is the great land of progress and of liberty, over which the hand of Providence for ever rests. This is the land where all is good, perfect, and true, where all is known and the goal reached. Civilization centres here! The barbarians have no place in us! Wisdom has guided the great, and their ways have been the ways of honour. Within there is no misery, no crime, no weeping. Christians throng here on the sea-girt isle, and can look down in pitying charity on the pagans afar off. Great good England is respectable, pious, and orderly in her home. And she is more than this, she is profoundly sympathizing and loving to her neighbours. How bravely and unselfishly has she not sacrificed all a thousand times when brute force has swept down upon defenceless weakness at her gates! What has she cared for the cost? Her love has been given to the right, and her mighty arm has ever been raised in the one good cause wherever its battle was being fought. Thus it has come that Europe bows down to her, and the wondering world admires!

But let TOMAHAWK pause, for he is much afraid that not a word of all this is true. He only sees that their Belgian brothers have welcomed his own Volunteers, and he marvels at it. He marvels at it, and he turns to Britannia and asks her, what single thing she has done for half a century to merit Continental sympathy—to win international esteem?

He asks her, if she did not even repay the hospitality of her friends with mean neglect? He asks her, if she can witness the ovation accorded to her sons without shame and remorse? Yes, for she deserves nothing but the self-same cold shoulder she has given to every neighbour that she ever knew.

May she wake up from her dream, and re-read the past aright!

If she but do this, the Liège Gala may yet turn its moral to account.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE EMPEROR.

IT is a fact that there was nothing whatever serious the matter with the French Emperor the other day. He was suffering from the effects of a mild attack of *sciatica*, accompanied by a very harmless form of a troublesome, but extremely common and not at all dangerous complaint. The Liberal papers, anxious for his death, exaggerated every report that reached their ears. As it happens, the Emperor was very nervous about himself, and it is doubtless due to his extraordinary precautions to get well immediately, that such amiable accounts of his condition were spread far and wide. To his view Imperial Purple is a colour that is best left as it is. It might lose all its lustre in the process of dyeing.

SUCCESS!

A LITTLE FARCE, IN ONE ACT (NOT ORIGINAL).

SCENE.—*In London. Period* 1869.

MANAGER (*to his Sec.*).—Have you sent off all the orders?
SECRETARY.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—A box for the *Thunderer?*
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—And for the *Bellower?*
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—And two stalls to the six other papers of which I gave you a list?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—And a single for the dozen others?
SEC.—Yes, Sir,
MAN.—Placed the fifty dress circles?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Eighty upper boxes?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Hundred and twenty pits?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Hundred and fifty galleries?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN. (*with jocularity*).—All got big hands?
SEC. (*smiling*).—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Told them to have lots of champagne in the saloon?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Made sure of Pitch, Figsby, Topper, Plummet, and Slop?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Told Snobber, Lumpton, Filch, and Scatteraitch that their pieces are being read?
SEC. (*mournfully*).—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Advertised well in every one of the papers?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN.—Gagged here, cringed there, and made all straight everywhere?
SEC.—Yes, Sir.
MAN. (*exultingly*).—Then it will be a success!
SEC. (*mechanically*).—Yes, Sir.
MAN. (*in a rhapsody*)—A success, by Jove! [*Exit.*
SEC. (*aside*).—For a fortnight! [*Exit.*

CURTAIN.

SOMETHING LIKE A DUCHESS!

To have seen a live Duchess is an event in many persons' lives. It is a visible assurance of the existence of a superior order of beings, which we often sigh for on other occasions, and which we very rarely get. The old lady's exclamation who saw the Queen for the first time in her life—"Lor! she's just like anyone else"—conveys a deep moral. It is disappointing sometimes to find that the fortunate and semi-divine beings who live on such nectar and ambrosia as this world affords, and breathe only the pure refined air of Society's Olympus, are, when they deign to descend among us ordinary mortals, not so divine after all.

But it would appear that the Duchess of Beaufort is in no danger of disappointing those who are fortunate to see or hear her Grace. She is an orator of surprising excellence. All the papers contained, in the most prominent part of their columns, last week, a report of three speeches delivered by her Grace at the annual dinner of the Badminton Farmers' Club. We are sure that, if our readers should have been happy enough to have read these gems of eloquence, that they will only be too glad to read them again. We give them entire :—

First Speech.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—You must not expect from me speeches such as you have been accustomed to hear from this chair, so ably filled as it has been in former years; but I think anyone can feel a pride and pleasure in giving the Queen's health, and I give it now—'The Queen: God bless her.'"

Modest, short, and to the point we should say if speaking of any ordinary person's speech; but, coming from a Duchess—Gad! Demosthenes is nothing to it.

Second Speech.

"Her Grace the Duchess next rose and said—I have one more toast to propose, and then I think the arduous duties of chairman—or shall I say chairwoman?—will cease (applause). It is 'Success to the Badminton Farmers' Club.' May it go on and prosper, and be for many years to come a happy gathering of friends and neighbours, a day to be remembered with pleasure, and to be looked back upon with satisfaction (cheers)."

Original, poetical, is not it? Witty, too, that touch about "chairwoman." How the farmers must have cheered! Everybody present must have been struck with amazement at such a masterpiece of oratory coming from a woman and a Duchess!

Third Speech.

"Her Grace, in responding, said—Again and again I thank you for the kind manner in which you have received the toast which has been proposed by Mr. Kilminster. I wish I had the power to say all I feel; but accept my imperfectly-expressed gratitude, and believe that I have never greater pleasure than in being at Badminton and finding myself surrounded by so many kind and friendly faces (cheers)."

If this had not been preceded by the other two, it would have dazzled one with its brilliancy; as it is, it seems a little commonplace. But we must remember who the speaker was, and then we can understand why these, at first sight, not very interesting specimens of "The Elegant Speaker" should have been so paraded before the world by our honest, independent Press, which, we know, is "no respecter of persons."

Let us not be misunderstood. We heartily applaud the Duchess of Beaufort for supplying her husband's place: we have the greatest respect for her; and we consider, now the papers have made us one of the audience at the dinner of the Badminton Club, that she acquitted herself very fairly.

But we protest against the ridiculous prominence that has been given to the report of these simple, and not in any way remarkable, speeches. In the first case, it seems to us an insult to woman to treat as an exceptional instance of talent a readiness of resources, such a very easy matter as standing up before a very friendly audience of persons whose position with regard to her was in some sense that of dependents, and saying a few sensible words. Surely we cannot have such a low estimate of woman's intellect as to think such an exhibition of her talents in any way remarkable.

But this matter also illustrates very strongly the gross toadyism of the English nation. If the Duchess of Beaufort had been plain Mrs. Beaufort, and had made thirty speeches much longer and much more talented than those which we have quoted, no notice would have been taken of them; but because she is a Duchess every word that falls from her mouth is to be reported as if they were of the greatest political or moral importance. This snobbish adulation of the aristocracy would be bad enough in an oligarchy, but in a country like this, which boasts of the sturdy independence of its people, and its practical common sense, it is simply nauseous.

BYRON *versus* STOWE.

PROBABLY we have not heard the last of this now famous case, but there may not be a better opportunity for reviewing the conduct of those concerned in it, and for examining the matter with regard to the general moral effects which it has produced, rather than to the details of the question immediately at issue. It is said that Mrs. Stowe intends publishing a vindication of herself. She had better be silent: nothing that she can say in her own defence can fail to add to her offence; putting her case in the very best possible light,—supposing not only that this story were true, but that Lady Byron had solemnly abjured her to publish it, supposing the Countess Guiccioli had published the most disgraceful accusations against Lady Byron (which she did not), supposing that Mrs. Stowe had done her task with great delicacy and unfeigned sorrow,—still she would none the less have been guilty of an unnecessary and cruel outrage on the dead, she would none the less have forfeited the esteem and respect of every generous and honest mind. But when we consider what her conduct really has been, that she ought to have known that she was publishing the most damning statements, that she might have known that she was arrogating to herself a duty solemnly delegated by Lady Byron to her executors, that she was making an infamous charge against a lady, and so dishonouring her children without due evidence to support the charge, that she was entirely misrepresenting the position occupied by one living lady towards the poet in his lifetime, that she was implicating the dead friend whose long suffering and patience she praised so much in an act of vindictiveness, in a cruel calumny to which history possesses no parallel, that she was, as it were, dragging Lady Byron out of her grave and making the hand of the helpless corpse write the foul charge that should blast the fame of him whom she so much loved,—when we consider this, and we have not exhausted half the outrages on decency and morality included in this act, we may well hope that for the future Mrs. Stowe may court oblivion in obscurity.

But far worse even than her conduct is that of those writers who, without any inquiry, sitting in the calm retirement of their own studies, adopted this calumny. First, to the publisher belongs the responsibility of having opened the pages of his Magazine to such a painful personality. He has his excuse, such as it is. He was afraid this "good thing" would be picked up by some other publisher, and the gains pocketed by some brother in the trade—perhaps some one in the religious line—so he was determined to be the first to profit by the horrid tale. He is quite welcome to his excuse, and to the high opinion of English publishers implied in it. But now we come to the critic of the *Times*, who, without stopping one moment to question the truth of this highly-spiced and improbable story, gladly hugged it to his congenial breast, and wrote of Byron and Mrs. Leigh the vilest things possible to write of man or woman. Mark the meanness which this writer managed to gather round him: The next day appears a letter with an anonymous signature, stating that Mrs. Leigh was probably not the legitimate child of Captain Byron, and, therefore, "the poet and she might have been right in considering that there was no blood relationship between them." Conceive the moral state of the man who could put forward this excuse for incest, or of the public who could relish such excuse! Some days later the *Times*, having found that every honest and decent-minded person was disgusted at the outrage on Byron's and Mrs. Leigh's memory, published a leading article, which for meanness and cowardly venom has never been surpassed even in that paper. If the *Times* were incapable of apologizing for the vileness of its critic's conduct, the least it could have done was to have held its tongue, and not have shown that while it had just enough sense left to know it had committed a disgraceful action, it had not the

courage to apologize for it. The *Daily News* is a paper from which, professing, as it does, ultra-Liberal principles, one might have expected a little liberality of sentiment. But it threw in its lot with the *Times*. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, two years ago, published, without a word of comment, a letter signed "Midlander," which stated that Byron "had never done a single action, or written a single line, which could by any possibility benefit any human being"—a lie so easily capable of disproof that we wonder some one on the staff of that clever journal was not capable of disproving it. That letter passed unnoticed, except by the contempt and disgust of every one who read it who knew anything of Byron's life or works. As might be expected, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was conspicuous on the side of those who gladly mouthed the filth which Mrs. Stowe had provided for them; it went even farther, for it absolutely tried to twist the letter of the lawyers of the Byron family and Lord Lindsay's excessively foolish communication into a confirmation of Mrs. Stowe's story. So degraded does the moral nature of some writers become, that the only atonement they can find for calumny is dishonesty.

We now come to the greatest offender of all in the Press—the *Saturday Review*. It is always impossible to say what side of a dispute this journal will take, as the writers in that paper are not selected for their fixed principles, and advocate whichever side gives them the most opportunities for display of sharpness. But one thing may be predicted with safety of the *Saturday Review*, that on whichever side generosity, manly forbearance, decency of feeling, and purity of motive are, on that side the *Saturday Review* will not be found. Since its commencement there have been many clever articles, many malicious articles, many calumnious articles, many insolent articles, many untrue articles, many dishonest articles, both in the way of attacking enemies and defending friends—many unjust articles, abusing unknown authors or artists, and lauding up the few personally connected with the writers; but we defy any one to produce one article in the *Saturday Review* which can by any stretch of charity be characterized as generous, noble-spirited, or in the highest sense humane. Of geniality or common kindness, there never has been a trace in the articles of this paper. The writers will say, "We do not want to be generous, kind, or genial; we want to be sharp, and we are sharp." They are quite right not to assume qualities which they would wear with so ill a grace as to betray the assumption.

The silliest article of all appeared in a weekly paper, which one would have thought from the strong predilection shown in its literary articles for the poet Swinburne, would have been generous towards Byron. But this foolish writer said he could not help believing the story, because "the internal evidence of Byron's writings was so strong in favour of it."

The ridiculous error committed by this writer has been committed in a far less honest or simple spirit by those of the Press who have sided with Mrs. Stowe. Ridiculous, we say; for what can be more ridiculous than to convict a poet of crimes from the internal evidence of his work? John Ford, a very serious and proper man, wrote a defence of incest, which for eloquence and sophistical skill is nowhere exceeded or equalled in the English language. We do not know that he has ever been accused of incest, or any other crime, though his tragedies all turn on some horrid form of lust. Shakespeare has never been accused of being an Iago, though Iago's defence of villainy is written with all the vigour and earnestness of one who believed that what he was saying was true. His sonnets, it is well known, have been interpreted in a manner anything but favourable to the poet's character; but we do not find that any petty scribbler of the seventeenth century, jealous of our dearest and noblest poet's fame, maligned his memory by cooking up some filthy story of his profligacy, and supporting it by reference to his works. Cyril Turnour wrote two plays which are infinitely more horrible than Manfred—he was certainly not so great a poet as Byron, though he wrote some very fine passages. Nobody ever tried to prove him guilty from his works. To come down to later times, the decorous Walpole wrote a tragedy, which Byron said was the finest in the English language, which turns on the most revolting form of incest possible. We do not think that the elegant and dyspeptic Horace was ever accused of indulging in the vile profligacy he discusses in verse. If these clever speculators on the meaning of Byron's works wish to know what suggested to Byron the idea of Manfred, we can assure them, from the evidence of his own mouth, that it was the almost legendary horror which surrounded his father's character. The vagueness of Manfred's crime is intentional, and is part of the poet's art. Incest has always been a favourite subject of tragedy. As for Cain being a defence of the crime, one might just as well say the Book of Genesis was.

It is a well known fact that the minds of some poets, by nature gentle and pure, love to exercise themselves in the portrayal of characters stained with some horrid crime. The very contrast of the nature of their hero to their own has a strange fascination for them. How far Byron has permeated his works with incidents of his own life and the features of his own character is a very difficult question. But to say that all his noble poems are disgusting pieces of hypocrisy because the poet himself was profligate, is to be guilty of preposterous injustice, and, moreover, exhibits an utter ignorance of human nature. If there is one fact to which analysis of human nature decidedly points, it is to the double nature of men, to the perpetual conflict of the good and the evil part of ourselves; and the union of the purest sentiment, of the noblest aspirations, and of deep and sincere religious fervour, with abominable lust and general moral weakness, is a phenomenon by no means of rare occurrence. When the weak body and the undisciplined passions or appetites have yielded to temptation, such natures in their frantic penitence utter appeals to Heaven more eloquent and sincere than any that more staid and less frequent sinners utter. They often seek relief from their own impurity in the purest thoughts. No man intending it for publication ever wrote a true autobiography, no poet or novelist ever introduced absolutely his own experiences; the poet idealizes, the novelist exaggerates; but neither alllows his nature in naked truth to appear in his works. With some men their writings are the expression of their better nature, with some of their worst. It is possible that, in private life, the author of the *Times* critique, or of the *Saturday Review* article, is not without generous feelings. Either would probably shrink from condemning their worst enemy on such evidence as they condemned Mrs. Leigh and Byron. Had the action of Mrs. Stowe been confined to private life and concerned only obscure persons, scarcely a soul would have been found so malignant and so filthy-minded as to have received it as truth; but when uttered of a great poet and his sister, plenty are found ready to embrace it as an edifying truth.

The moral of this is very sad, but very simple. We have often and often repeated that the tone of morality in England now-a-days is very degraded. We are glad that so large a majority of the public have vindicated humanity in this matter. But the possibility of men accepting such a story told in such a manner as true without any scruple; of commenting on it in such language, of never listening to the natural suggestions of generosity and delicacy—"Can I countenance this hideous accusation against a lady of whom I know no evil, who is dead, but who still lives in her children; can I abet this outrage on a man of genius, of unhappy life, whose end at least was noble, who is now in the grave, and whose soul is in the hands of God?"—the very possibility that men attached to two of the principal journals of this country should have been deaf to such pleas, and should have been guilty of the conduct which we have stigmatized above by its real name, is a melancholy proof of the low tone which now exists in many minds with regard to truth, generosity, and honesty.

NEWSPAPER SNOBBISM.

THE foolish and snobbish mania for seeing our monarchs in "*deshabille*" which was so much fostered and encouraged by the *Queen's Journal*, has produced in France a most wonderful effort of some Court eavesdropper. The *Gaulois* publishes an exact account of how the Emperor and Empress meet every morning when no one is there, except, sometimes, their son; what they do, wear, say, eat, and drink at their family gatherings. This proves that walls have eyes as well as ears, for we cannot suppose either of the illustrious trio could have written the article. Seriously speaking, this pandering to the most degrading form of snobbism is very disgraceful. Talk about hero-worship! We shall soon have the Royal washing-bills published every week, or a bulletin every morning to say whether the Prince of Wales has a headache or not. If Sovereigns are losing their power, they might try and retain their dignity.

THE NATION.

A new Paper of this Series will be commenced in the next Number of the TOMAHAWK.

LONDON, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

THE WEEK.

ACCORDING to a well-informed correspondent of the *Times* the best way to treat the Garter King-at-Arms is to keep him at *arms' length.*

MONS. VIEULLOT has written to the papers to say that his celebrated *Parfum de Rome* has not a particle of *Hyacinthe* in its composition.

AMERICA appears to think the Cuban harvest is at last fit for carrying. If she fail to accomplish the work it will not be for the want of *Sickles!*

MR. AUGUSTUS SALA has made a step in advance in literature. He has written a burlesque for the Gaiety Theatre. He had better have retraced his steps, and taken another turn "Round the Clock."

THE articles which have appeared in the *Saturday Review* on the subject of the Byron Controversy, lead us to believe that when Death robbed that paper of its *Cook*, the Scullion must have been promoted to fill his place.

MR. ROBERTSON calls his "new comedy" *Progress.* Some persons imagined that this implied that he could acknowledge the source whence he translated it. They were disappointed. We must give Mr. Robertson time. He has got uncommon talent; in time he will get common frankness.

THE intrusion on the privacy of society, first started by the *Owl*, has been developed by a younger and more ambitious journal. A young scribbler goes to a French watering-place, and, being hard up for copy, on his return to London publishes an account of the private conversations, flirtations, &c., of the ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance he made there. This he does in such a manner that none who knew these persons could possibly fail to identify them in the article. Is this clever, or honourable, or fashionable? Certainly it is neither of the two first; it may be the last, at least, in journals intended for the aristocracy. We do not write for such noble readers; therefore we may be excused if we express a decided opinion that such a violation of the tacit agreement which regulates social intercourse between ladies and gentlemen is most mean and cowardly, and deserves the severest punishment that society can inflict.

IGNORANCE IN EXCELSIS.

OUR highly respectable contemporary, the *Standard*, is fast losing its character as an intelligently conducted journal. Cardinal Cullen's Triduum was not an event of so much importance as to require a leader; but if in the dull season, and in the dearth of large gooseberries, it was found necessary to make it the subject of editorial comment, it would have been wiser, to say the least, to have handed it over to one of the staff who had at least a ghost of an idea of what he was writing about. Speaking of the persons who were present in church we are soberly told:—

"But the vast bulk was composed of women—materfamilias was there to earn, by her presence, if not by her prayers, the liberty of taking her daughters into society where they might meet with profitable suitors, and the dear little girls themselves flocked to the Cardinal's standard as a means of winning liberty to waltz—a pastime they have been for some years past deprived of by the inexorable 'Prince of the Church's' ordinances; but which, after their presence at the Triduum, they may enjoy to their hearts' content for one hundred days and nights without incurring the penalty of eternal damnation, through the merit of his Eminence's 'plenary indulgence.'"

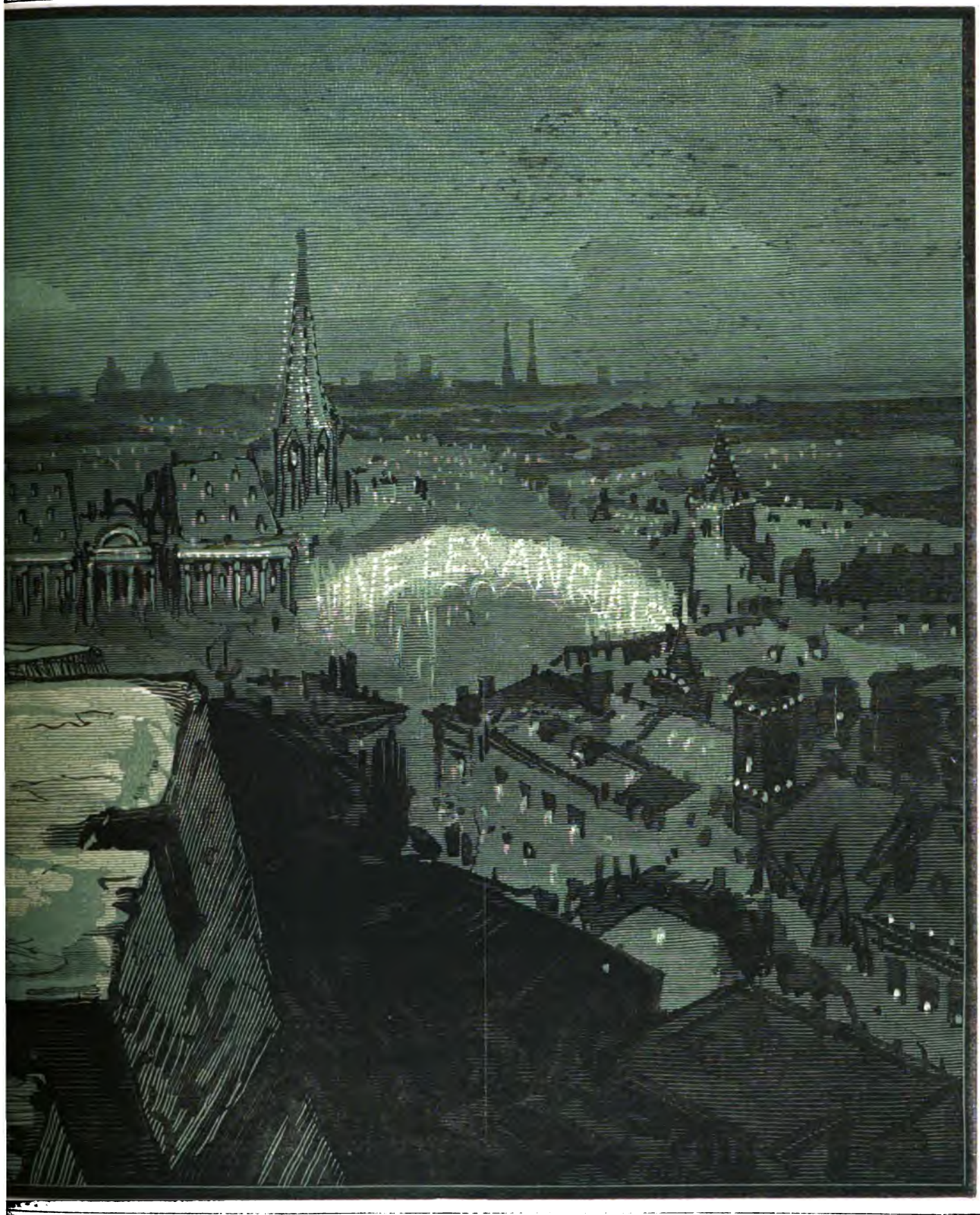
This is, indeed, startling! Cardinal Cullen has passed an ordinance prohibiting young ladies from going into society, or waltzing, under pain of eternal damnation, but has been gracious enough to suspend the operation of his eleventh commandment by a *plenary* indulgence for *one hundred days*—through the *merit* of which his flock will be enabled to waltz as much as they please for one hundred days and nights as well as to commit any other sins "they have a mind to;" for obviously as the indulgence is "plenary," it extends to all the other commandments also! What a happy event for the officers of Dublin, not to speak of the dressmakers! For the next hundred days there will be a perfect delirium of balls, parties, and waltzing; but the happy period will terminate on the 13th of December, and it was thoughtless of "the Prince of the Church" not to extend it over Christmas and the New Year. If he is not above a hint from an outsider, cannot he give another thirty days *plenary* indulgence for the approaching Council? Any doubts as to the meaning of the terms (which might puzzle his flock) could be removed by a reference to the Editor of the *Standard*, No. 105 Shoe lane, Fleet street, where a dictionary of Popish phraseology is kept on the premises.

NON PLACET.

IF TOMAHAWK could shed a tear, it certainly would fall over a piece of intelligence that has reached him from the theatrical world. He asks whether it really is a fact that there has been a terrible secession from the Adelphi company? Have his old friends, Messrs. Romer, Eburne, and Stewart, quitted their *locale* for good? TOMAHAWK sincerely trusts that they have not. He cannot get himself to believe that never again will he note the vigorous and earnest action of Mr. Romer, as he quaffs glass after glass of Adelphi porter, surrounded by a gang of Adelphi pirates. Will TOMAHAWK have eagerly to scan the features of the leading people in the market-place, and meet no familiar gaze? Is, in short, the wide stage world to lose its representative man? Are gallant tars, slave-holders, military bucks, uninvited guests, noblemen, and outlaws, never to have a fitting spokesman again? And what of Mr. Eburne? Is his tremendous *répertoire* of dashing juveniles to disappear for ever? Woe to Adelphi farces if it is. The "young dog" of a midshipman "just home from sea" was worth a dozen sensation dramas. And lastly, Mr. Stewart,—who will dare to laugh when he has gone? Where is the representative of terrible but cheerful despair to fill his place? What will the Adelphi company, to speak metaphorically, be without him, but a conscience robbed of its remorse? Stewart, Eburne, Romer no longer in the bills! The Adelphi has, indeed, fallen upon evil days! But let TOMAHAWK indulge in a hope that the report may prove utterly unfounded. Should it not, he can only regret that he cannot straightway turn his office into a new theatre, and place it at the disposal of his old time-honoured friends. A fresh and far nobler career might then be opened to them. There is not a doubt of it but that a series of "legitimate" performances, in which Mr. Stewart were to undertake "Romeo," Mr. Eburne, "Macbeth," and Mr. Romer, "Antony," would draw all London. But, joking apart, TOMAHAWK does not like to see hard workers and old favourites drop out of their accustomed home. Tenant-right is not a very popular cry, but it is one that might well now and then be heard behind the curtain. The public likes old faces, and does not care to lose sight of them without good reason.

LES BRA

TOMAHAWK (*loq.*)—SEE, BRITANNIA, THEY HAVE TREATED W



S BELGES!

SONS WELL—WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR THEM IN RETURN?

THE PARROT PAPERS.—No. III.

SECOND SERIES.

THE PARROT DISCOURSES OF MR. CHARLES.—HOW THE PARROT WAS FIRST ATTRACTED TOWARDS HIM.—REMINISCENCES OF MR. CHARLES'S CHILDHOOD.—HIS BENEVOLENCE.—HIS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—HIS PLEASANT LITTLE WAYS WITH DOGS AND CATS.—MR. CHARLES'S FATHER.—HIS CHARACTER.—A NOBLE-HEARTED FOOL.—HIS DEATH.—MR. CHARLES'S LEGACY.—WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

MR. CHARLES is rather a remarkable character. He is a favourite of mine. I have known him from childhood, and have watched his career with great interest. I first took a liking to him on account of a very ingenious habit he had of stealing my sugar when nobody was by, and then, at the first opportunity, drawing the attention of his parents to the fact that "poor Polly had got no sugar," upon which the want was at once liberally supplied, so that I was no loser, while I could not but admire the ingenuity with which Mr. Charles thus obtained not only my sugar but also a character for benevolence, to which he certainly had but a very slight claim. I was also much delighted at the way in which he treated those despicable animals, the dogs and cats. His father was one of those silly people called good-hearted, and was very fond of these low creatures. Master Charles obtained the reputation of being very fond of them too. In fact, it was said that he had a wonderful power of fascinating animals. I knew the secret of that fascination. When no one was looking, Master Charles would get hold of one of the dogs or cats and pull its tail, twist its paws, pinch it, prick its ears, and otherwise divert himself with the contemplation of its misery. But before people he was all blandishment and affection for the "dear creatures." I never had such a thorough contempt for dogs until I saw these wretched beasts crawling towards him cringing and wagging their tails, quivering with fear while the amiable boy—he was only eight years old—covered them with kisses and overwhelmed them with caresses. "I never saw a child so fond of animals"—"quite marvellous—how they love him!" the people would exclaim, and Charles' weak-minded father would give him some coin as a reward. The cats were not quite so bad, but even they used to let him scratch their heads, and purr while he did it. Only *I* knew how these creatures really dreaded and hated him; and I chuckled to myself one day when a new dog, not understanding Mr. Charles' pleasant little ways, bit him through the hand. He never forgot it, and while he pretended to forgive it, and said the poor dear thing did not mean it, I saw him give the beast the poison of which it died two days afterwards in fearful agony. A promising child Mr. Charles was, and I am happy to say he has fulfilled the promise of his early years. I think I may say, without any vanity, that I have had a good deal to do with the formation of his character.

I understand that Mr. Charles' father was considered a very clever man. In fact, he was a celebrated author. He certainly had not the pleasure of my acquaintance till within a few years of his death, but it has generally been remarked that his latter works were by far his best. The inference is manifest. I did what I could to improve his style. One insuperable objection I had to his writings—which were not devoid of merit—and that was the moral tendency of them. He was what you men call a philanthropist. Nearly all his poems and prose works had the same object, to relieve the misery of the poor and the unfortunate. This was very weak. If he had written panegyrics on statesmen, he might have got some prize in a public office; if he had made pretty verses about the Royal Family, he might have got a berth at Court; if he had flattered his brother authors, he might have got more favourable reviews of his books; if he had pandered to the public taste, and praised the pet weaknesses of mankind, he might have been a very popular author. But he was a fool; he had ideas about goodness and benevolence, and the sacred responsibility of authorship, which ruined him. I have heard him spoken of—after his death, never before—as a noble-hearted man, who through much evil report held fearlessly on the path which he knew to be the right one; who never raised his voice in defence of tyranny or in justification of selfishness; who loved his fellow-creatures not for what he could get from them, but from the fulness of his generous, gentle heart; who was ambitious not of the praise of men but of their gratitude; who took more pride in the simple thanks, if only conveyed in a look, of a poor and wretched man, than in the encomiums of the rich and the mighty. I repeat, he was a fool. He never could see misery without letting the sight of it make him wretched. He never could think on the sufferings of the poor without shedding tears. Contemptible driveller I must call him. It did not pay. What was the good of his worrying himself about a lot of dirty starving brutes? They could not make his books go through several editions. Why did not he write novels with a spice of immorality in them? Why did not he get into favour with managers, as his son has done, and produce popular pieces, full of vulgar jokes and pretty women? That's what pays. I have no patience with such folly. However, I don't want to speak harshly of Mr. Charles' father. He always treated me with respect. I believe he dedicated a poem to me. It began,—

> "Oh, beauteous bird, whose notes of loving praise
> Make Heaven more heavenly—"

I forget the rest. However, he went on slaving and slaving till at last he died in harness, as men say; and when he was dead, people found out "what a great and good man he was, and that they had had amongst them, without knowing it or honouring him, one of the purest and perfectest poets whose genius has ever illumined this dark and dismal earth." I quote from an obituary notice of his father, written by Mr. Charles, to whom his father left the copyright of all his works,—and a very valuable property they have turned out to be.

But his father left Mr. Charles something more valuable still. It was not his "noble heart," it was not his "genius;" it was *his name*. On that Mr. Charles has traded to some purpose. His father was scarcely in his grave before he wrote round to all the editors of newspapers and magazines to say "in what distress" his dear and honoured father had "left his family, and how on him had devolved the sacred duty of labouring from morning till night to provide for them, not the luxuries which they had known in happier days, but the bare necessities of life. His father, he regretted to say, was a very imprudent man, and was far too liberal with his money." No one knew that better than Mr. Charles, who had drawn his father into all kinds of extravagance on his account. Besides, the silly old man had denied himself every comfort and luxury in order to help poor sick people and fellow-authors. The number of idle rascals he used to feed from his hardly-gained earnings was fearful. Mr. Charles, I felt sure, would not imitate him in this point. I heard one of these productions of Mr. Charles read out aloud to the family circle, and I could not help drawing a few corks to express the satisfaction with which I regarded it. What a jolly humbug Mr. Charles was! I never saw any signs of poverty after his father's death. I got everything I wanted, that's all I know. If I had not, I should have made a pretty fine row. Mr. Charles' appeal, of course, ended with a request for some literary employment, however small and however poorly remunerated, and so by working on the softness of human nature, which is always ready to help a man after he is gone, he got a good deal of work on the newspapers; and a very nice income he makes now—about £2,000 a year, out of which he allows his sisters £100 between them. And while he takes care not to let people know what he earns, he always tells them "that he is very poor, but he tries to do something for his poor sisters," which gives them an idea of unbounded liberality on his part.

Mr. Charles knew the value of his father's name. "Charles Marvel" signed in full at the bottom of a copy of verses or a little essay, brought to the reader's mind at once very charming recollections. The name was so associated with genius, that you could not help believing, however common-place the verses or essay might seem, that there was really something in them. Mr. Charles was not the man to overlook this advantage, and, to judge from his works, which I have been studying lately, it must have made his father shudder in his grave to see the rubbish to which his name was put. For I will say this of old Marvel, whatever he wrote was first-rate of its kind. But, bless you, Mr. Charles does not care; so long as he gets paid, he will write anything. He often says with a sigh, "Ah! my poor dear father, I wish he had not been such a genius—for I know how inferior my poor talents must seem to his, and people can't help comparing us." But, all the same, Mr. Charles makes now, I understand, twice as much as his father was making when he died. But Mr. Charles is not a philanthropist—or, at least, only when it pays to seem so. He puts his feelings in his pocket, if he has really got any. He never thinks whether what he writes will do any good to anybody else; so long as it brings him money his conscience is at ease. I repeat again, I like Mr. Charles. I shall have something more to say about him in my next.

TOMAHAWK ABROAD.

IV.—Liege.

THE Red Indian, the Child of Nature, the middle-aged Infant of the Boundless Prairie of London the nearly-empty, has misbehaved himself! Rejoice, ye who have him, and do not pay the weekly tribute of twopence; be exceeding glad, ye who buy his precious words but to revile him and to laugh him to scorn! Alas! alas! alas! TOMAHAWK has been in a chronic state of intoxication for the last three days! Has he not "liquored up" with the King of the Belgians? has he not partaken of strong waters (*very* strong waters) with all the rank and beauty of Liége? Yes, of a verity has he, and the result has been an enlarging of the heart and an invasion of the pocket most painful to his feelings and understanding!

So much for a preface.

By this time nearly all the London papers have commented upon the late *fêtes* held in Belgium. Some have been full of praise of the Volunteers; others of admiration for the *brave Belges*; but all without exception have sung the song of Peace. We have been told how our hosts have entertained us—the banquet has been described amply by the amiable penny-a-liner who "does" the "spasmodic descriptive" for the *Daily Detonator*. The illuminations have been more or less humorously described by that literary weathercock—the *Times*. But still, the moral has remained—"Non Intervention." Let the Belgians pipe unto us, and we will dance; let them give us the "hip! hip! hip!" and we will cheer; let them feed us, and we will eat; let them ask us to save them from destruction, and—we will turn our back upon them and their troubles! Happy nation of Englishmen, who know their own interest, oh so well! Open-hearted people of Britons, who have learned, oh so charmingly, where to draw the line between feasting and—fighting! TOMAHAWK respects ye with an admiration too intense for words of breath or type either!

Alas! that I should have to admit it—the Child of the Prairies has been a little imprudent! Yes, everywhere has he been acknowledged as *the* representative of that very "canny" brute the British Lion, and, on this occasion (*only* let me trust) the British Lion, through the medium of his representatives, has shown himself to be little better than an ass!

It came in this way:—

The Representative of the British Lion (otherwise, the Child of the Prairie, alias myself) was walking through Liége, got up in martial array (what was not silver in his uniform was gold), looking as much like a soldier as a very white shirt-collar and a very long sword could make him, when he met a *brave Belge*.

"Hip! hip! hip!" said the *brave Belge*—subsequently adding, in a laudatory tone of voice, *Vive les Anglais!*

The Representative of the British Lion made a military salute of the Volunteer Order of Architecture.

"You spiks the French?" asked the Belge.

"Ung pooh! may par grand chose," replied the Lion.

"Come and drink, Sare," said the Belge.

"Certainmong wee," acquiesced the Lion; and liquor was consumed in large quantities. Perhaps it may be as well (for the sake of future historians) to give the names of the "drinks" imbibed by the Belge and the Lion at the various *cafés*. They met at noon.

At 1 o'clock they went to the *Café Venetien*, and drank deeply of champagne.

At 2 o'clock they marched to the *Café Somethingelse*, and imbibed largely of bitter beer.

At 3 o'clock they strolled leisurely to the *Café de Thingambob*, and assuaged their thirst with port wine.

At 4 o'clock they lolled in a *degagé* manner to the *Literary Club*, and partook of *Gin d'Ecosse*, otherwise whiskey.

At 5 o'clock they reeled to the *Athené Royal*, were they were served with champagne and Vienna beer in alternate glasses.

During this entertainment the following conversation took place:—

BRAVE BELGE (*helping British Lion to champagne*).—England is von big country—ah yes!

BRITISH LION (*with condescension*).—Wee, ung pooh!

BRAVE BELGE (*with admiration*).—Oh yes! You are officer, Sare—is it not?

BRITISH LION (*telling a pardonable lie to gain the respect of the Brave Belge*).—I am the aide-de-camp of the Lord Mayor!

BRAVE BELGE (*with painful respect*).—Mon Dieu!—quel honneur!

BRITISH LION (*conscious of the effect he has produced*).—Ah wee—ung pooh!

BRAVE BELGE (*with enthusiasm*).—Sare, we drink the Lor-Maire, is it not? (*They drink.*) You are great nation—will not your Queen cum over ere to make us visit, Sare? De Lor-Maire cum not of course, too great honor—but perhaps your Queen? What you say, Sare?

BRITISH LION.—I have not the smallest doubt but what she will.

BRAVE BELGE (*trying to kiss the British Lion*).—Ah, Sare, we are broders! Is it not?

BRITISH LION (*cordially*).—Yes—ung pooh! No, I mean yes, *noos som frère*, and, what's more, we (*with much meaning*) will help our friends!

BRAVE BELGE (*with great enthusiasm*).—You will help us, Sare—is it not? If the French cum over, Sare—is it not?

BRITISH LION.—We would die to a man in your defence! To a man, Sir—you understand—to a man!

BRAVE BELGE (*with tears in his eyes*).—Ah, Sare, you are too good! What shall I do?—my eart she is too full! (*tries to kiss the hem of British Lion's garment*).

BRITISH LION (*with superb condescension*).—Not at all. And now take me to your banquets and all that kind of thing. (*Brave Belge goes mad with enthusiasm, and the Belgian populace cheer Les Anglais to the echo.*)

Let me drop the jester's bawble for a moment. Even as I shake the bells of my motley, the music sounds full of sadness. I cannot laugh at these poor good kind-hearted people doing their best to please us in every way, in the trust of our help and friendship; the subject is too painful for a generous nature to contemplate. It is cruel to deceive them, and I assert that we have deceived them. It is cruel to raise false hopes, and I solemnly declare that we have raised false hopes. Yes, as the vision of the Belgian fêtes passes before my eyes, I see through the glare of the gas and the tinsel of the decorations, a poor people, putting faith in a hard-hearted nation of egotists, a community of victims, trusting blindly and madly to a rotten straw for deliverance from fire and the edge of the sword!

Only those who were present at Liége last week know how kindly was the welcome accorded to the English by this homely people; how vast was the enthusiasm expended in singing the praises of our veritable "nation of shopkeepers." It is not good to laugh at their deplorable mistake—it is not generous. The old spirit of British courage died away when we left the Danes to their fate, and refused to assist them in their dire necessity. Tush! it sickens me to think how wedded are we to the counter and the scales. For the sake of the shop we will sacrifice honour, justice, everything! We have "buried the sword"—verily, and with it everything our ancestors fought for and our fathers died to preserve!

A DEPARTED SAINT.

ANOTHER of the ecclesiastical institutions of this country besides the Irish Church may be said to have passed away. Bishop Phillpotts, at the age of 92, has died. We do not wish to harass the dead, particularly the holy dead: but it is impossible to read the life of the great Bishop Phillpotts, and to recall his appearance, without some serious reflection. Looking back on his career, we find the most important events to have turned on disputes concerning the possession of money or of tyrannical power. When first appointed to the See of Exeter, what was the privilege for which this good man fought with tongue and pen and all his energies? The privilege of helping the poor and miserable? of increasing the comforts of the many hard-working, half-fed curates under his charge? of spreading peace and goodwill throughout his diocese? of diminishing the immorality of his flock? No, none of these trivial things roused the right reverend Bishop's generous fire, but the question whether he should be allowed to retain the rectory of Stanhope, £4,000 a year, together with his bishopric, which was only £3,000 a year. Pious zeal! He thought himself ill-used when the Whigs, whom he had opposed and abused all his life-long—

at least, as long as he thought he could get something by doing so—only allowed him to hold a canonry of Durham Cathedral, a great concession, but still not representing so valuable a property as he had to give up. Next we find him relentlessly pursuing, through a dark tunnel of law-suits, a good, honest man, Mr. Shore, and when at last, by aid of the tortuous sophistries of the ridiculous volumes of rubbish called Ecclesiastical Law, he won his suit, and his victim was condemned in enormous costs, clamorously demanding his last penny, till he was shamed into accepting a portion only of the spoil raised by public subscription. He had vindicated his precious authority, but that did not content him. The Gorham case still stinks in the nostrils of all men who value religion above dogmatism, and morality above forms, to this struggle the great Bishop, the Shepherd of his flock, devoted a large portion of his energies and of his fortune; what he gained by it we do not know.

We shall not be suspected of any sympathy with Evangelical opinions, considering the narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy from which they are generally inseparable, but we cannot feel anything but disgust at such a career being held up to admiration as one which a Christian Bishop could pursue with honour or respect. "It was stated by his son, Chancellor Phillpotts, that his venerable father had spent in the course of his episcopate between £20,000 and £30,000 in law expenses for the preservation of order and discipline in the diocese." Surely this is no commendable trait. We consider it eminently a disgrace that any minister of a religion of peace and brotherly love should have squandered so much in attempting to vindicate his own absolutism and in persecuting the unfortunate clergy placed under his fatherly supervision. Had he spent one half of it in charity we should have honoured him, even if he kept the rest for his own luxuries. We are sorry to speak so severely of one who died at such an advanced age; but old age is reverend only when one can say of the possessor, "A man made old to teach the worth of age." Bishop Phillpotts was certainly, as a Christian Bishop, no such man. As an upholder of discipline, he might have distinguished himself in the army of earth; but the soldiers of Heaven should be neither mercenaries nor martinets.

AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE.

SCENE.—*Exterior of the Café de Suède, on the Boulevards, Paris.* VICTORIEN SARDOU *and* TOM ROBERTSON *discovered sitting at a small table, taking refreshments, and in conversation.*

V. SARDOU.—And so you have done my *Ganaches* into English, produced it at the Globe Theatre, and called it *Progress?*

TOM R. (*sipping his coffee.*)—Yes; and it has proved a great and triumphant success. The critics are in ecstasies with it. The public is delighted with it. The acting is superb. On the first night everyone called on at the end of each act, and I myself enthusiastically applauded when the curtain fell—a sure sign in England that the piece has made an enormous hit!

V. SARDOU.—I am glad to hear it. It is indeed gratifying to find an English public so disposed to appreciate my work.

TOM R. (*brightly*).—Ah! but it required an immense amount of adaptation and alteration. I understand English audiences. I know exactly what they will stand, and what "goes" with them, and what they will not have at any price.

V. SARDOU.—No doubt; but I should think there was very little to alter in my *Ganaches*, M. Robertson.

TOM R. (*laughing heartily*).—Very little to alter! That shows how little you know an English audience, M. Sardou. In the first place, they won't stand modern comedy with the scene laid in France, and representing French life and manners. So I, of course, changed the scene to England, and made all the characters English men and women, and represented the incidents of the comedy as those of English society.

V. SARDOU.—But, M. Robertson, that is impossible! How can you do this? It is absurd.

TOM R.—Ah! You don't know how to adapt, I can see; and, what is more, you don't seem to understand why we English authors adapt. You write a French piece satirizing a particular class of French society. You take great pains with it—and no doubt you consider it a work of art. We English authors only regard it as a work in which there is a more or less good plot, with the construction nicely arranged, and some brilliant ideas in the dialogue. We have got names as dramatic authors. We can't invent good plots. We can't construct; but we can translate, and, further, we can alter and adapt to suit an English audience. We know where to hit them. That's the great secret.

V. SARDOU.—Is it possible? But will not a French work of art, played out steadily and fairly, without adaptation, "hit them," as you call it?

TOM R.—Not likely. Now look at your piece of *Les Ganaches*. Without me it would not have run a night.

V. SARDOU.—But it ran some two hundred nights in Paris. What have you done to it, M. Robertson?

TOM R.—In the first place I have reduced it from four to three acts.

V. SARDOU (*starting*).—Reduced it to three acts! Why, there is the whist party in the first act, which I use to develop the characters of the *dramatis personæ*.

TOM R.—Cut it out!

V. SARDOU.—Cut it out! But there is the arrival of the heroine, Marguerite, poor and ill, who is taken charge of by her old and aristocratic relatives—a splendid situation—and which is the keystone of the whole plot.

TOM R.—Cut it out!

V. SARDOU.—Cut it out! Ah! Robertson, how can you expect an English audience to appreciate my work when you yourself do not seem to understand it?

TOM R.—I understand it well enough. I know what will "go." I knock the two first acts into one. I cram the situations together to get over them as quickly as possible. A very little explanation of character goes a long way with us. The audience get bewildered, no doubt, as to who and what the different people upon the stage are intended to represent; but you get over the ground sharply, and come straight to the plot, and that's what an English audience likes. They don't care about character in a comedy. They want action.

V. SARDOU.—But, surely, character ought to form the foundation of a good comedy, and when characters are good portraitures they would prove effective before any audience. There's my old *Duc de Rochepéans*, for instance.

TOM R.—Oh! I've cut him out.

V. SARDOU.—*Ah, ça mais*—— Cut out my Duc!

TOM R.—Yes, I cut him out and introduced instead an old dummy, called Lord Mompesson, without any distinguishing characteristic. I was compelled to do this, because I had taken your Duc before, and put him into an original piece of mine, called *Dreams*, and I couldn't use him again. An English audience wouldn't stand that; besides, it would affect my reputation for originality.

V. SARDOU.—Then there is the Duc's son—the old Marquis—the heroine's uncle—Lafont's great part. At least, you have not cut him out?

TOM R.—No, I've not cut him out, but I've cut him down. Instead of an old man, I've made him a young man of about thirty, and the heroine's cousin——

V. SARDOU.—A young man! Why, he is the principal *Ganache* in the piece. Next to the Duc he is the oldest man in the play.

TOM R.—I know that. But you can't get English actors to make up old when any love business is to go on. Besides, the part is played by an actor who is very proud of his personal appearance. So, what are you to do? It is, however, beautifully dressed, especially in your third act (my second), and the latest fashion from Margate Jetty is sure to be pleasing to an English audience.

V. SARDOU (*faintly*).—What have you done in the second act?

TOM R.—Oh! the sick girl business, and the love scene are safe. I've got a reputation for love scenes, and therefore your dialogue between the Engineer and the sick heroine came in very well. I translated it literally, and the critics have largely complimented me upon it, and have called it thoroughly "Robertsonian." Can you have greater praise than that, M. Sardou?

V. SARDOU.—Did you cut out the snow-storm? I didn't think much of that myself.

TOM R.—Cut out the snow-storm? Cut out the greatest effect in the whole comedy? Why, it's the making of the piece. A bushel of white paper thrown from the flies goes down better

than any amount of acting or dialogue. Cut out the snow-storm! I am afraid, M. Sardou, you will never understand an English audience.

V. SARDOU.—Not from your estimate, M. Robertson. And the last act? What did you do with that? With the Duc cut out and the Marquis cut down, what have you left for the last act? I intended that to be refined and delicate throughout.

TOM R.—I saw that; but that wouldn't suit us, M. Sardou, so I introduced a drunken scene.

V. SARDOU (*starting violently*).—A what?

TOM R.—A drunken scene. The act wanted strengthening—wanted bringing up. I thought at first of introducing a broad-sword combat between the Marquis and the Surveyor. I did it in *Dreams*, and made a great success; but I felt it wouldn't be prudent to do it again, so the next best effect I could think of was a drunken scene between old Formentel and his son.

V. SARDOU.—A drunken scene in the third act, where the interest is concentrated upon the heroine, who is supposed to be dying. But did an English audience stand that?

TOM R. (*with hesitation*).—Well, that did not "go" as well as I expected, I must admit; but then the actors didn't put on steam enough. A boxing match would have been better, no doubt; or a Music Hall duet and breakdown. However, I'll have that strengthened when I get back. Nevertheless, the piece was a great success; only you must admit, M. Sardou, that it was owing to the fact of my understanding an English audience.

V. SARDOU.—Forgive me, M. Robertson, if I say that in my opinion I think you have altogether formed a wrong notion of an English audience, and, so far from thanking you for bringing me before the public of your country in the form you have done, I consider I have great cause for complaint. It is unjust to your own powers, unjust to me, unjust to your public, by whom you admit you are treated with so much favour, to produce such wretched adaptations as you have described to me, and seek to justify your course by urging that your countrymen can appreciate nothing better. When I write, remember I write as an artist, and, as such, am as sensitive of any interference with my work as I am proud of any admiration that may be expressed concerning it. You once wrote a piece called *Caste*. It was your *chef d'œuvre*. Suppose I took this piece and adapted it to the French stage, in the way you have treated my *Ganaches*. Suppose I said to you that a French audience would not tolerate the idea of a young woman in the ballet marrying a nobleman, and that therefore I had transformed her into his mistress as more suitable to win the applause of a Parisian public, would you have considered that a worthy treatment of your comedy? Suppose the whole of the Parisian press had thereupon, in noticing the comedy, given me credit for bringing "the celebrated Mr. Robertson's comedy into shape," praising me for all that was good, and condemning you for all that was bad, and which I had myself introduced, would you consider that fair to yourself? Take my works as much as you please. Translate them, and set them fairly before your countrymen, and I will not complain; but it is this wretched system of adaptation which is proving the ruin of your drama, once so grand, so noble. You ruin both yourselves and the authors you adapt. I have met with, as you know, a success perhaps far beyond my merits in every country in which my works have been performed; but in no country should I esteem success higher than that which I might honestly obtain in your own. Such a success as you tell me you have obtained for *Les Ganaches* by mutilating it into *Progress* I utterly repudiate. I would no more share your triumph in such a desecration than I would the money to be paid for its performance. *Adieu!* (*Exit.*)

TOM R. (*calling*).—*Garçon—l'addition!*

(*The scene closes.*)

"LOST AT SEA."—During the late gale nothing has been heard of Lord High Admiral Childers and the Channel Fleet. Let us hope this distinguished naval hero came in for the full benefit of the glorious weather; for we are sure he must have been anxious to encounter all the peril possible. As he is already married, it would be rude to hope he might have fallen into an engagement, but we may wish him a good tossing at the hands of "the stormy winds," for then he can at least claim one quality of an old and experienced tar,—he will be weather-beaten.

THE DIAPHRAGM ON THE STRIKE.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,

I've often felt
(In spite of scalps hung round your belt)
You hide beneath that warrior's dress
A heart alive to true distress,
And in your strength would ne'er pass by
The humblest suppliant, such as I
Tear from your head a plume, and then
With scalping knife, come, nib a pen,
And fight for me, whose wrongs to heal
Were triumph worthy of your steel.

Can I, then, utter this complaint
To you, my friend, without restraint?
Be free for once to speak my mind,
Although thus "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"—
The slave of idle Lungs, who shirk
And leave poor *me* to do their work,
Till in his zeal to find them breath
The willing horse is worked to death,
As if by Science it were shown
I had no duties of my own,
Nor right to fill the smallest space?—
I wish they'd learn to keep their place!
Or that you'd teach those lazy fellows
To take their fair turn at the bellows!—

But yet my sister organs claim
Exemption from imputed blame—
And those poor ribs, I must confess,
Are harshly handled by the press—
Digestion, too, beyond a doubt,
Is one small item crowded out—
The Liver in a sad condition,
Deformed beyond all recognition—
And worse, these startling woes to crown,
There is indeed a "Heart bowed down!"
Such jostling as is felt by us
Is unknown even in a 'Bus:
Nor would you find the like behaviour
In midnight salons of Belgravia!
And all this crush is but the whim
Of Miss, unsound in wind and limb,
Who, moulding nature to her taste,
Is struggling with a wilful waist,—
Thinks form divine and maiden graces
Can only be secured by laces,—
Despite the warnings of the *Lancet*
Is sworn to squeeze the more, and "chance it,"—
At pain, for Fashion's sake, ne'er flinches,
And triumphs but to die, *by inches!*—

With my last gasp I've had my say—
Down on this wrong! you know the way—
Good bye, dear TOMAHAWK, I am
(I won't say *your*) *a* hard-worked

DIAPHRAGM.

P.S.—I snatch a moment's rest
(My mistress having just undressed)
To pour into your friendly ears
This rare expansion of ideas.

CRYING NUISANCES.—Children.

A PROSECUTION WITH A VENGEANCE.—The directors of the Albert Life Insurance Company are to be prosecuted for a conspiracy. Could not something be done to those persons who have tried to insure the life of Prince Albert in marble, by erecting statues to his memory in every conceivable place?

AN UNNECESSARY COMPLIMENT.—We understand Mrs. Beecher Stowe intends to devote the money she has received for her contributions to the biography of Lord Byron towards the erection of a monument to that distinguished poet. Mrs. Stowe may save her money; for it needs not this to make public her connexion with so honoured a name.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 127.] *LONDON, OCTOBER* 9, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE PATRIOTISM OF PICKPOCKETS.

IT wants but one man to commit a murder, several to commit a theft. The truth, thus put, may perhaps be put a little broadly, but it is nevertheless the truth. Indeed, it is capable of almost universal demonstration. Exceptions, as a matter of course, there are. There are such things as thieves on their own account. There have been, and may be again, butchery companies. Queen Elizabeth and her Ministers, the Convention of 1793, and the late Mrs. and Mr. Manning, all testify to the fact, that murder, as a fine art, may be studied in common. The careers respectively of William the Third, Bertrand Barrère, and Mr. Benjamin Higgs, equally well prove that there is some fascination about the idea of independent self-help of an extremely potent and engrossing character. As a rule, however, men do cut each other's throats best on the sly, and rob each other best when someone is ready to lend them a helping hand. Indeed, men, well banded together, will occasionally descend to extraordinary acts of dishonesty. There have been times when fraud has seemed to be the special prerogative of a certain kind of commercial respectability. Things have been done by gentlemen of the highest integrity, and by their common consent, in the open day, over board-room tables, that would have necessitated the interference of the police had they been attempted after dark under the gaslight. But there is no need to drag blue blood into the gutter. The friendly intercourse and social sympathy of low-life pickpockets are proverbial. There is no more delightful place, presuming, of course, one's tastes are thoroughly liberal, in which to pass a quiet hour or two than the regular thieves' *home*. To the perfect satisfaction accompanying the feeling that every member of the society has done somebody, is to be attributed the air of cheerful harmony that pervades that domestic resort. In the words of the poet,—

"Some thing accomplished, some one done,
Has earned a night's repose."

The law may therefore be laid down that robbery ceases to present its unattractive side to a community. And it may be stretched even to a further point yet. The greater the number of the thieves, the less objectionable will appear the theft. For one man to deprive another of something that belongs to him is a theft; but when a dozen help the thief, it becomes a different matter. Society, in a small degree, looks on, approves, and shares. As the scale progresses, so does the wrong diminish. Fifty thieves, acting in common, can do nothing dishonest. This is English law. And it is even more than this. It is the universal principle upon which mankind acts. When nations thieve in the most barefaced and reckless fashion, they not only leave the regions of questionable morality, but soar among the virtues. Patriotism and chivalry are dragged in to colour the proceeding; and the very act which, if committed by each individual member of the community, would involve a sentence of six months' hard labour, becomes, when committed by all *en masse*, a god-like act, worthy of a great and honourable people.

Such has been, in times past, the explanation of the most infamous thefts which the page of history has recorded. Such is the only explanation, to-day, of the conduct of the United States in its dealings with Spain on the Cuban question. The pickpocket is a mighty one, to be sure; but he is nevertheless a pickpocket, and a very barefaced one too.

The Americans do not deny it themselves. The word that implies the dishonour of theft is not, of course, used. Euphony forbids it. But, nevertheless, the necessity of "annexing" is admitted. No one from one end of the States to the other for an instant disputes the fact that Cuba is to be absorbed, or "insalivated," or "squelched-up" by the great Republic sooner or later. The other man's property is to be acquired somehow, and its acquisition is only a matter of time. An offer of so much money would perhaps be the wiser way of securing it, but this would not prove so economical as giving him a good knock on the head when he is not looking. He may tumble down and bruise himself, and then there would again be a fine opportunity for negotiation. He might, when suffering from his wounds, receive just one other ugly thrust to quiet him, and the prize might then be carried off without the slightest risk of opposition. The trick might be considered a dirty, a despicable one, but that would not matter. The "'tarnal destinies" of a mighty Empire are in the balance, and as long as that "biles up to bustin' point," it doesn't much matter what means are taken to procure the fuel.

Such is, at least while these lines are going to press, the position assumed by the United States, a position which, at present, this country has had neither the intelligence to appreciate, nor the integrity to condemn. A few days, or even hours, may change the situation, and the bully that would wound the weak may be brought to book by a stronger arm, but as yet there are no very encouraging signs of such a turn in the tide of events. The attitude of Europe is not promising, and statesmen here seem inclined to grow deaf, provided the miserable twaddle known as the Monroe doctrine

be bawled loud enough in their ears. We are not going to discuss here the merits of Mr. Monroe's teaching, but it amounts to this: the moral and social interests of the world are divided by the—Atlantic; outrage committed on one side of the ocean must never look for punishment from the other. Involved in this monstrous retrograde assumption are several other propositions as amusing as they are striking. But when thirty-two millions of men lay claim to the absolute espionage of a continent geographically representing half the world, and lay claim to it, too, on no better grounds than those of a diseased national vanity and an insatiable national greed, they must be regarded as outlaws in the great international republic of mankind. Were the noisy supporters of Monroe principles to act up to them, they would have a prodigious task before them. England would have to be driven from Canada to-morrow, and war levied against nearly the whole of the continent from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. Fortunately, the States are not equal to the consistency. The police of the world are too strong for the socialist—that is, if the police will only interfere. Europe saw the other day what the Monroe doctrine meant in Mexico, and has had leisure to appreciate the miserable character of principles which would see a country given up to bloodshed, plunder, and ruin, rather than it should owe order, peace, and prosperity to a European power. America was successful in her machinations against France, and the result is a disgrace to the civilized world. Let it be hoped, not only for the sake of European honour, but, above all, in the interests of international integrity, that she will be kept at arms' length from Cuba.

She could crush Spain without an effort, and pocket the Pearl of the Antilles easily enough; but she could also be kept under the eye of the police. A war would be undesirable, but it would not cost Europe much to read America a lesson she should not forget for a hundred years.

QUESTIONABLE CLEMENCY.

IN the Spring of 1868, one, Archibald Brown, having pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, was convicted at the Kingston assizes, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The young man—for he was a very young man—resided at Surbiton, and had, by means of forged cheques, managed to purloin a large sum of money from a local banker. In the Autumn of 1869, we hear that this same Archibald Brown has been pardoned by the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce having simply stipulated that Mr. Brown should reside abroad for the remainder of the unexpired term of five years.

If people want to know the reason of this extraordinary clemency on the part of the Home Office, we are sorry we cannot throw any light upon the matter, except, perhaps, by suggesting, as a clue to the proceeding, that at the time of the trial Archibald Brown was described as "the son of a gentleman." But, unfortunately, Parliament is not sitting.

CHILD MURDER.

THE crime of infanticide is a grave subject, a good deal too grave for discussion in such an intellectually acrobatic arena as that provided by the good people who talk social science. The subject was very poorly discussed, and very little really to the purpose was suggested. The fact of the matter, as of many other social matters, is this. Until Englishmen look evil in the face, no good can possibly be done. We are the hypocrites of Europe. We boast of our respectability, by which we mean that we will not talk of what is improper. Hence, a hundred social ulcers for which there are no remedies..

Mercy to fallen woman and a plentiful supply of foundling asylums will stop infanticide. To urge that this would encourage immorality is simply monstrous. What woman ever yet was hastened to her fall, because she contemplated the advantages of a foundling home for her possible child? Man may have reasoned thus, but not woman. Child-murder is the result of a horrible dread of social misery and shame. When these are removed or mitigated, the back at least of this daily increasing scandal will be broken for ever.

A MUSICAL MISSION.

THE English Opera Season at the Crystal Palace has come to an end, but it has left a pleasant mark on the musical history of the year. That the venture has answered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its originators cannot be doubted, for towards the close of the fifty performances of which the season consisted, the operas were put upon the stage with a degree of completeness which did not characterize the production of the earlier works. As English Opera has found a home at the Crystal Palace, we can only hope that it may prove to be a permanent one; but we would remind Mr. Manns, or Mr. George Perren (which of them it may concern), that the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Il Trovatore* are not strictly British works, and might with advantage be omitted from the future repertoire. Surely, English works are sufficiently abundant, and English composers sufficiently prolific, to preclude the necessity of falling back on the foreign market. Rumour says that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has an opera on the stocks. If this be true, here indeed is a chance for an enterprising management.

A PRECAUTION AFTER DATE.

ANOTHER explosion at the Hounslow Powder Mills is certainly not yet due; but we think we may at last safely congratulate the dwellers in the locality of the Mills that, in future, the explosions will be fewer and farther between. The proprietors have at length taken active measures to put a stop to the possibilities of accident, and we hear that, as a first step, no less than fifty-eight men in their employ have been suspended for having in their possession pipes and lucifer matches, each man having been searched as he came on the premises. It seems strange, though, that this simple and necessary precaution should never have been taken before. In past instances, when accidents have occurred, unfortunately those on the scene of the disaster have never been left to tell the tale of how it happened, but nevertheless, coroners' juries have generally come to the conclusion that it was somebody's fault, and that somebody should be more careful in future. We wonder how many of these sad disasters, which have periodically shocked us for years past, have been entirely owing to the carelessness of lighting a pipe? No doubt we should be safe in averring that ninety-nine per cent. of the explosions have been due to this cause, yet it is only last week that "smoking on the premises" was effectually put a stop to. However, better late than never.

THE SECRETS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress at Bristol has been dragging its length along during the past week, and many interesting discussions have taken place in the several sections, which have been duly reported in the newspapers. But we protest against the Ladies' Committees holding their meetings with closed doors. On Thursday last, the subjects under discussion were workhouse visiting, secret drinking, female intemperance, and other questions of a similar nature; but the representatives of the Press were carefully excluded. This is not fair. The fair dames who devote their time and attention to social science should not be selfish, but should give the world the benefit of their experiences. We should particularly have liked to have heard the debate on "secret drinking." Why it should have been made a ladies' subject, though, we cannot guess, unless, indeed, there be truth in the stories we have heard of females of position consoling themselves in the solitudes of their dressing-rooms with eau de cologne and sal volatile by the tumblerful. But can such things be?

THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better."

ORATOR STUBBINGS AT LIEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—You've not 'eard much about me lately. The last time I wrote to you wos more than two years ago, and since then I've 'ad bad times—werry bad times. There aint been no sort of chance for me these twelve months. Beales is shut up, and even Broadhead is a-going off to America with Finlen. It's quite disgusting, but "work and no beer" seems to be the order of the day, which, as you knows, aint my sentiments. Give me a big stick, I says, and good 'eavy boots, and I will argue with Mr. Gladstone 'imself, and get the best of the argyment too!

'Owever, lately I did 'ave a chance, and I made the most of it. I am a Wolunteer. I belongs to a regiment where they gives me a uniform and beer, and as much as I please to swill. The hossifers pays for it, and so they should. Aint I a man and a brother? Don't I wop my wife with the 'orny 'and of industry? Aint I a working man? In course, so I must be paid for, and heavily too. In return they may cover themselves up in silver lace and call theirselves "captins" and "leavetenants," and suchlike games, for all I care. *I* don't mind as long as they don't order *me* about. When they do that they gets a bit of my mind, and a good strong bit too. Oh, the Wolunteer movement is a glorious institution, and will be *werry* useful in times of war!

Well, I went over to Liege, I did, and didn't I come out strong? You knows 'ow jolly drunk I can be at home—but you don't know 'ow awful 'appy I can be abroad.* It's what I call stunnin. Them foreign chaps 'elped me to lots of drink, but they weren't quick enough, so I put my 'ands upon whatever I saw, while they paid, and called out "Weeve the Onglay," or some such stuff, until I up with my fist and gave 'em one for themselves.

We 'ad such larks! The werry first day we 'ad wot was called a Church Parade. Not that I'm partial to sermons, but it was such jolly fun, lookin at the furriners and seeing 'ow riled they were at our goings on. They are lovely Papists, these 'ere furriners, and it did so wex 'em to see us a praying and a singing just in front of their church. Law bless ye, we didn't care. What we said was "Why aint they Protestants?" But only let them bring their monkey tricks over to London and their lovely Mass, and just see 'ow we would 'oot 'em!' Oot 'em! ah, we wouldn't stop there, when stones and sticks could be got 'andy!

Well, after this 'ere Church Parade I went to the 'Otel de Wille, and received my medal. Then I went to a club—such a tip top place! And didn't I get jolly screwed with the champagne! You would 'ave laughed to 'ave seen 'ow surprised them lovely furriners looked when I began a dancing and pulling down the decorations. They didn't say anything, but they *looked!* Ah, they don't know me! Just fancy, if I was invited to a banquet at the Reform Club, would'nt I show them stuck-up nobs 'ow one man is as good as another! That's what I did at this 'ere club, and it surprised 'em!

But *the* greatest lark was at the Banquet. Oh, my eye, that was fun!

They 'ad their King there, but he didn't come in time. Well, we weren't a going to wait for 'im, so we sat down and began a-eating. Oh it was such fun to see the furriners trying to stop us, saying as 'ow the King wouldn't like it, and 'ow it wasn't respectful—respectful! don't know no such word! Ain't I as good as any King? Ain't all men ekals? That's what I want to know.

Well, I soon gobbled up what they gave me, and then I just lit my pipe and lounged up to the Royal table and 'ad a look at this 'ere King. Oh! it was such a lark! Bless my soul, *I saw two of 'em!* But what d'ye think of it, Mr. Heditor, I'm 'anged if one of them hossifers didn't try for to get me to go away! I gave 'im a bit of mind, you may be sure! And I ups with my fist, when some one collared me and 'ustled me away. What riled me was I couldn't do much—for, you see, I was so jolly drunk!

By and bye down comes the King round the table and then you would 'ave laughed to 'ave seen 'im. I took the conceit out of 'im, you may be sure. Is lapped 'im on the back and called 'im "old chap," and was as affable as the 'orny 'and of industry can be with one of them stuck-up nobs. And it *was* fun seeing 'im trying to grin at my little waggeries!

After the banquet they 'ad an entertainment at the theatre, but laws I didn't think much of it. I tried to get to that there King's box, but was too jolly screwed, and that beastly champagne made me as sick as a pig! But, law bless you, it *was* fun!

I like Liege, I do! You see you can do anything you like there—there ain't no police! The hossifers tried to interfere with me once or twice, but I soon shut *them* up! I never see such imperdence! Daring to speak to me—law bless me, I 'ad 'arf a mind to give up the Wolunteers, so I told 'em. I let 'em off afterwards, because they begged me 'ard to remain and get the capitation grant. I ain't much of a soldier—I argues—not quite such a fool, but a uniform becomes me—it's better than my native rags. And I likes lots of beer. So I won't give up the Wolunteers as yet!

But there was one piece of fun I can't leave out. I don't understand these furriners' cussed lingo, but Bob Sykes told me as 'ow THEY THOUGHT WE WERE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, AND THAT'S WHY WE GOT SUCH LOTS OF CHAMPAGNE AND SWILL!

Ain't that a lark! English gentlemen! I 'ope as 'ow the "working man," with the 'orny 'and of industry, is something better than that!

[We print this letter for the information of those it may concern. Our correspondent describes in his usual graphic style the disgraceful scenes that characterised the visit of the English Volunteers to Belgium. Every word of the above is literally true. Mr. Stubbings, we may add (in justice to a large body of well-conducted men), is *not* in the Artillery.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

* Oh yes, we do. We saw you at Liège, Mr. Stubbings, and you, and many like you, were a credit to your country!—ED. TOMAHAWK.

A VOICE FROM THE BOGS.

HURROO! brave boys! to you belongs
(Let them forbid who dare!)
The right to bellow Ireland's wrongs
In street and open square,
To stay the 'busses in mid-street
With eloquence so grand,
Entrance the bobby on his beat,
Bring hansoms to a stand!

Beat, beat the drums! in proud array
The "sun-burst" banners wave!
With hireling music, come, display
Your sorrow for the brave!
From North and South with plaintive cry
Repeat the harrowing tale
Of those poor innocents who lie,
And fatten, in the gaol!

Indignant Munster, bellow, Shame!
And, deck'd in patriot green,
Wake, Ulster, join us! and inflame
Your ardour with potheen!
Run, ragged bog-trotters! prepare
To cry injustice down!
Would-be Republicans, who wear
Ev'n hats that scorn the crown!

Who'd talk of justice kindly meant?
We scorn to own her sway!
What recreant soul would be content
Until he has his way?
Justice, indeed!—*We* "mark" a man,
Then brain him at his door—
Rude vengeance is *our* simple plan,
And Murder stands for Law.

Britannia, tremble in your shoes,
Or deign to learn in time,
TREASON is lawful if *we* choose,
And FELONY no crime;
A barb'rous Verdict stamps this Reign
As bad or worse than Nero's,
With glory gilds the martyr's chain,
And dubs our convicts heroes!

No. X., Price 1*s.*,
BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,
NOW READY.

LONDON, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

THE WEEK.

IT was announced that places for *Lost at Sea* could "be secured a fortnight in advance"—this before the production of the piece. The public who would book on this invitation deserve anything they can get from Mr. Boucicault. Can intellectual stupor and the fever of sensationalism go further?

PENDING the inquiry into the affairs of the European Assurance Company, it may be interesting to note the fact that this company is the only guarantee society acknowledged by the various departments of the State. This fact proves a somewhat unusual discrimination on the part of the authorities.

THE *Spectator* has an article in its number of September 25th on the Byron controversy, which may be almost said to be the hardest and most calumnious article published on the subject. It is impossible to conceive anything in worse taste than this last outrage on the dead poet. "Byron was ineffably mean and cruel." Imitation, they say, is the sincerest flattery: if the *Spectator's* estimate of Byron be correct, that journal must certainly be numbered among his worst flatterers.

MR. GLADSTONE is courteously receiving petitions for an amnesty to be granted to the Fenians, meantime the members of this blessed brotherhood who are at large are openly boasting of their strength and of their intention to drive England out of Ireland. It is even said that in America they have passed a resolution to abduct Prince Arthur. They intend to make him their king, we suppose. Don't let us be in a hurry to grant the amnesty. Had not Mr. Gladstone better wait till we can exchange prisoners? When the Fenians have captured Prince Arthur they can exchange him for a score of their rascals. Perhaps this is their real object, if they have any serious object at all.

YET another Atlantic cable—and, what is more, a cheap one this time. A new company has just been formed, under the title of the "Oceanic Telegraph Company," for a new line from the south-west coast of Ireland to Halifax, Nova Scotia; and, as that reckless disregard of all cost which has hitherto characterised the construction of former long sea cables is *not* to be a feature in the new venture, we may hope that the means of communicating with the New World will, in a few months, be brought within the reach of ordinary people for ordinary purposes. It is a mistake to suppose that science is necessarily expensive; and if the new "Oceanic Cable Company" can reduce the usual cost of outlay for construction by 40 per cent. (as the Prospectus promises), it will deserve an additional 40 per cent. of public patronage. In any case, all competition is wholesome.

AN edifying discussion has been going on in the columns of the *Standard* about spirit-rapping, conducted by one John Addison on the one side, and a Mr. Greg and some medium on the other. Mr. Addison is a vulgar practical joker, who appears to pass his life in going to *séances* and playing the fool, in company of Mr. Toole, and in various disguises. The public does not care much about spiritualism. At the more serious side of it, it does not wish to laugh; at the ridiculous side of it, it is tired of laughing; but, though very sick of tables turning themselves and people's heads at the same time, it is sufficiently alert to detect the fact that spiritualism threatens to produce a class of men worse than the mediums, who, devoid of any scientific skill or of any decency of feeling, go about playing tricks more vulgar, if not more silly, than those that they pretend to denounce. Mr. Addison's endeavour to force himself into notoriety in connection with this subject is ingenious, but not very successful. There is not much to choose between the fools of self-delusion and those of self-degradation.

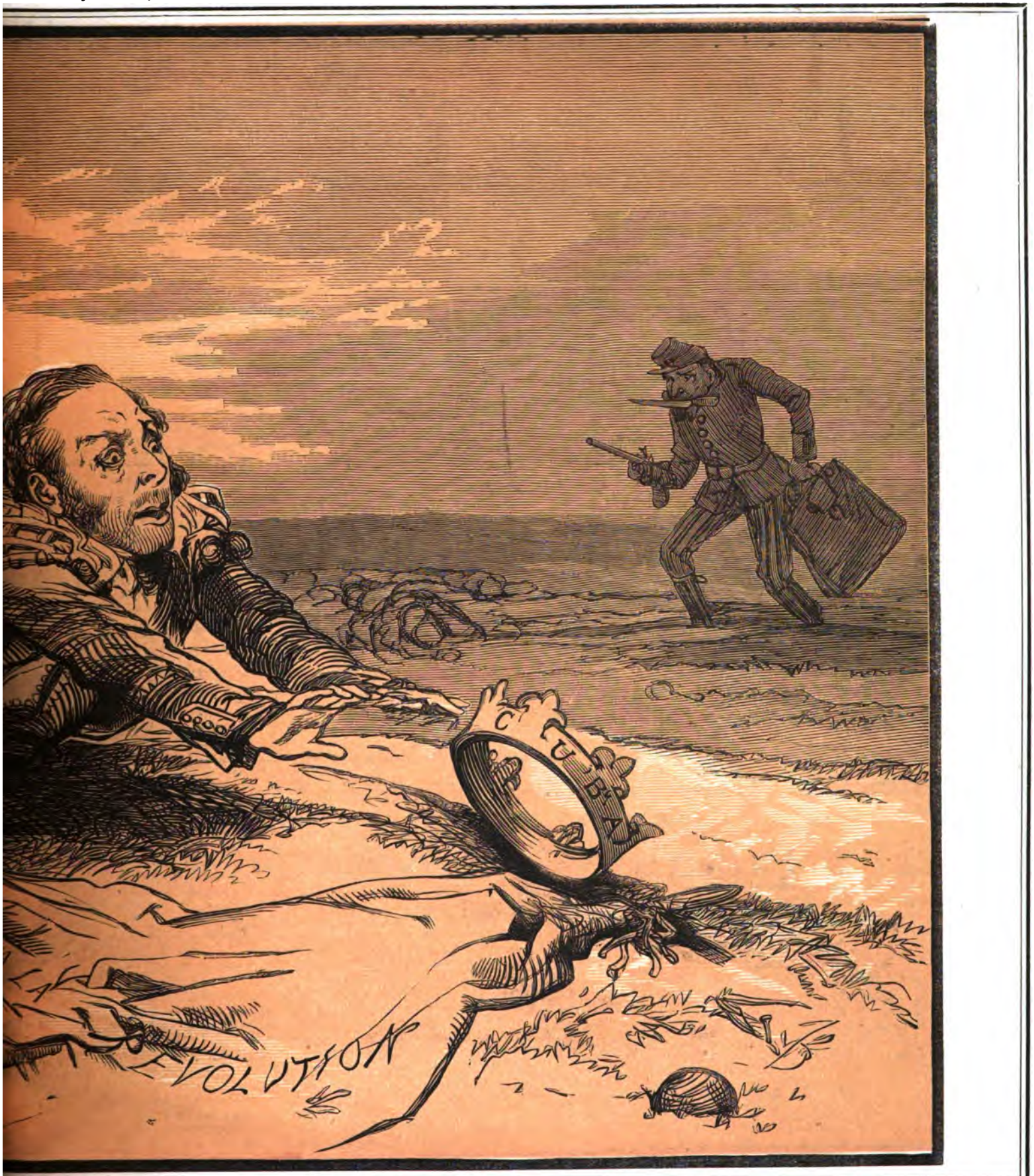
THE Government have completed their task of economy at Woolwich. They have closed the Dockyard, and turned out the labourers employed there without a penny of compensation. They are told that they can emigrate. Excellent economy this; it cannot be too highly praised. Liberal and benevolent conduct towards men in that position, we cannot deny. But why not carry out the same system when discharging persons in high places from sinecures? Why not send them away without compensation, and with the cheering advice to emigrate? Why should not they enjoy the same advantages as the men employed in the Dockyard? Why insult them by pensioning them? True, there is a difference,—the dockyard man has worked hard for his wages, the fat and titled sinecurist has done nothing at all for his. To have drawn his money for doing nothing must have cost his conscientious nature so much agony that it is only fair to give him some compensation, besides having taught him that he can get an excellent income out of the public purse by doing nothing; it is safer to pension him, lest he should take to robbery. It rhymes with jobbery. But the dockyard man has no such claim to compensation. Let him enjoy the proud distinction of having aided the economy of a truly Liberal Government.

A WORD WITH THE MANAGERS.

THE dullest part of the dull season is now over, and most of the middle-class people, with a fair sprinkling of the upper ten, are back in town; indeed, Royalty itself has returned, for Marlborough House is no longer desolate. Yet, of course, notwithstanding this, nothing is "going on in the fashionable world." Balls, dances, and even dinners, are voted as unseasonable as oysters in June, and people are, consequently, thrown back on their own resources for their amusements; in other words, they are driven to the play in shoals, yet, strange to say, several of the principal theatres are now closed, or have only within the last few days reopened their doors. The result of this is, that those houses at which performances have been given have, for the last few weeks, been crowded to excess. We do not mean to say that there is anything surprising in the fact that the Prince of Wales's should have been turning away hundreds nightly from its doors, for the excellence of the entertainment at the little theatre in Tottenham Court Road warrants any amount of overflow; nor can we wonder that the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" at the Strand should attract thousands; but it seems to us a pity that, just when people would really patronise the British drama, the chance of doing so is partially denied them. We hear a good deal of the complaints of theatrical managers that catering for the public amusement never pays; but we can only say that, if this is really the case, the managers have, in a great measure, themselves to blame if they close their houses at the very period when they are most likely to be well filled.

ROBBING T

SPAIN'S WEAKNESS IS



E WOUNDED!

MERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

I.

MR. JOHN PULP, or "Jack Pulp," as he was more familiarly called, was a medical student at the time when, by some mysterious arrangement of Providence, medical students were universally regarded as the types of everything that was loose and dissolute. They were the men about town of the period. They had the reputation of stealing door-knockers, of fighting in the Haymarket, of haunting the night-houses, of upsetting coffee-stalls, of shouting through the streets at night, and bonneting policemen, and generally of behaving in that amusing and adventurous manner which is generally supposed as representing what is called "fast life." Upon their shoulders would appear to have fallen the mantles of the young bloods of the past. Only, the mantles soon became in their possession of a very ragged and beerstained and sawdusty condition. Instead of settling their quarrels with small swords and pistols, they went in for "the noble art of self-defence," and bludgeoning. Their festivities were furnished with gin and beer, instead of champagne or burgundy, and instead of habituating Crockford's and the St. James' hells, they were satisfied with the humble skittle alleys of the Borough and the Whitechapel road. They were too—the medical students of this period—to a certain extent, the leaders of the advanced fashion of the day in the matter of costume. The very low hat and rough coat and bright waistcoat and gorgeous cravat and large-patterned trouser, was the dress for which the medical student at that period was apparently distinguished. A general recklessness of manner and conduct, a perpetual condition of being "hard-up," a daring facility in evading the demands of his landlady and creditors, which developed itself into a complete system of "breking" everyone who had a claim upon him, and a habit of always speaking in a language garnished largely with pleasantly delivered anathemas, constituted in everyone's opinion his most prominent characteristics.

Jack Pulp, at this time was walking one of the large Borough hospitals,—and soon became one of the leading spirits, if not the leading spirit, of this peculiar society. Pulp *père* was a highly respectable old gentleman, living in a quiet mansion in one of the northern squares. He had made what money he was living upon in trade, and his only son Jack was necessarily his pride and his hope—more especially as he was to be made a "doctor." Jack, when little more than an infant, had decidedly shown a predilection for this profession. A habit he had acquired at an early age of dissecting mice and any unfortunate animal he could catch, and a pronounced tendency to "treat" everybody for whatever he or she might be suffering, together with a personal fondness for the most nauseous physic that might be administered to him, had convinced Pulp *père* that Pulp *fils* would certainly make his way in the medical profession. As an instalment to this parental hope, Jack Pulp, as a student, certainly did make his way. Of all his particular associates he was the best hand at skittles, whilst at the same time he was the most courageous and callous at an operation. At a choice meeting of fellow "spirits," he could put away more liquid of an intoxicating character than any other man present; he could sing the best songs; he could tell the best hospital stories about "cases," and give them the most humorous turn; he could describe ghastly operations with a comic force that raised the loudest laughter. He knew how to use his fists too, with the strength of a coalheaver and the science of a Cribb. There was not a barmaid he hadn't kissed, or a policeman he hadn't assaulted in the whole Borough. In the hospital he was attentive, steady, and clever. Out of it he was the Spring-heeled Jack of the neighbourhood. He was christened at an early period "The Borough Terror," and well he maintained the *soubriquet*. To see him sitting in the theatre of the hospital listening with rapt interest to the lecture of "Old Podder," the celebrated surgeon, who was about to extract a gentleman's jaw, you would have considered him the very model of a quiet and diligent student. To see him in the early morning bartering with the man-butcher, who had just made his matutinal divisions of the remains that had arrived by the undertakers' carts, and was now disposing of the portions to the students, according to the more or less advanced state of their dissecting powers, you would have thought him the most careful and thrifty of medical aspirants. To see him in his kindness to the patients to whom he was deputed to attend, you would have thought him the most sympathetic and tender-hearted of rising doctors. But to see him in his social character, you would have formed no other opinion but that he was possessed of an uncontrollable, mischievous, humorous, combative, reckless, maddening devil!

II.

"Turn him out! Turn him out!" roared the audience of the old Surrey Theatre in the midst of the performance, as a disturbance which had been going on in the "slips," without any interruption, for something like two hours, now appeared, from the portentous row it suddenly evolved, to have reached its climax.

"Turn him out! Turn him out!"

They had stood it for two hours, and they couldn't stand it any longer. A row being heard in the slip boxes, everybody had whispered at the commencement, "It doesn't matter. It's only the medical students!" It was a nightly occurrence then, and the students always were allowed a limit. They had, however been particularly demonstrative that particular night. The piece had met with their displeasure, and well they knew how to express their opinion. In our more modern days (when a manager, who, if he hear a hiss directed it may be at an idiot actor, who buffoons a part, rushes about, and declares he is the victim of an organized clique to destroy the reputation of the theatre), it is scarcely possible to realize the grand old rows that used to take place in our theatres, when the critical portion of the audience insisted publicly upon their rights, and proclaimed their objections,—not on one night only, but night after night, until the obnoxious piece was driven from the stage. Would we could do it now!

How many bills with "triumphant successes" upon them would be speedily changed!

The students had been very bad, however. They had dined together at an extravagant Borough tavern, selected on account of the beauty of the waitress and the absence of limit placed upon the consumption. They had drank many glasses of hot toddy. They had adjourned to the favourite "public," and had played many and exciting games of skittles—and playing skittles after unlimited dinner and beer and hot toddy and tobacco, however amusing and exhilarating an entertainment in itself, is certainly not a sobering process. When the games, however, are further assisted in their convivial character by occasional disagreements, resulting in short but desperate fights between the players, invariably terminated by everybody concerned, combatants and interceders, rolling for a quarter of an hour in the sawdust, and then making friends again and drinking largely to their reconciliation, the exciting character of the entertainment becomes all the more pronounced, and, in an inverse ratio, all the less soothing. When, therefore, Jack Pulp suggested a visit to the theatre, it was not without some questions as to the appearance the party presented that the suggestion was encountered. However, the objections were soon overcome, although it must be confessed that a company of six gentlemen, three of whom were in possession of elegant black eyes, four of whom wore battered hats, and all of whom were elegantly sprinkled with sawdust and walked unsteadily, did not present such an appearance as to justify any very pressing invitation on the part of a manager to visit his theatre.

III.

They had gone, however, and had, immediately upon arriving, commenced their system of expressing disapproval. They had groaned at the villain, laughed at the lover, uttered cat-calls at the heroine. They had stamped, and danced, and yelled—had pointed out absurdities to one another in a loud tone of voice, and laughed uproariously at each other's remarks. The audience stood it all good-humouredly. To a certain extent they shared the students' expression of opinion, but it got so fierce at last that the cries of "Turn him out! Turn him out!" from the "contents," swelled louder than ever. The officers of the establishment appeared. The students stood upon their defence. A short sharp scuffle and fight took place, and the officers were beaten back. Then the students shouted their triumph in repeated hurrahs! The audience, carried away by their excitement, joined with them. The actors retired from the stage. The curtain was dropped. The next instant the police appeared. Another struggle, this time fiercer, and more desperate. The students still stood their ground. Blows, sharp and

ringing, resounded through the house. Dark spots appeared upon men's brows. The fight was desperate—down stairs—in the lobbies—down stairs again—in the street; but in the end, the law, as usual, was triumphant, and Jack Pulp was taken prisoner, as ringleader, and lodged that night in a cell!

IV.

The next morning he was brought before the magistrate. The police were lenient in their evidence, although he had punished them severely. However, his reputation as "the Terror" had even reached the ears of the magistrate. The police were bound to answer the questions put to them as to the prisoner's character. The magistrate looked very grave at poor Jack Pulp, and then in solemn tones, and after many homilies upon the disgraceful nature of his conduct, declared he would make an example of him, declined to impose any fine whatever, and sentenced him to one month's hard labour!

(*To be continued.*)

THE QUALITY OF MERCY—A GOOD DEAL STRAINED.

As a great amount of sympathy has been expressed by the friends of the directors of the Albert Life Assurance Society at the unpleasant predicament in which these gentlemen have been placed by being subjected to criminal procedure, and as the magistrate himself before whom the summons for conspiracy was heard officially expressed his sorrow for the annoyance to which the directors were exposed, it may, perhaps, be useful to those of the British public who have not been foolish enough to insure their lives (of which class the friendly sympathisers above alluded to must surely consist), if we publish a tariff of rewards to suit the peculiarly "hard cases" arising from the windings-up of assurance companies, which events are daily becoming more numerous. We submit the following scheme for approval:—

SERVICES.	REWARDS.
Directors, being shareholders, who have failed to attend a Board meeting for a year or more,	An address of sympathy.
Directors, *not* being shareholders, who have failed to attend a Board meeting for a similar period,	An address of sympathy and a piece of plate.
Directors who have not received less than £2,000 a year for their services since joining the direction,	A gold watch, and a presentation to the Bluecoat School for the youngest boy.
Directors who, knowing that affairs were in a hopeless condition, have managed to get in more capital at the last moment,	£100, and a seat in Parliament.
Directors who have falsified the annual accounts, and have, by means of perjury, forgery, or otherwise, rendered valuable services to each other,	A pension for life of £500 a year to the wife, and a commission in the Guards for the eldest son.

Of course, special cases may arise to which the above regulations do not quite apply; but there can be no harm done if a committee is formed, with Mr. Knox, the police magistrate, as its president, with the object of at once carrying out these sympathetic regulations.

PRIZE RIDDLE (communicated by a discharged Admiralty clerk who has lost his income and senses simultaneously).—Why has the naval ardour of our countrymen recently cooled down? Because they have *chill'd us* at the Admiralty.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

A Cruise in the "Gorgon." By W. COPE DEVEREUX, Assistant-Paymaster, R.N. Bell and Daldy, 1869.

WE have seldom read a more stirring or interesting account of a cruise in one of Her Majesty's ships than is to be found in these pages, and it is heartily to be wished that more of our naval officers would be at the pains to jot down their experiences on board ship. The modern appliances of steam power in our Navy enable, in these days, many officers to visit every quarter of the globe in a very few months; and what railways are doing in leading neighbouring countries to know each other more intimately, and consequently, we are happy to think, to make them value each other more sincerely, that same mission might well be forwarded, as regards more distant countries, by the more constant visits paid to them by our cruisers, and flying squadrons, if, on every occasion, one or more of the intelligent young officers who now abound in our Navy would be at the pains to tell us all that struck him as new, or commendable, or of good report among the strangers with whom he had been abiding in his rapid cruise round the world.

Mr. Devereux, in this pleasant volume, has managed, without any attempt at fine writing or bookmaking, to bring before his readers many interesting scenes and descriptions both of the more quiet days spent with his comrades on board their floating home, and of the stirring incidents of that most harassing and often most painful duty, the watching and impeding of the cruel trade of slave-carrying on the West coast of Africa. A short extract must suffice to describe the dreadful inhuman measures which these stealers of men do not hesitate to adopt when detected with slaves on board:—

"These northern dhows ply between Muscat, the Persian Gulf, and Zanzibar. They are the acknowledged pirates of the coast, and when chased they throw their slaves overboard. A short time ago, one of them had on board two hundred and forty slaves, which, having cost on an average not more than two dollars each, were not equivalent to the value of the vessel. On seeing a cruiser in chase, the crew cut the throats of all the slaves, then threw them overboard, in order to save the dhow from being captured and forfeited. But when the value of the slaves exceeds that of the dhow, the crew either make a bold run of it, or else land the slaves. Their most common method when chased near the coast is to throw the slaves overboard, trusting to their being picked up on the coast by canoes. At other times, when they are sore pressed, the whole cargo, *in chains*, are dropped over the side and perish. This is not a story of West Coast origin, nor of ten years ago, but of the present day. People are apt to think that these horrible features of this inhuman traffic have disappeared. I only wish they had."

Our author is particularly happy in painting the portraits of the strange characters whom he from time to time encounters. Here is quite a photographic sketch of an Arab agent, not often of the very highest repute:—

"This morning our Captain engaged an Arab, named Bullhead, to be our cruising interpreter and general spy on the slave coast. He is to have £5 per month, and a reward of £10 if we capture a dhow, and £20 if we capture a square-rigged vessel on his information. These half-breed Arabs are generally rogues,—a species of low, cunning outcasts, possessing the subtlety of the Asiatic, the treachery of the Arab, and the cowardice of the negro, and would do anything for a few dollars, even to selling their own parents, if they only knew them. Our ruffian I will describe. He wears a large white turban on a little grisly, cocoa-nut-looking skull; his right eye is bleared, his left, blind; face, a dirty black, indented by small-pox, the marks of the disease being darker than the other parts of the skin; extended nostrils, thick lips, and short neck; a light soiled cotton garment coming below the knees, and over it a bad imitation of a Zouave jacket, white, with a dash of blue; feet very large, toes awkwardly separated, like extended fingers. He speaks half-a-dozen coast jargons, besides a smattering of Arabic, French, and English. His ears are always at full cock, and his one eye here, there, and everywhere. Such is our interpreter."

Not the least interesting portion of the book is that which relates the author's meeting and sojourn with Dr. Livingstone. This part of the author's narrative is of the more value, as giving

the view taken by an "outsider" of the Doctor's proceedings in his adventurous travels; and now that there seems so little hope of our ever hearing again of the great traveller, or of obtaining his own account of his further wanderings, every sketch that presents even a glimpse of his energetic figure contending with difficulties and dangers at every point is of lasting interest.

Our space will not allow us to dwell longer on this pleasant book. Our object has been to draw the attention of our readers to its publication; and we feel assured that all who peruse its pages will find themselves well pleased with this interesting account of a "Cruise in the *Gorgon*."

THE PARROT PAPERS.—No. IV.

SECOND SERIES.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—THE TWO BROTHERS.—MR. GEORGE'S GOOD FORTUNE.—THE MUTUAL PROFIT COMPACT.—GEORGE'S TREACHERY.—BROTHERLY LOVE.—CHARLES' REVENGE.—HIS INDEPENDENCE.—A PARENTHESIS THE ORIGIN OF A PROVERB.—THE PARROT PARENTHETICALLY DEFENDS HIS SIZE.—THE CAREER OF MR. CHARLES CONTINUED.—HIS DRAMATIC SUCCESSES.—HIS GENEROUS CHARACTER.—HIS CAUSTIC WIT.—HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—THE PARROT LEAVES HIM FOR THE PRESENT WITH A FINAL BLESSING.

IT may seem curious to my readers why I should devote so much of my valuable writings to such a subject as one man; but if they want any reason for my doing so, they must be content with this—that I choose to do so. Mr. Charles was brought to my mind by the mention of Mr. George, who is his younger brother, but who, having succeeded by the interest of some Cabinet Minister who admired his father's talents in getting a snug berth in a very fashionable Government office, affects to look down very much on his elder brother, as a low author. Not that Mr. George is really very proud, for he is not above accepting orders from Mr. Charles for the different theatres, or obtaining from him introductions to any actress whom he may admire, or with whom it may give him *éclat* among his fashionable fellow-clerks to be seen in familiar converse.

Mr. George has also made use of his brother in other ways. He succeeded by his influence in getting one or two articles into the magazines, and he has only discarded the literary patronage of his brother for the present because he has been taken up by the managers of some fashionable journal which despises those who are literary men by profession, and prefers the feeble lucubrations of those who can write English as it is spoken in fashionable circles, and can talk familiarly about Lord This and Lady That, who can call a young duke "Harry," and a marquis "old John," and tell of the doings of these distinguished persons in a jargon full of French slang words and vulgar Americanisms—a jargon as far removed from English as its speakers are from men. Now, Mr. George always possessed a power of toadyism quite unlimited, and of a more elegant type than his brother Charles'. It would be hard to say which eats the most dirt, but certainly the younger eats it with a better air, and with less greedy appetite. The two brothers now hate each other most heartily, Mr. Charles having been quite deceived as to his part of their mutual compact, which was that George should introduce him to all his fashionable friends, and induct him into all the high society which he frequented. But George was too wise to do this. He knew his position was not firm enough for him to be any one's sponsor—such an effort of patronage might imperil his own ticket of admission—so he tried to palm off on Charles some parties of aspiring *parvenus*, who were anxious to fill their rooms at any price, and who, moreover, had not lost all their good nature, as the real thing; but he always managed to invent some excuse when he met any of his very severe friends for not formally introducing Charles. The elder brother stood this for some time, but finally he saw through George's "little game," as he termed it, and now he writes sarcastic sketches of his brother in a comic journal, and occasionally bribes an actor to dress at him by writing up the part. He also pens magnificent denunciations of society under the signature of "Honestas," and otherwise revenges his brother's faithlessness and the neglect of society as his noble nature may suggest. One much more substantial retribution it has been in his power to execute: George came to him after the last Derby to borrow a hundred pounds, telling him he should have Lord Scamper's name on a bill for it; but though quiet usury is not out of Charles' line, the advance was sarcastically refused, and George is now in the hands of some sixty per cent. spider, who, his brother fondly hopes, will soon devour him.

It must not be supposed from this that Charles would not write for the fashionable journal if he got the chance, or that he has any real contempt or honest scorn for the humbug and selfishness of society. That would be doing him an injustice. He would give fifty pounds to dine with a real duke, and would take notes of the conversation at dinner, and of the personal appearance of his host and fellow-guests, in order to write a smart and pungent article, which he would dispose of to any journal that offered him five shillings more than he gets from those to which he is one of the regular contributors.

Perhaps some impertinent persons may ask how it is, that, living such a retired life as I do, I can possibly have learnt all these details. No man or woman knows the resources of a Parrot. You have a proverbial saying among you, when you mention any fact which has come to your knowledge by any secret or unusual way. You say, "Oh! a little bird told me that." I am that little bird. I object to the epithet "little," as being founded solely on a comparison with your great unwieldy carcases—and all comparisons are odious, as another of your proverbs says—for I am quite big enough, and by no means an insignificant object to the eye,—like a canary. Diamonds are the most valuable jewels that you possess. I am a jewel, and I am sure I am bigger than any diamond.

But to return to Mr. Charles' career. He began well, and he went on better. From occasional work on one weekly journal, he got on to the regular staff of two or three; from an outside contributor to magazines, he became the editor of one; from doing criticisms at transpontine theatres for the regular critic of the *Daily Stunner* at ten shillings the night, he became the author of a successful farce at the Royal Fleshings Theatre. It was always quite enough for Mr. Charles to get the extreme end of his nose in anywhere—he was not long in introducing the rest of his body. He soon found out the great secret of the success of dramatic authors: namely, to drink plenty of gin and water with actors and managers, and to flatter actresses. Being a shrewd fellow, he soon laid down for himself a certain syllogism, which took something of this shape. Most men are fools! Most men are governed by women: therefore, men who are governed by women are fools. Having arrived at this conclusion, he resolved to try and make favour with the women who governed the fools, and he succeeded. He was not beautiful, but he had a certain name in the literary world. He professed to have a good deal of influence with the critics, and he invariably flattered his favourites when he got a chance, on the same principle as some Jews lend a rich young heir money on easy terms at first in order to draw him into their net. Then he had some little accomplishments, such as women of very little education and not of much intelligence can appreciate: he could imitate the flute on a walking-stick (very badly), he could sing serio-comic songs (indifferently), he could say satirical things (not original), and he could draw little pen and ink sketches, such as schoolboys ornament the benches and desks with. Altogether, he was voted a "very clever man" by the women, and as he did not mind any amount of dirty work so long as he saw any gold dust at the bottom of the mud, he soon became quite a favourite with the managers and the influential actresses.

He soon saw where his opening lay: it was evidently in burlesque. His education, thanks to his father's generosity, had been good enough to leave him a smattering in classical mythology and a knack of rhyming. He saw that it required a clever man to write burlesques, and that very few clever men had the requisite minimum of self-respect which was necessary to allow of their writing it. What did Mr. Charles care if his pieces were made the vehicle of indecent exhibitions? Not a bit; he said it was all humbug, and vowed that the actresses in a burlesque were dressed as decently as the ladies in front. What did he care that the work of the author's brains should be entirely subordinated to the work of the actors' and actresses' legs? It paid; that was all he knew or cared. So he became a successful burlesque writer, and pocketed the proceeds of his achievements in that line without any question of conscience.

But Mr. Charles was no commonplace literary hack; he had peculiar qualities which gained my admiration, and which I could not help thinking he owed to my silent tuition. He was

by nature a very sneering, malicious fellow; but he soon found out that it would not pay to be satirical. So he hit on a way of writing criticisms, by which he could partly satisfy his malice, and yet not offend his friends. He wrote a funny account of the piece, in which he managed to get in all his sneers and malicious remarks under the veil of burlesque, which were very thinly veiled when directed against anybody whom he thought he could offend without any danger to his interests; and then, in a postscript, as it were, he lauded the manageress or manager and all the principal actors whom he could not afford to offend. For the rest, he managed to make himself feared without exactly being hated; for while he was all humility and civility in the presence of his fellow-authors, he would say the most ill-natured and calumnious things to some common acquaintance outside the charmed circle, who would, of course, repeat the same (in strict confidence) to the friends of the subject thereof, which gave the said friends a very high idea of Mr. Charles' wit, and a still higher idea of his honesty. Those of his sayings which were not coarse and vulgar he took from some book or other, or from the mouth of someone whose conversation he had overheard,—for he was never above "picking up any good thing"—but as his hearers were rarely acquainted with the original, his claim as author of their being was rarely disputed.

I believe that the trait in his character which most delighted me was his total want of those foolish qualities, generosity and benevolence. He never tried to write anything or to do anything that could possibly do any good to his fellow-creatures. He never advocated the cause of the poor or the oppressed. He never tried to alleviate the misery of the wretched. He never busied himself in schemes of charity, in any plan for social or political reform, in any question of education, or poor-relief, or any philanthropic humbug of that kind. He found that the public, on the whole, preferred not to be made to think, and whatever he wrote spared them that labour. He said they liked nonsense, and so he wrote nonsense, not as his father had sometimes written it, with deep sense at the bottom of it, but pure, silly, jingling nonsense. But he was wise enough to affect some meaning, though nobody was wise enough ever to find it out; so that the critics gave him credit for subtle humour where they should have given him credit for feeble idiotcy.

In his private character he was none the less to be admired. As a friend, his malignancy behind the friend's back was simply exquisite. I have heard him say as cruel things of the man whose hand he has just wrung with apparent heartiness as that man's worst enemy could wish. To all those who had helped him at any time in his career, or shown him any kindness, or laid him under any obligation, he was always most delightfully treacherous. He sneered at them as soon as he thought he had got all he could out of them. All those to whom he owed any respect or courtesy he insulted, if he dared.

Though he always exercised his malice behind his victims' backs, it sometimes came to their ears. This forced him into many quarrels. In some cases he would get the credit of other persons' evil sayings. It was then he came out most nobly. He acted injured innocence to perfection; the better that he never scrupled to deny an accusation if he knew that it could not be proved. In such cases it was very dangerous to apologise to him; if you bullied him he gave in; but if you tried to behave handsomely to him, and begged his pardon, woe betide you! In such cases it is usual to accept the hand held out frankly and heartily; but Mr. Charles knew better. What made others forget the offence only made him remember it the more; what conciliated others exasperated him; what shamed others encouraged him. He was never so brutal or so arrogant as when he had received an apology; he mistook gentleness for cowardice; and the man or woman who threw themselves on his generosity never failed to have a very ugly fall.

Mr. Charles is a successful man, and long may he continue so. He combines in himself that mixture of pliability and courage which some call meanness and insolence. They are quite wrong; and they do not know the world so well as I and Mr. Charles do.

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.—What should be done with the two brutal country justices who last week sent a poor old man 70 years of age to Chelmsford gaol for being unable to support more than one of his grandchildren? Horsewhips and other suggestions thankfully received.

WHY HARVARD LOST.

JULES ON THE "WASH."

IT appears that the Harvard crew now attribute their defeat to the "wash" of the Oxford boat, and further express an opinion that for one boat's crew to give another boat's crew the said "wash" is an ungentlemanly act. Our correspondent Jules, the great Parisian boating authority, has favoured us with an opinion on the subject, which we subjoin with pleasure:—

"SIR,—I did, as you have known, fore-say that *Les Mohicaines* would be the victorious ones in the outrigge course on *Putnè-reache*. It was a mistake, that fore-say of Jules. But, *voyons*, now the *courses* are finished, now the *oorahs* of your compatriot die away upon the London smokes, now that your back, your *Oxfor* back, be turned—*voyons*, what do the *Harvar? Sapristi*, they turn tale, they dine and say, *Ma foi*, it was not the strokes which win, but the *washe!* This *washe*, what is it? It is that without which *le brave Français*, the gallant heroes of the *Seine*, the outrigge admirals of *France* win each race, and steal *la victoire*. What does Jules know of your tub? What does Jules want with the *washe?* Can he not win without the soaps and water? Ah, you Englische, it is you that *Les Mohicaines* insult. They call you womens. They say your heroes win the race with soaps. No, it is not so! The strong man *washe* never. Jules has win four five race, but he has never *washe*. *Courage*, then, *mes braves* Oxfor. A bas le *soap!*

"JULES."

THE OLD CLAP-TRAP.

TO those insane friends of progress who clamour for unlimited "education," and believe the world is to be socially and morally regenerated by a continual perusal of copper-currency literature, we recommend a perusal of the following headings, taken as they stand from the columns of an influential evening journal:—

CHARGE OF HAVING THREE WIVES.
BITING A WOMAN IN THE THROAT.
THROAT-CUTTING AT SEA.
SINGULAR INSANITY OF TWO BROTHERS.
FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE AT NEWCASTLE.
A GHASTLY LAW-SUIT.
CAPTURE OF A FEMALE FORGER.
TRIAL FOR MURDER.
&c., &c., &c.

Now, we do not object to the excellent editorial management that is able to secure such a *piquant* bill of fare as this. On the contrary, the horrors, such as they are, do the scissors expert immense credit. Let us, however, admit that from a moral or intellectual point of view, such literary food as the above is simply abominable. What sort of minds can be improved by a reflection on social deformity, and what possible good can come of the process? Newspapers are excellent things when a dividend of sixty per cent. is the great object of life. Under any other circumstances, let us honestly confess they "*educate*" in a peculiar school.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

MY second on my first has tried to rear
A mud hut, that the great she might be near.
Her wish is granted: as we often see
Dead vermin nailed on some grand forest tree,
So here we find upon the oft-sought door
Of that proud temple—where, for evermore,
Shrined in the hearts of those that loved him well,
His memory, spite of calumny, shall dwell—
A warning to all mean, malicious knaves,
Who dare with lies defile illustrious graves,
Exposed to honesty's undying scorn,
My second hangs in infamy forlorn.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 128.] *LONDON, OCTOBER* 16, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A NATIONAL CURSE.

AN exhausted question! Yes, the story of Irish landlord and tenant has been told a thousand times, and we all know it by heart. What use for leading journals to devote columns upon columns of valuable space to its wearying discussion? What use to repeat over and over again the same old truisms? There it is, the one great crying scandal of the day. The bullying, heartless, grasping master on the one side; on the other, the wronged, defiant, murder-minded serf. The one turns his creature out of house and home; the other sends his persecutor to his account: brutality answered by blood! Happy landlord! happy tenant!

And for this state of things, politicians of a certain school quietly tell us there is no cure. The blot on our civilization must remain, and we must plead guilty before Europe to a reckless indifference to national honour. The continent beneath us in all else may rise above us, and look down with scorn upon us here. The matter cannot be helped. Society cannot be shaken to its base to redress a paltry Irish grievance. True, that the tenantry have some hardships to undergo, some losses to sustain; still their fathers have suffered as much before them, and if time does not bring about some satisfactory solution, there is no help. In short, a class, a great and influential class, of Englishmen are either for letting the land question alone altogether, or for approaching it in such a selfish, one-sided, and ungenerous spirit that their remedies would be more fatal even than their inaction. But it is beyond our purpose to discuss in a column a subject that has already been ventilated in volumes. Every intelligent Englishman, who has troubled himself to weigh the merits of this momentous question, must be by this time tolerably well acquainted with the arguments urged, on the one hand, by those who would place the Irish tenant in a more independent position, and, on the other, by those who would leave him precisely where he is. We merely once more direct men's minds to the coming shadow, for it will prove to be the one absorbing topic of the approaching Session.

Horrible is it to contemplate a cruel eviction avenged by a more cruel murder, and we have nothing to offer the red-handed coward but the gallows. Doubtless he has been outraged mercilessly,—still he must go the way of all murderers. He *must* be sent, without a tear of sympathy, without a murmur of excuse, and straightway—to the gallows. Murder is murder, and these hedge-row philosophers must be taught the lesson thoroughly and continually. How we are to instruct the class who provoke their crimes is another matter. There is no human law which says that a man shall not send a family to misery and ruin, while he fattens on their industry and thrift. This is merely a question between man and his God, and, being such, it is easy to understand why it often receives a far from satisfactory reply. In England here, fortunately, there is no parallel to be found; for with us it is the master, and not the serf, who spends his money on the property he owns. If we could conceive here in London a law which gave, say to the landlord of a house, the right, at the expiration of a three years' lease, to evict his tenant, and at the same time retain his furniture as part and parcel of the estate, we should in some measure appreciate the nature of the grievance under which the hard-working tenantry of Ireland are at present suffering. As to the remedy, all we can say is, that there are heads determined and able to hit upon it. Sooner or later it must come. Spite the croaking of cowards, the howling of bigots, and the vapouring of fools, it *must* come. There will be for the industrious Irish tenant some process other than eviction; for the brutal Irish landlord some fate less stern than murder.

HEAR-SAY FROM JERSEY.

JERSEY seems to be in a pleasant state. The Government has no money to meet its liabilities, amounting to the enormous sum of £10,000! and several judgments have been obtained against the Treasurer. In the meanwhile the Legislature refuses to permit direct or indirect taxation. This being the case, TOMAHAWK fully expects to receive the following:—

LATEST NEWS FROM JERSEY.

St. Helier's, Saturday.

The Treasurer has just been released from custody, the Sheriff's officer having refused to detain him any longer, on the score of his (the officer's) expenses remaining unpaid.

It is with great pleasure that we learn that the Chief Justice's wig has been redeemed from the care of Moses Isaak, Esq., the well-known jeweller and pawnbroker of High street.

There is no truth in the report that the town pump has been melted down to provide the cook of the garrison with pots and gridirons.

The officers of the —— Regiment attended parade on Thursday last without their swords. During the winter months these magnificent weapons will be exhibited in the window of Moses Isaak, Esq., of High street.

Judge Hardup was not detained from opening his Court on Tuesday by indisposition, as erroneously reported. He was prevented from leaving his residence by his tailor, who detained some clothes (sent to be repaired) in security for the payment of a bill. From what we hear, we fear that matters will not be settled satisfactorily for some time to come; consequently the Sessions will not be held this Term.

WANTED AN UNEASY HEAD!

IN the present condition of affairs in Spain, when one party are advertising for a trustworthy young person to wear the Crown, and another are bent on blowing up the Constitution, it may be interesting to know *what* will be required of the candidates for the honour of residing at Madrid and playing at King. We subjoin the official form :—

MADRID : October 12, 1869.

Form to be filled up by Aspirants to the Spanish Crown.

☞ NOTICE.—*Any Candidate sending in the following form duly signed, will be expected to enclose a shilling in stamps as a guarantee of his good faith, which said amount, in the event of his successful election, will be devoted to the expenses attendant on his coronation.*

1. State in full your name, address, previous occupation, colour of your hair, height, and the amount of ready money at present in your possession.
2. Have you ever been King of Greece? If so, state under what circumstances, mentioning at the same time any extenuating facts, if you are able.
3. Say, with a view to determining if you have ever filled an exalted position, whether you have ever played—
   (*a*) The King in Hamlet?
   (*b*) The Prophet?
   (*c*) Don Cæsar de Bazan?
   (*d*) One of the Kings in the cauldron scene in Macbeth? (mentioning which.)
   (*e*) The evil genius in the opening portion of a pantomime?
   (*f*) Or, a policeman in the after part?
4. Have you ever been, directly or indirectly, connected with the Pawnbroking business?*
5. Are you under any engagement to pay a commission to the King of Denmark in the event of the thing being concluded?
6. Your income *may* be £700 a year, with use of a cab occasionally. Draw up a statement of your probable expenditure, and show how a monarch can maintain the dignity of his position on a considerably smaller sum.
7. If you happen to be Dutch, Chinese, Irish, or African, describe your feelings in regard to—
   (*a*) Spanish onions.
   (*b*) Spanish liquorice.
   (*c*) Halfpenny cigars.
   (*d*) Bull fights.
   (*e*) Castile soap.
   (*f*) Natural Sherry at 14s. a dozen.
   (*g*) Revolutions.
   (*h*) Snuff.
   (*i*) Unmarketable bonds.
8. What is a don? Is he any relation to the Lord Chamberlain?
9. Supposing that you were King, and that just as your hot water and boots were placed at your door at Madrid, you were to be informed that—
   (*a*) You had been burnt in effigy at Barcelona.
   (*b*) An angry mob were demanding your head in the sacred name of liberty in the court-yard below.
   (*c*) The palace gate had been blown in.
   (*d*) Your income cut down by a vote of the *Cortes* to £100 a year.
   (*e*) Every one in whom you trusted had, for a trifling consideration, turned traitor.
   (*f*) Your only escape was a jump of twenty-two feet into a cistern—
   What would you do?
10. Supposing your resignation were not accepted, WHAT THEN?

* *This question, as being intimately connected with the probable future domestic policy of Spain, must be carefully answered.*

EVE FOR EVER!

IT is with great pleasure that we supply the report of the proceedings of the "Ladies' Congress," held (with closed doors) at the Meeting of the Social Science Association, at Bristol.

DRAM DRINKING AMONG LADIES.

MISS LIGHTHEAD said she was sure it wasn't true. She knew that when she even took the *least* drop of wine it flew to her nose, and made it quite red. Was it likely, she put it to the meeting, that ladies would do anything to disfigure themselves? One might as well say that the Paris Fashions were chosen as a means of mortification. She had no patience with all this nonsense!

MRS. BROWN quite agreed with the "dear" who had just sat down. *She* (the speaker) only touched spirits medicinally. She was *obliged* to take a tumbler of brandy four times a day. (*Sensation.*) It was the order of her doctor. (*Cries of "Name."*) She was delighted to give his address—Dr. Twaddler, Jalap Lodge, Highgate-on-Thames. (*Several of the members produced note-books at this point of the proceedings, and took down Dr. Twaddler's address.*) She was quite sure that spirits were quite harmless when taken medicinally. Sometimes, after the third tumbler, she had felt a strange sensation of ethereal lightness, accompanied by the total loss of the use of her limbs. This she understood from Mr. Brown, who had remarked the strange symptoms frequently—was also the case with gentlemen who partook too freely of whitebait at Greenwich. The feeling was not altogether unpleasant.

MRS. SMITH endorsed every word uttered by Mrs. Brown, but, unhappily for her (the speaker), *her* husband was emphatically a BRUTE!! (*Sensation.*) He never gave her more than six bonnets a quarter. (*Deep groans.*) And refused to take her up the Rhine this summer on the score of the expense. (*Deeper groans.*) Of course, he refused to let her have the proper amount of brandy—he limited her supply to a miserable quart bottle a week! And what was the result? She had to drink Eau de Cologne!

MISS MINERVA STRONGMIND said it was the last speaker's fault.

MRS. SMITH (*jumping up excitedly*).—My fault! What do mean, you great, ugly, disagreeable middle-aged thing, you! (*Sensation and titters.*)

MISS MINERVA STRONGMIND said she repeated it was Mrs. Smith's fault. (*Uproar.*) She would explain why. If Mrs. Smith had not married she might have enjoyed her brandy to the utmost. The greatest curse of the present age was marriage. Now no man had ever dared to look her in the face. (*Loud titters.*) She did not understand this unseemly merriment! Why was she always alluded to as the fair sex? (*A Voice: "Why, indeed?" and much tittering.*) If this very rude conduct continued she would certainly sit down. She did not come there to be insulted. Men were brutes, and that was the reason she had never married. (*A Voice: "Of course!"—loud tittering.*) She would stand it no longer. She had come to the meeting to help her sisters to raise the standard of revolt, and they insulted her—grossly, deeply insulted her. She ought not to be surprised—it was what she might have expected. A woman who would marry would be capable of any wickedness, as she had proved herself capable of the most idiotic folly. (*Uproar.*) She was disgusted with the meeting—a set of silly, doll-like, flaxen-haired ninnies, who—(*at this point the uproar became so loud that it was impossible to distinguish the words of the speaker, who continued her impassioned address for some five minutes, and then finished it in these words*). And now you have had a good bit of my mind. All I can say is I hope you like it, although talking to you is like casting pearls before swine!

With this the speaker swept out of the Council Chamber. Most of the members "made faces" at her as she passed them.

At this point of the proceedings we regret to say the presence of our Reporter was detected, and he was ignominiously expelled.

"PLACE POUR LE LOR-MAIRE!"—Lord-Mayor Lawrence actually wanted a Guard of Honour at Liège!!! This is such a very good joke that it requires no comment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAST.—Why is a French girl's mother, when in a delicate state of health, like Scotch preserve?—Because she's *ma malade* (marmalade).

TOMAHAWK OUT OF TOWN.

At Aix-la-Chapelle.

PAR EXCELLENCE, the dullest place on the face of the earth. The Child of the Prairie is too sad to be funny, much less satirical. He begs to submit a programme of the amusements provided for the visitors of this dreadful place :—

6 A.M.—Morning tub.
7 A.M. (Every Monday and Friday).—Grand display of the sun.
8 A.M. (Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday).—Grand display of the celestial water-works.
9 A.M.—Exhibition of umbrellas.
10 A.M.—Breakfast. (Entr'acte between the tea and the filet de bœuf, on cold plate, three-quarters of an hour.)
11 A.M.—Nothing particular.
12 A.M.—Ditto.
1 P.M.—Dinner.
2 P.M.—Indigestion.
3 P.M.—Ditto.
4 P.M. (If you are wise).—Bed.

Such is Aix-la-Chapelle !

TOMAHAWK presents the town to the British public as an excellent substitute for hanging for murderers. It is fortunate that the Emperor of Russia has never stayed here, or the poor exiles in Siberia would have been sent hither !

Aix should be spelt Aches.

It is emphatically dull, dear, and nasty !

WALK UP!

As we are promised at least three new theatres in London within the next six months, the question naturally suggests itself—How can they all pay ? No one, however, need go far for the answer. The fact is, that in these days *nothing* fails. Plays have merely to be produced, and forthwith fortunes are made. There is no truth in the occasional reports about the ruin of managers ; for no manager can, according to the papers, ever be ruined. Such a rush is made by the public at everything dramatic, that the privilege of writing oneself down "Sole Lessee" may be regarded as a bit of luck, as good in its way as a flourishing West-end greengrocery business, or a West of England Bishopric. Let us refer to the advertisement sheet.

First, of course, on the road of fortune, comes Mr. Boucicault's *Formosa*. Seats may absolutely be secured till December the 18th. Nor is this all. "Visitors from the country may address to the Box Book-keeper's Office, enclosing post-office orders or stamps, specifying the night and the seats they desire to be secured." This simple arrangement must prove a great boon to the thousands who, dying to see the great moral effort at Drury Lane, fear to be crushed to powder at its doors. Undoubtedly, *Formosa* is drawing famously—at least, so this advertisement would broadly suggest.

But to pass to the Adelphi. Here we are spared anything like a mere inference. We are honestly and cheerfully informed that the new drama is a "great success." Lost in admiration at Mr. Boucicault's golden pen, and wondering why he does not write every piece for every theatre in London, we come to the Lyceum. As at the time of our going to press this house is not yet opened, there is not much room for any congratulatory strain as to the accomplished success. We note, however, that "footstools" are promised in "all the stalls," which, in the absence of any more ambitious announcement, may be regarded as auguring at least a good understanding with the public.

The Olympic soars higher still. It is to be hoped that the stuff supplied behind the lights will equal in splendour that offered to the audience in front of them. The new management evidently does not court failure.

The Princess's takes much the same view of matters. If sensation means a full treasury, a piece that boasts the title of *Escaped from Portland*, ought literally to burst one !

The St. James's follows, with an astounding future before it. Indeed, one feels inclined to tremble at its ambition, it evidently means such a tremendous business. In the programme we are promised, among many other attractions, "Magical effects by Bland," one of which will no doubt turn out to be a balance on the right side at the treasury, for whoever is able to make the St. James's pay will prove a conjuror indeed.

At the Strand there is, of course, such a flourishing business, that such modest announcements as "glorious burlesque," "secure your seats," "crowded nightly," are only what we can reasonably expect from the management.

The Globe says little of Mr. Robertson's "new" comedy of *Les Ganaches* (Progress), but falls back upon his "immensely successful comic drama," to witness which it is a satisfaction to be assured "places can be secured at all the libraries."

At the Holborn, the new comedy of *Plain English*, another adaptation from the French, is, we are told, "received nightly with genuine and hearty applause," a fact which, though satisfactory to Mr. Barry Sullivan, can hardly be said to be encouraging to the well-wishers of the national British drama.

At the New Royalty, *Success*, like the King, never dies, and if anyone should doubt the happy phenomenon, he had better refer to the theatrical advertising column of every London paper for the last four years.

The Gaiety, though impressive in the number of its announcements, is quiet enough in detail. Beyond stating that the "Formosa Song, Colney Hatch, Break-down Pantomime, 'Rally,' and Lurliety of the Future" are "great" successes, it has very little music to give us on its own trumpet.

The Queen's, on the contrary, is an able performer on that instrument. In the "Turn of the Tide" it unhesitatingly claims *the* "success of the season."

Of the receipts, past, present, and future, of the above-named establishments, we, of course, can venture nothing ; but we are a little surprised and pained to note the unobtrusive strain in which the Prince of Wales's recommends its own bill of fare. When "immense" hits are being made on all sides of the little Tottenham Theatre, *School* has nothing to say for itself beyond that it begins at a quarter to eight. Does this very unexaggerated tone mean that Miss Marie Wilton can afford to avoid puff, and rest contented on the fact that money is really being turned away from the doors nightly? We strongly suspect it does. Taking, therefore, a rapid survey of the good things the theatres have to say about themselves, we should be inclined to trust rather to few words than to many. The worst entertainment we ever sat out in our lives was announced as a "gigantic panorama of the far West," embracing a tract of country "four thousand English miles from North to South." Two clowns, a fat woman, and a brass band, ushered us in ; but the "four thousand English miles" were got into eleven yards of canvas, and, though we protested urgently, we never got our money back !

A LESSON FROM THE GRAVE!

WE doubt whether the right moral of the Lord Justice Clerk's melancholy death has been perceived by many people. It is easy to make sardonic jests, and to calculate how thin the benches of the present House of Commons would be if the fact of having been indirectly concerned in bribery or some other form of corruption were sufficient to drive every man to suicide. But it seems to us that this tragic event should teach us to reflect how few men ever seriously weigh the consequence of their actions, or look at questions right and wrong by the pure light of simple morality, and not by the false light of the world's judgment, or the deceitful flicker of expediency. Lord Justice Patton's mind might have been undisturbed by any self-reproach, had not the searching investigations and the severe censures of the Bribery Commissions now sitting placed corruption before the searching rays of truth and honesty. A conscientious nature such as his could not bear the idea of being suspected of any connection with what now was shown to be so dishonest and mean ; a soul which abhorred wrong-doing shrunk in horror from the possible disgrace of being proved guilty of political immorality. We may be quite wrong in our conjecture, and we would not wish to intrude upon the sanctity of the grave in this case ; but if from this sad catastrophe we learn the importance of setting before the world the real nature and consequences of those actions, in which it refuses to see any harm, we shall have learnt a lesson that may spare us much future misery.

LONDON, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Rev. — Mackarness of ———, the new Bishop of Oxford, should have been born a sailor, for he will be all at *See* in his new position. Does any one know who he is?

THE American crew complain that the Oxford four gave them "the wash" in the late race. In spite of this, they don't seem to have come out of the affair with clean hands.

A REPORT is gaining currency that Lieut-Colonel Thompson, who was supposed to be in command of the Volunteers in Belgium, was mistaken by more than one of the Belgians for a soldier. We fear this pleasing and harmless *on dit* will prove to be a *canard*.

THIS is an age of progress and of wonderful inventions. In a paper published on Saturday morning appeared an announcement of the great success of the new drama at the Adelphi, which was not produced till that night. This beats the telegraph. Mr. Webster has been till lately rather behind the age. He now seems determined to get the start of time.

WE understand that Doctor Cumming is about to receive a Cardinal's hat for his services rendered to the Roman Catholic Church by his work entitled the "Hammersmith Discussion," which, from recent statistics, it appears has con-per- verted thousands of Protestants to Romanism. The learned Presbyter (who is still taking in his coals by the scuttle), has fixed the end of the world for November the 5th, having refused, finally, to make any arrangements for the holding of the Pope's Council.

A REPORT is current, although we do not wish to assert that there is the least truth in it, to the effect that the First Lord of the Admiralty, in strict adherence to those principles of economy which so characterize his administration, proposes, in the interest of the public service, to relinquish his official residence at Whitehall, in order to afford greater room for the Admiralty clerical staff. If this magnanimous move on the part of Mr. Childers is agreed to by the powers that be, it will probably be accompanied by a snug *douceur* in the shape of compensation. This, again, might be economically applied in keeping up the First Lord's state and dignity at South Kensington. How pleasant it is to be able to feel that there is at least one conscientious member of the present Cabinet!

MR. WESTROPP has a very delicate conscience, which does not admit of his telling anything but the exact truth. He admitted before the Bridgewater Election Commission, having provided £500 for the purposes of bribery, and when accused by the Commissioners of having sworn before the Committee of the House of Commons, on his oath, and on his honour as a gentleman, that he had not expended a single penny in bribing, or beyond the legal expenses, he naïvely replied, "I did not expend it—other persons expended it." We are afraid the Commissioners hardly appreciated Mr. Westropp's simplicity. It is good that men should be brought face to face with the fact that perjury and falsehood are perjury and falsehood, even when only uttered in defence of such a respectable institution as Electoral Corruption.

PATRONAGE AT A PREMIUM.

IN consequence of the great success which has attended the appointment of the Rector of Honiton to the Bishopric of Oxford (the sole grounds for his selection having been that he had married somebody's sister and was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone's), we understand that the Premier contemplates making the following appointments as vacancies occur in the offices below mentioned:—

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The Rev. Mr. Smith, second cousin of Mr. Gladstone's footman's mother-in-law.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.—Private Jones of the 199th Regiment, eldest son of Mr. Gladstone's greengrocer.

MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Master Brown, crossing-sweeper and contractor for odd jobs in ordinary at Carlton terrace.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.—Captain Robinson of "Citizen," A 1 X X, the steamer which was to have conveyed Mr. Gladstone and his party to Greenwich this year—but did not. As a slight compensation for the disappointment.

If the present Cabinet is not proving itself truly liberal in the widest sense of the term, we should like to know how much further liberalism can go. Perhaps we shall yet see.

MEMS. OF THE MINISTRY.

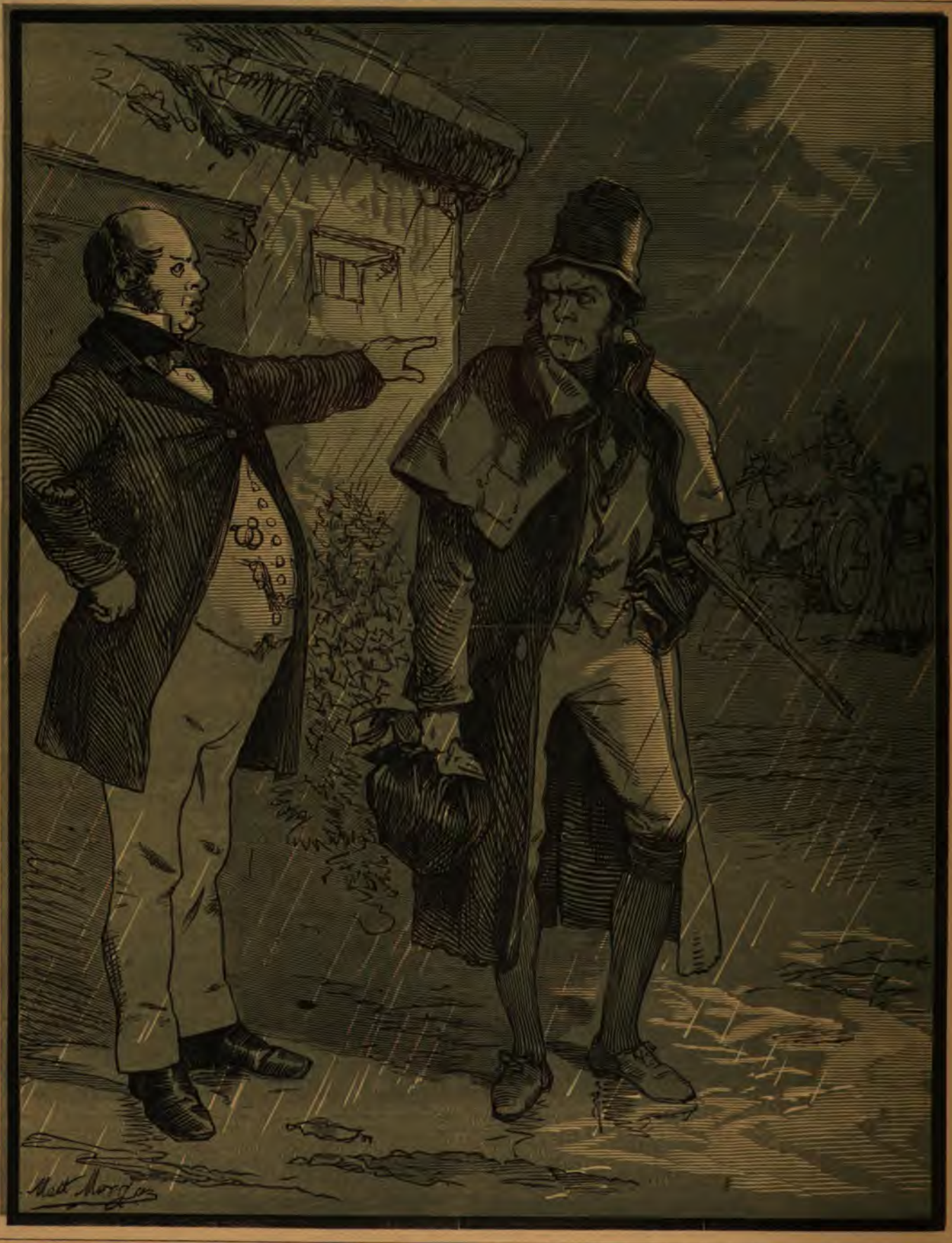
MR. BRIGHT has just discovered that the Board of Trade, over which he presides so ably, unlike the heads of some of his subordinates, is *not* made of wood. By next session he hopes to know as much about his duties as his junior clerk. Here is progress with a vengeance!

It will surprise our readers to learn that Mr. Childers, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was none the worse for his stormy passage. Some of his colleagues were not quite so fortunate. In derision of their misfortunes, he has adopted for his motto, "Sic vos non nobis," which he elegantly translates, "You were ill, but I was not." This pleasing anecdote shows how a residence at the Antipodes improves our Latin and our manners.

Mr. Cardwell is about to give permission to our soldiers to wear their beards. After this, we may expect to see him some day plucking up courage to beard H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief.

AN ERIN FOR BRITAIN!

EVERYBODY knows that in Ireland the law is the most oppressive engine of tyranny and injustice that was ever devised. There are no blemishes to speak of in the laws of England. It is only in Ireland that the poor tenant spends his money on improvements of which the wicked landlord gets all the profit. Here is a dreadful case: A. B. takes a house on a lease for two and a half years. On the implied assurance of a renewal for fifteen years, he expends two hundred pounds in necessary repairs. He plants the garden with sixty pounds' worth of rare shrubs. The extension of the lease, however, is not completed in A. B.'s lifetime. The landlord claims possession at the end of the two and a half years, and A. B.'s heirs and executors have to give up all the two hundred pounds' worth of improvements, and as for the sixty pounds' worth of shrubs, they cannot move one at their peril. Of course, this happened in Ireland? No, strange to say, it is what may happen any day, and does very often, in England—that brutal country which gives poor oppressed Ireland laws so different from its own. There are writers and statesmen, as they call themselves, eager to give tenant farmers of Ireland practical possession of the landlords' property, while they will not hear of such a measure as a uniform poor-rate in England, or a tax for education. Oh no! these measures would be an unwarrantable interference, with private right!



THE BEGINNING.

CAUSE

THE IRISH

THE END.

EFFECT!

D QUESTION

THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

V.

IT may be readily conceived what a sensation wascaused by the magistrate's sentence upon the notorious, the popular, the daring, the terrific Jack Pulp. The most celebrated practitioner in the Borough Police Court was immediately instructed to make an appeal to the iron-hearted magistrate to remit his sentence, and impose a fine instead. The celebrated practitioner in question did make an appeal. The four walls of the court had never heard such an eloquent speech as he had then declaimed. He had pointed out to the magistrate the position of the defendant, a young and rising man, the hope of his aged parents, aspiring to take a position in the ranks of an honourable profession! Preparing himself, by diligent study and earnest application, to become a distinguished member of that profession! Winning the esteem of his tutors, the gratitude of the patients, and the admiration and friendship of his fellow-students! "Look at him at the lectures!" cried the orator. "There he is always at his post, sedulously taking notes, and mentally drinking in every word uttered by the distinguished lecturer, whether he is lecturing upon Anatomy or Physiology, or Botany or *Materia Medica!* Look at him again in the hospital wards, listening with deep attention to the clinical lectures, and watching with intense but tender interest the practical explanations of the peculiarities of the 'cases' brought under his notice! Or see him in the dissecting-room, with anxious care written on his countenance, 'cutting for nerves!' And then, in the quiet evenings, to contemplate him in the solitude of his rooms, deep in the study of his Cooper, or thirsting to acquire the contents of his Wood! Is this a man," continued the celebrated practitioner, "to be condemned to associate with the most degraded of malefactors for a comparatively paltry offence, committed without premeditation, but in the spontaneous outburst of a joyous spirit inherent to youth? Is such a man's future to be destroyed? Are his abilities to be lost to the country? For can it be doubted but that this stigma upon his hitherto unblemished character will cling to him to the latest day of his life? He goes into prison a happy, thoughtless youth, possessed of all the generous instincts peculiar to his age—proud and independent. Will he not return from his punishment a broken-hearted man, callous and indifferent, soured in his nature, and his fresh young blood transformed to bitter gall!"

What applause had followed the conclusion of the lawyer's speech! The students present were overcome to a man. Trodds, a young gentleman possessed of two black eyes, was observed to burst into tears upon the spot; and Sloper, another young gentleman, of a sympathetic nature, was compelled instantly to leave the court to refresh himself with what he called "a couple of drains," to save himself from fainting straight off.

The magistrate's reply was short and sharp. He congratulated the celebrated practitioner upon his eloquent address. Unfortunately, the evidence was strongly against the prisoner. It was also shown that the career of Mr. Pulp had been, during nearly the whole of the time he had been at the hospital, one of violence and dissipation. However much he might have proved himself to be a respectable student when engaged in his studies, his proceedings from a public point of view, and when out of doors, had been a disgrace to the district. From the evidence of the police it had been proved conclusively to him—the worthy magistrate—that it was owing to Mr. Pulp's invention and exertions that the whole of the door-knockers had disappeared in one night from the doors of an adjoining square. It was also due to Mr. Pulp that the false alarm of "Fire!" was so continuously being spread in the streets of the neighbourhood, and that, acting upon the alarm so created, he and his associates had three times broken open the shed where the parish engine was usually kept, and had carried that useful property bodily away to the places where the fire was supposed to be taking place, and having by false representations induced the turncock to turn the water on, had pumped cataracts of water into the unharmed houses, upon the unconscious sleepers. These circumstances alone would justify him in the course he intended to pursue, to say nothing of the robberies which were perpetually taking place in the Causeway and the Borough, of the great tea-pots by which the tea-grocers were accustomed to advertise their business. It was not decent that such articles should invariably be removed in the night, and that their worthy owners should find their property in the morning being dragged about the Borough by troops of disorderly youths. Then the charges as to cock-crowing, fighting, and general dissolute conduct were innumerable. He had heard often of Mr. Pulp. He was now before him for the first time, and he was determined he would not let him go. The sentence would not in any way be remitted. Mr. Pulp would have to undergo the incarceration; and he trusted that it would be a caution to his companions that it was not consistent with the proper discharge of their duties as candidates for admission to the most honourable of professions, that they should render themselves, by their conduct socially, a curse and a terror to their fellow citizens.

VI.

The only man who was totally unaffected by the decision was Mr. John Pulp himself. He descended from the dock with a light and cheerful step, as if he had been a hardened criminal, and was prepared to do any number of sentences "upon his head." He spoke to the officers who had him in custody in a light and easy style. He rubbed his hands through his hair, and congratulated himself that he nad recently had it cut. He told his gaoler that he was not looking well, diagnosed him in a second as being upon the brink of a severe jaundice, and prescribed for him there and then, to that gentleman's extreme wonderment and gratitude. He was allowed to shake hands with a few of his friends before entering Her Majesty's special omnibus.

"Don't be cast down, Sloper," he said to his friend, "I shall have an opportunity of studying the influences of prison diet upon the system. That's something to know, old boy. Besides, there's the hard labour. I shall find out what the human frame is capable of enduring. It will be an interesting experience, and, as our lecturers tell us, there is nothing like personally experiencing what you may have afterwards to treat. A doctor, you recollect, is a cosmopolitan, and it will be hard if I do not acquire something worth knowing. Walking the prisons for a month, my dear Sloper, would afford us all important information, and do us all no end of good."

VII.

He was a choleric and sentimental old gentleman was Mr. Jabez Pulp, the father of Jack, and when he discovered that his son was incarcerated, he was both furious and lachrymose. He ascertained where his boy was located some fortnight after the event had taken place. He raved and stormed one minute and he cried like a child the next. He cursed the hour Jack had been born with one breath, and he lamented in agonizing tones the pain and degradation his poor noble boy was suffering with the next. He rushed off to the prison. In due course Jack was presented to him, standing behind the iron bars, which separated them from all immediate contact, and certainly looking for a prisoner a very favourable picture of contentment and satisfaction. The old gentleman was loud in his reproaches. It would be his death. All his hopes were destroyed. All his schemes for his son's progress in the world were blown to the winds. What was the use of the education he had given him? All his solicitude was rewarded by seeing him there in a criminal prison. No other fate was in store for his unfortunate son but the gallows!

Jack Pulp listened very quietly to his father, and then said: "Don't be out of spirits, father. There is a splendid case in the infirmary I'm attending to. They've put me on to assist the doctor here. It's a dying prisoner. I'm looking after him, and I think I may bring him round. By George, I'm not losing my time here!"

At this old Jabez cried bitterly, and tried, by thrusting his arm through the bars, to grasp his son's hand; but this, in consequence of the intervening space, was impossible; and then, after much more conversation of a varied character, the turnkey announced "Time's up," and Jack was removed, and old Jabez went away sobbing and groaning.

"He's a reckless fellow," murmured old Jabez; "but he's a good fellow for all that, he is devoted to his profession, and I'll stick to him to the last.

VIII.

The month was up and Jack Pulp came out! He semed sorry to do so. The students met him at the gate. They put him in a cab. It was one of a procession of cabs. Half the students of his hospital appeared to have come to witness his release.

They conducted him in triumph to the Borough. Sloper played the cornet all the way. They toasted him. They feasted him. They wanted to fatten him to his original weight there and then. They examined him closely as to what he had been made to do, and how they had treated him. They gave three cheers for the governor who had been kind to him, and three cheers for the doctor who had put him in the infirmary. There never was such a night; but during all of it Jack was very quiet, and when the party broke up, he was heard to mutter, "I should have liked to have stopped another week to watch that prisoner and find him thoroughly recovered!"

(*To be continued. Commenced in No.* 127.)

SHAKESPEARE A LA FRANCAIS.

THE literary world of England and France has been recently excited by the publication of some letters said to have been written by the Bard of Avon to a friend in France. M. Chasles, who has had the pleasure of introducing these valuable epistles to the learned of both countries, is not the only man who has in his possession letters written in the French tongue by the great English dramatist. In point of fact, TOMAHAWK himself possesses a document which is certainly as much the production of Shakespeare as those exhibited by M. Chasles—perhaps "more so." It is written on foolscap paper, and is addressed to the great Voltaire, who was scarcely more than a young man (if, some say, so much) when Shakespeare died. Without further preface, TOMAHAWK gives the letter, which evidently was written on a matter of business.

Théâtre du Globe, près le Strand, Londres, Dimanche.

MON CHER MONSOO,

Je suis enchanté d'entendre que vous êtes bien, comme celui-ci me partera à présent. Vous me dire que vous désirez beaucoup de traduire mon drâme en sept actes et quatorze tableaux, *Hamlet*, en Français? Eh bien, vous pouvez, mais, s'il vous plaît, fait la chose un affaire du "business." C'était un grand succès en Londres, et c'est bien possible qu'il sera un grand succès en Paris.

De vous voir que c'est joli je traduis pour vous un de principals tableaux, de vous expliqué que le drâme est très bon. Je mettre au coté de mon Français l'original en Anglais. Vous comprenez. Le voici:—

EN FRANCAIS.	EN ANGLAIS.
TABLEAU V.—*Encore un pars du platform, un peu plus remoté.*	SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*
Entrent Hamlet *et* M. Le Spectre.	*Enter* Ghost *and* Hamlet.
Ham. Eh bien, ou voulez vous m'envoyer? Parlez! Je resterai ici.	*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
M. Le Spectre. Faites un marque sur moi.	*Ghost.* Mark me.
Ham. Eh bien. Je serai!	*Ham.* I will.
M. Le Spectre. Mon heure est veni mais un peu	*Ghost.* My hour is almost come
Quand moi aux feux de sulphur et des feux bien desagréable	When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Me rendre moi meme!	Must render up myself.
Ham. Ala! Pauvre M. le Spectre!	*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!
M. Le Spectre. Ne me pitierez pas! Mais donnez moi	*Ghost.* Pity me not; but lend
Votre entendeant serieux	thy serious hearing
A quoi je enfolderai.	To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Parlez! C'est necessaire pour moi d'attendre.	*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.
M. Le Spectre. Et aussi de revengé quand vous avez entendez!	*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. Quoi?	*Ham.* What?
M. Le Spectre. Monsoo, je suis le spectre de M. votre père!	*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,
C'est necessaire pour moi de marche sur la nuit pour un temps certain.	Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
Et pour le jour de monge rien dans les feux	And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
	Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Pour les crimes tres desagréables fait dans mes jours du nature	Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
Sont brouillent par tous! Mais que c'est defendu	To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
De parler des secrets de la maison du mon prison	I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
C'est possible dire un narrative—la mot de qui plus illuminé	Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Faites votre sole — au gratin! Plazé votre jeune sange;	Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Faites vos deux eux, commes les etoilles — startent de ces spheres.	Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
Votre cheveux qui ne sont pas brushé partir au centre,	And each particular hair to stand on end,
Et chaque montez en perpendicular comme—	Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
Mon Dieu, comme les plumes du porcupine malade.	But this eternal blazon must not be
Mais ce blazon eternel ne sera pas	To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!
Aux hommes de flesh et sang. En bataille! En bataille!	If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Si vous aimez votre père comme ce—vous comprennez.	
Ham. Mon Dieu, Monsoo!	*Ham.* O God!
M. Le Spectre. Revengez, s'il vous plais, son assassination bien desagréable.	*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Assassination! Monsoo!	*Ham.* Murder?
M. Le Spectre. Oui, Monsoo—Assassination — comme un poulet—vous comprennery.	*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
Mais celui est bien comme un poulet, etrange et pas natural!	But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Eh bien, continuez Monsoo, que moi avec des wings bien vite	*Ham.* Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
Comme meditation ou les pensées de l'amour	As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
Sweepery au mon vengeance.	May sweep to my revenge.
M. Le Spectre. C'est bon, Monsoo. Je trouve que vous etes gentil	*Ghost.* I find thee apt;
Et plus triste c'est bonne pour vous etes comme le weed bien gross	And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
Qui rotté lui meme avec du comfort sur "Lethe warf,"	That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Ne voulez vous stirrez dans cela —eh bien—Monsoo Hamlet, entendes:	Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
Ils dirent quand je dorme dans mon orchard	'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
Un serpent me stingez — Vous voyez ils dirent en Danemark	A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Mais ce n'est pas vrais—c'est un proces forgé.	Is by a forged process of my death
Ah, Mon Dieu! Mais connez vous, brave garcon,	Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
Le serpent qui stingez le vie de M. votre père	The serpent that did sting thy father's life
A present a son couronne.	Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh mon sole au gratin prophetique — c'est Monsoo mon oncle!	*Ham.* O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Que pensez-vous de c'la, Monsoo Voltaire? C'est joli, n'est pas? Mais il y'a beaucoup de chose comme c'la dans mon piece qui est aussi bon. Aussi j'ai encore un piece j'aime comme "Hamlet," c'est nommé "Othello." Si "Hamlet" est un succes en Paris nous jouerons "Othello" aussi — n'est pas, Monsoo Voltaire?

Credez vous,
Tres veritablement votres,
"L'IMMORTAL VILLIAM,"
alias
BILLY SHAKESPEARE.

P.S.—J'espere que vous aimez mon Français—c'est tres bon —n'est pas? Il me coute deux shillings par leçon. J'ai eu six leçons!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Walter Savage Landor: a Biography. By John Forster. London: Chapman and Hall, 1869.

MR. FORSTER has added to the heavy obligations under which he has placed mankind by this, another of his delightful biographies. The same affection that we feel for the painter or sculptor who preserves for us the features of some dead hero whom we honoured and revered, do we feel for the biographer who gives to those who could otherwise only know the writer through his works, the privileges and joy of a personal friendship with the man himself. Mr. Forster has indeed been fortunate in having indissolubly connected with his own the names of two such very different writers and men as Oliver Goldsmith and Walter Savage Landor. For he thus obtains a fixed seat in the hearts of nearly all who read at all. Landor may be known to but a few in the reading world; but by those few he is admired passionately; while it would be difficult to name a book more universally popular in the widest sense of the term, than Oliver Goldsmith. We cannot help believing that Mr. Forster's noble and honourable biography of his friend will do something towards making Landor's works more widely known, at least, in his native country. If there are any cultivated intellects left among the young men of the day, they can hardly find a richer or grander treasure-house of intellectual gems than in the "Imaginary Conversations;" and we may add in the Tragedies of Landor, of both of which Mr. Forster gives as many such specimens as make us long to hunt for more ourselves.

Recent circumstances have given to us a more hearty appreciation of Mr. Forster's biography than its inherent merits would, at any time, secure for it. No greater contrast can be found to the filthy garbage which has been shamelessly dug out of the grave and flung in our faces in the name of friendship than this temperate, dignified, and delicate biography of a man whose life and character perhaps more than any other great man that ever lived, offered strong temptation to the lover of scandal. We should not like to read Landor's biography written with all the pains and moral reflections, and sensational gasps and upturnings of yellow eyes to Heaven which a female friend might have found leisure or taste to *bestowe* on it. Happy indeed is the man who has such a friend as Mr. Forster to write his life! While admitting Landor's faults, he never swerves from the noble fidelity of a true friend. To a loving warm heart he joins that perfect discrimination and delicate taste which keep him alike from the fault of over-extolling his friend's good points or from ignoring altogether his weak points. We can imagine Landor reading his own biography, as written by Mr. Forster without finding any fault with the writer of it. With the subject of it we hope his noble spirit softened by reflection would find much fault.

We had better get over the unpleasant part of our task at once. The strong love and admiration which we feel for the character of Walter Savage Landor, makes it more incumbent on us not to gloss over its defects. It was no duty of Mr. Forster's to speak too harshly of his friend's private life. But we may be less merciful, and, as a warning to others of like temperament, point out into what cruel and ungenerous, we had almost said mean acts, Landor's exaggerated sense of self-importance led him. Generous, warm-hearted, he was if ever man was, yet for what paltry reasons did he quarrel with friends, in many cases without ever being reconciled to them, and inflict on others most foul wrong! If he was sensitive himself, he should have been less prone to pain the feelings of others. But the worst blemish in Landor's character, to which Mr. Forster seems blind, is, his utter lack of that essential of a true gentleman—the eagerness to make every reparation in his power when he has, under a misapprehension, done any one an injustice. Landor lived to retract his paltry depreciation of Byron, which he caught, let us charitably suppose, from that bland egotist Wordsworth, and from Southey, who certainly had good cause to hate Byron. But if we consider the account of his quarrel with Stuart, the British Envoy of Corunna, what bitter shame we feel, that having assailed him on such ridiculously inadequate grounds, Landor lacked the true courage to express in generous terms his deep regret! But the idea never seems to have entered his head, that he himself had, by his culpable impatience and unfounded abuse of Stuart, done his own character most grievous wrong, for which nothing but self-humiliation could atone. A passionate hasty temper is a grievous curse to a man of generous nature and tender feelings; to such an one the very idea of having unjustifiably inflicted pain on another's feelings is an intolerable anguish; and, however great the pang may be to his pride, his mind can know no true ease till he has freely and boldly apologised for his error. But we look in vain for any sign of this redeeming feature in the irritable self-consciousness of Landor; an offence ever so small against his own mighty self was what he found it imperative to resent but never to forgive.

Mr. Forster has written the history of Landor's unhappy married life with great delicacy and wise reticence. But here we see the same fault, here it almost amounts to a crime. We may be wrong, but we hold that nothing, except utter infidelity of heart and body, justifies a man in deserting his wife and children; we do not use the word "desert" in its legal sense. It is a father's duty to watch over his children, the more so if there are faults of temper in the mother which he finds it hard to bear. If ever there was a man whose longsuffering towards a wife should have known no bounds in this life, it was Landor. We read with pain and indignation, nay, with bitter humiliation to see a noble nature so degraded, the account of his separation from his wife and children. However gross the provocation, no mere words could have justified such a step, especially in one so prone to err with his tongue, as Landor. But no; his god, his self, was treated with disrespect, and he wilfully abandoned all the duties and responsibilities of a father, and retained but the barren love. Of what use was that? Forbearance is the great lesson that such a life teaches us; we can none of us, however good we be, have too much of it. We cannot be omnipotent or omniscient, but we can all of us be demigods, at least, in mercy.

But others, besides Landor's ownself, were to blame for this inordinate self-esteem. It was the natural result of the neglect and contempt with which his great intellectual powers were treated by those about him. It is a received maxim with many families to snub any member who may give proofs of genius. This is a very shortsighted policy. You cannot destroy the conscious sense of power that genius gives. Far wiser is it for all parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and schoolmasters, to encourage genius in self-cultivation by every means in their power, and to treat it with judicious appreciation and delicacy, not with extravagant adulation or narrow-minded disdain. No course of conduct is so likely to encourage inordinate self-esteem as the constant infliction of petty humiliations on those whose mental powers we feel to be above ours, but whose habits or mannerisms may make them an easy prey to ridicule and censoriousness.

We now come to the most grateful part of our work, the hearty expression of that admiration and love which we feel for Landor both as a writer and as a man. It may be allowed to us, who never had the privilege of knowing him in the delightful intercourse of private life, now that we have been brought face to face with him in Mr. Forster's book, to express in somewhat warm terms, our thorough sympathy with his noble hatred of injustice, and his nobler scorn of the pitiful pretences which pass current in the world for real virtues. It is impossible to read his gloriously fearless denunciations of the meannesses and pharisaisms of English society without wishing that it could have been our fortune and our pride to have had him for a fellow-workman in the cause which we have ever advocated. Alas! there are but very few men of Landor's honest vehemence now-a-days. It is well for him that he has passed away. He lived too long perhaps for his own happiness; but his frank and brave spirit would have chafed itself to death had he been doomed to live his youth over again in this age of flabby apathy and sneaking hypocrisy. It was something to have lived as he did in the noblest intellectual society that there has ever been in this world since the Elizabethan era. It was something to have had the genial unswerving friendship of such men as Southey, Hare, Lamb, Napier, Crabb Robinson, and we may add, last, not least, Charles Dickens and John Forster. He might well despise popularity when such men praised him from their minds, and hearts, and souls. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, and even Byron were among his worshippers. We have no names to fill the blanks now. We have poets—two of the finest, Browning and Swinburne, both knew and loved Landor. Browning, indeed, was one of the dearest friends of his later days. But the time for real literary friendship has, we fear, gone by. The canker of ennui and apathy begins to corrode the finest natures. They lack the energy to be really friends, in the noble sense of the word. Such society as met round Rogers's or Lady Blessington's table

is now impossible. Railway travelling, or something else, has done away with the genial mellow richness which characterized the intellectual intercourse of those days. One meets men to whose conversation it is delightful to listen, but you are never allowed to listen. There are too many Xanthias always present, who, getting uneasy as they see the speaker beginning to soar above their heads, and struck with a horrid alarm that their respectability and wealth, &c., &c., are not being duly worshipped, cry out—"This is all very well, but you are saying nothing about me." There is little generous admiration of one another now-a-days among authors. There are cliques, but there are not friendships. Were Virgil and Horace to come to life again now-a-days they would be thinking of nothing else but of how many editions the other had gone through, and whether Messrs. Longman or Chapman and Hall gave Horace more for an ode than Virgil got for an eclogue. Fame is turned banker now-a-days, and authors are judged not in Aristophanes' scales, but by their balance in the bank. Nobody would say thank you for a laurel crown now-a-days, unless it was capable of being converted into five shillings. We have hit on a melancholy subject, so we will leave it.

Of the exquisite grace of Landor's small poems, of the vivid power of his greater ones, of the grand rhythm, the rich conciseness, the intellectual imagery, and the thoughtful unwordy eloquence of his prose writings, we can only speak here—we will not attempt to illustrate them. No man ever combined so much acquired knowledge with so much originality, unless it be Bacon or Shakespeare. He has all the pregnancy of that *divine* Fuller without his affectation. Landor's works are full of the most exquisite odours of the past. He was a scholar, but never a pedant. His work had all the grandeur, all the supple grace, all the mellow roundness of a beautiful antique statue, but it was wrought in dazzling marble brought from his own quarries, which no other man could enter. It seemed as if he was a curious and novel instance of the doctrine of metempsychosis. His intellect would seem to have lived from the age of Homer to his own time without any interruption from death. Never again can we hope to see a mind so boundless united to an enthusiasm which never faded, to an energy which never tired.

EMPTY COMPLIMENTS.

ON the occasion of the visit of the Crown Prince of Prussia to Vienna, on his way to the East, which took place last week, one of the principal features in the festivities was a grand review of the Austrian army in the presence of the Emperor and his royal guest. The Emperor, the report goes on to inform us, wore the uniform of the colonel of a Prussian regiment, while the Crown Prince was dressed as an officer holding a similar rank in the Austrian service. Now, we are only too glad to observe any signs of the restoration of a good understanding between North and South Germany; but this masquerading in each other's clothes on the part of the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian Prince is surely carrying protestation to an absurdity. When the Prince of Wales goes to Paris he does not thrust himself into the uniform of the National Guard, nor does the Emperor of the French welcome him attired in the uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company; yet the *entente cordiale* between ourselves and our neighbours is none the less sincere on this account. We fear the Austrian monarch is something like his prototype in *Hamlet*—he protests too much.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!

WHETHER the unhappy man who met his death last week by the overturning of a cab was really "Colonel Kelly," or simply one Edward Martin, a hardworking and honest compositor, will probably be never clearly ascertained; but, under any circumstances, let us protest in the strongest terms against the gross and brutal cowardice on the part of the police in having stripped the deceased and examined his body for purposes of identification while he lay helpless with a protruding brain on a bed in King's College Hospital. Nothing can justify the step. If the man was really the renowned Fenian, who, in his time, had given so much trouble to our intelligent detectives, such unseemly haste in making sure of their catch was quite unnecessary. From the first there was little chance of the accident having any but a fatal termination, and however guilty the supposed Fenian might have been proved to be, it was evidently not the prison van that was destined to carry him from where he lay.

Surely the police are getting worse and worse. While they were simply bullies we could only sympathize with their victims, and express our impatience that such things should be; but now that they are proving themselves coarse and cowardly man-butchers, we lose our temper, and call, not on Colonel Henderson, but on the nation itself to interfere, and prevent the recurrence of revolting deeds such as that which polluted the ward of King's College Hospital a few days ago.

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

THE popular objection to capital punishment is gaining ground in America. A black woman was a short time ago sentenced to death in Georgia for murdering children at twelve and sixpence a head; but as, during her incarceration prior to her trial, she learnt to repeat the Church Catechism by heart, she has had her sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. The American newspapers, to do them justice, are clamorous for her immediate execution, and declare that she has only aggravated her crime; but their voices have not prevailed, and the murderess has been put back to complete her religious education. We have heard a good deal of "extenuating circumstances" lately, and it would be a good thing if somebody would define them. Surely, cant and humbug should not be included in the list.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THERE dwells a race of men beyond the seas,
Mighty in peace and war, well known to fame,
Whose worst defect, which mars their power to please,
Is writ here, interwoven with their name.

1.
Hail! Nature's noblest gift,
When joined with ruddy health,
More precious far than power,
Than glory, or than wealth.

2.
Hail! Queen of purity,
Like gold without alloy;
Taming the lion's rage,
Ride on in peace and joy.

3.
A leper of the East
Appears upon the scene;
Lo! in the healing wave
He washes, and is clean.

4.
Next from the dreary Steppes,
Pours down a Tartar horde,
Mounted on swiftest steeds,
And armed with lance and sword.

5.
But next o'er peaceful strife
Is he who calm presides,
Weighs each conflicting claim,
And firm, but just, decides.

6.
Last, but of all most dear
Whom poets celebrate,
See one arise, and smile,
And all my song dictate.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Byron—Stowe.

ANSWERS have been received from A Harmless Idiot, Bertha Samuel E. Thomas, Corbleu, and Tot, and three hundred and twenty-seven incorrect.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 129] *LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

LAW FOR IRELAND!

LAST week we showed the danger of exaction and harshness. This week we would show the danger of indolence and leniency as regards the Irish Land question. To insist upon one's bare legal rights without any regard to the moral claims of the tenant is foolish and wicked, for it makes the devil's work easy where otherwise it would have been impossible. But how much more foolish, how much more wicked, it is to call anything but a cowardly crime that arrogant and cruel self-vindication which claims the life of the wrong-doer as forfeit? Even in the very worst cases the sympathies of those who love order more than rebellion, and patience more than revenge, must be with the victim, not the author of the crime. The perverted minds of those with whom the murderer lives may confuse dogged malignity with brave heroism, and may not be able to see the crime of the assassin for the shadow that his wrong had cast over him; but in proportion as *he* meets with aid and sympathy, while justice is baffled and detested; in proportion as his impunity is secured by the complicity of those who, without the courage to commit the crime, have sufficient cunning to conceal the criminal, so is the anger of all those who hate violence and bloodshed increased, till, from unwillingness to demand the life of the one murderer, they are eager for the severest punishment of all his accomplices. For accomplices those are who either actively, or passively, encourage these cowardly assassins to think themselves heroes, and sanction the violation of the most sacred human and divine law, because the violator has, or imagines he has, suffered some wrong.

The long list of crimes that the annals of Ireland for this year furnish would be stain enough on her people, even if the authors of them had paid the penalty of their deeds. But when we find that in not one single case, however brutal or atrocious, has the law been able to vindicate its authority, we may indeed wonder that the cry in Ireland is "Down with the landlords," and not "Down with the assassins." We should have thought that even the illogical mind of Paddy might have grasped the fact that a single criminal, delivered up to justice by the aid of the peasantry themselves, would have done more to silence the voices of their detractors and enemies than all the murderous snaps of triggers from behind the shelter of a dense hedge. But no—while scheme after scheme was being earnestly urged for the benefit of Ireland by the nation whom she chooses to call her oppressor; while minds were being racked, and voices were being strained, and purses were being emptied, to aid her; Ireland was reviling and cursing her helpers, and reserving her approbation, her sympathy, and her gratitude for the brutal wretches who were shooting or beating to death defenceless men. For the murderer there was welcome at the fireside, there was aid, there was comfort; for the widow and children of the man struck down without warning, without chance of defence, there were nothing but malicious sneers and cruel taunts. Not one man, from north to south, from east to west, stood up and said, "Friends, fellow-countrymen, the assassin shall not escape; he shall expiate on the gallows his brutal treachery, and clear our good name from the pollution of harbouring amongst us a fiend like that. Our religion, which we love, and for sake of which we would gladly die, teaches us long-suffering and gentleness. Because our enemies are unjust, shall we be criminals? because they are harsh, shall we be cruel? because they eat our substance, shall we drink their blood? No; let us teach them that if we cannot forgive or forget the injuries they have done us, we can leave it to God to avenge us; that we are ready even to wipe out the black records of the past, if they will promise us a brighter future; that we are not the barbarians which they would try and make us."

This may seem too much to ask of the tenant-farmer class of Ireland; but the Irish have always claimed to be a generous and an eloquent race, and we cannot but believe that, had the desire not been wanting, the ability would have been easily found amongst the peasantry with which to make an appeal far more eloquent and more forcible than the one which we have suggested. It is the most disheartening thing to the would-be friends of Ireland that, as a nation, they should have utterly failed to understand the vileness of these agrarian murders. They are lower, more brutal in nature and execution than any crimes having their source in vindictiveness which the history of any other nation contains. Where the tenderest affections, the sweet sanctities of home have been outraged by lust and cruelty, one may well pause before one condemns the assassin; but where the simple refusal to obey the peremptory and often unjust, as well as illegal, demands of a secret tribunal, when the mere performance of a duty, however harsh, the compliance with conditions which are not of the victim's choosing, when such causes as these are held sufficient justification of the most treacherous, mean, and bloodthirsty crimes,—what sympathy can a good and pure soul feel for the murderer? If there can be anything more painfully astonishing than the degradation of those who commit these crimes it is the moral obliquity of those who tacitly encourage and condone them.

It is easy to thunder denunciations of the usurping Saxon, to declaim against the unjust laws of which one, perhaps the most

unjust, still is law in Ireland. We do not deny that the cruel facility of eviction gives to the grasping or the careless landlord a terrible instrument of persecution, and that sometimes he uses it. But for one bad or indolent landlord in Ireland, how many are there who, with gentle patience and earnest industry, have sought to improve the condition of the tenants too often in vain? Moved by a generous spirit and a sincere desire to make those dependent on them happy, because in the course of their work the prejudices and passions of some idle rascals are thwarted, the assassin's bullet or bludgeon is as ready for them, or their agent as for the most heartless and sordid. One after another the abuses of the law have been abolished, but without any good effect in suppressing these secret bands of assassins. None of those who are themselves industrious and God-fearing men dare help in the detection or punishment of the criminal, though they fear and detest him. This is the grossest moral cowardice, the most contemptible truckling to brutality of which men can be guilty. It is the more difficult to comprehend in a nation which boasts, and with some justice too, of their courage.

It seems, as we have often said, worse than ridiculous to talk about the purity of the Irish and their freedom from certain forms of vice. This is entirely beside the subject. It is disgraceful to talk of the wrongs inflicted in past times on the conquered country. England has been conquered again and again, spite of the popular boast to the contrary; she is a medley of the races that have subjugated her with fire and sword. It would be as reasonable and just for men to defy the law in England because a brutal code not long ago condemned the shoplifter to the gallows, as it is for the Irish to rail against the landowners, to ill-treat and kill them, because in the time of Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell, and even as late as in the time of the George's, the land was governed with great cruelty. Vendettas which are handed down from father to son are a very disgraceful inheritance. It will be an evil day for mankind when the sins of the fathers are visited by an Omnipotent Being on the unoffending children. Fortunately, that barbarous superstition has faded away before the light of a religion of which love and mercy are the foundation stones. Ireland must either consent to aid us in the task of reconciliation, or be for ever the battle-ground of fanatics and traitors. It is no use holding out our hand if they will not grasp it, or if they take it coldly with one hand while the other grasps the bludgeon of the murderer.

Even as we write, with the blood of nearly a score of recently slain victims crying in vain for vengeance, a ray of hope falls on the dark distance. The O'Donoghue has addressed a letter to his countrymen, in which he speaks the language of peace and good sense, and even of magnanimity. He is beginning to see how impossible violence and vindictiveness are beginning to render mercy. He may see far enough into the future and with clear eyesight enough to understand that until the law is able to vindicate its authority in Ireland, further concession would be a crime. How can we create another class of proprietors in Ireland from the people themselves, that people whose good we profess to seek, if we know that we are powerless to defend them from the assassin, even in broad daylight? If the tenant-farmer becomes to-morrow the owner of the soil, dare he discharge a servant, dare he claim his due in labour or in money without the certainty of being sentenced to death by a midnight tribunal of murderers? And if he is shot down who shall avenge him? Will his fellows, will his nominal landlord, will his labourers avenge him? Who shall dare to speak of comfort to his widow, who shall assure her that her son, that she herself, may not be the next victim? What power can the law claim, what protection can it pretend to give, where no men but hired soldiers will aid it in punishing the man-slayer? Is not it fearful to think that everything which the least unreasonable and disloyal of the Irish ask may be granted to-morrow, and yet no check be put on this tyranny of crime? What if then, no longer deluded by the false halo of heroism which had formerly surrounded these wretches, the people themselves rise, and in the fury of roused vengeance strike savagely and wildly around? Will the punishment, meted out by long-suppressed indignation, be milder than that which the grave and sober law, if rightly supported, would inflict? We fear not.

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is a very beautiful thing. It is also useful. Without friendship a man cannot borrow five shillings. Shillings have been borrowed at sixty per cent., but still a brotherly love of a certain kind has inspired the transaction. There is a bold sort of philanthropy in cent. per cent., and philanthropy is merely universal friendship.

***

By the aid of friendship mankind can get rid of a damaged lot of wine or a lame horse, for it is in the sacred name of friendship that these and other lasting obligations are conferred by man on his brother man.

***

There are many ways of bearing testimony to the existence of this beautiful and useful quality of the heart. Men have been known, through friendship, to write their names side by side on the self-same piece of paper.

***

Friends have done bills together. Thus, often has confidence been inspired. One friend has frequently been known to trust implicitly in the other when the document has become due. Touching instances of this happy and simple trustfulness are on record. A friend has been known to leave to his friend the sole and undivided honour of taking up their joint note. And the holder has often acknowledged the sacred tie, by regarding them as brothers, and seizing the one, without compunction, for the other. Without friendship this perfect *identity* of nature would have been impossible.

***

Friendship is also the mother of truth. No one speaks so frankly about a man as his friend. The charity of friendship prevents him from doing this to his face. He therefore does it behind his back.

***

The word "friendly" has many meanings. It sometimes has the same meaning as "simplicity." To be asked to dinner "quite in a friendly way," means soup, joint, and cheap sherry. This is beautiful. Mere acquaintanceship entitles man to a good repast. Friendship does not.

***

People talk of "friendly" societies. Sometimes these same societies have put the friendship to which they have appealed to the most comical test. They have occasionally made away with every halfpenny they have received. Only true friendship could venture upon an experiment so searching.

***

These associations must not be confounded with *the* Society of Friends. That is quite a different affair. So absorbing was the idea of friendship with which they joined in brotherhood, that they helped nobody but themselves. They also wore white hats.

***

There is a saying, "Save us from our friends," but it does not mean anything in particular. It was the last remark but one Julius Cæsar made to Brutus. Brutus was an intimate friend of Cæsar's, and meant extremely kindly to him. Brutus put a knife into Cæsar. This is a striking instance of friendship.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

Why was the recent visit of the Volunteers to Belgium like Prop. 5 of the First Book of Euclid?

Prizes from £100,000 to ½d.

SUNDAY CRICKET.

A Working Man's Apology.

1.

"Want amusement on Sundays? What next?" You'll inquire.
"Sunday cricket? Perdition!" Of course you smell fire!
All ideas of propriety seem out of joint,
When the curate is caught by churchwarden at "point!"

2.

While the parson, just fresh from denouncing our sins,
'Tween the services bowls swift round hard at our shins;
While the beadle stands umpire, and lays down the law,
And the pew opener gives her whole mind to the score?

3.

Well, why not? Is there scandal or harm to be seen
If the bishop himself were stumped out by the dean?
Would you cut off all hope, close the gateway of heaven
To the lost sheep who play in th' archdeacon's eleven?

4.

You won't have it at no price? 'Tis easy to sneer,
Say Sundays mean dulness, and cricket means beer.
Minds depressed by the gloom you would force on the day,
Ask the Devil to step in, and have his own way.

5.

"There's the church." *That* of course. But amusement we seek,
And a mouthful of fresh air for once in the week.
You, fine folks, has the whole of six days for your use—
It's no sauce for ganders what's sauce for the goose.

6.

"Good books." They're tough reading to us, the profane:
When we've used up our muscles, we eases our brain.
Learned sermons, big words, they're for you—don't ye see?
That's enjoying a sort of æsthetical spree.

7.

Slaves of prejudice! Would you by rigid decrees
Leave St. Peter no option in using his keys?
Narrow minds! Self-dubbed saints! Think again, is it true
There's no sinners like them who dare differ from you?

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF MURDER.

The Whitton tragedy is now carted away with last week's news, but before it is put thoroughly out of sight and mind for good, we are desirous of directing public attention to the extraordinary verdicts that resulted from the coroner's inquest. It may be remembered that an old man, named Green, had a grudge against a certain Mr. Kyezor, and forthwith waited for him outside his house, and wounded him mortally in the stomach with a pistol shot, subsequently blowing out his own brains. The verdicts found were to the effect that "Thomas Hydon Green did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, kill and murder Louis Kyezor, and that the said Thomas Hydon Green did afterwards commit suicide by shooting himself while in a state of temporary insanity."

To the words "did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, kill and murder," we take no exception. No doubt the revengeful veteran did all this. But why the moment afterwards, when he directs his murderous propensities against himself instead of against his neighbour, is he supposed then and there to break off into a state of "temporary insanity"? Suicides are always now-a-days supposed by coroners' juries to act on no principle whatever, and the plain verdict of *felo de se* is rarely if ever found. The truth is, there is a good deal of morbid nonsense entertained on the subject of self-murder, and so, with their usual illogical love of compromise, Englishmen refuse to come to the point, and find on the evidence before them.

We should like to know in the present instance, if the man Green had not shot himself as well, whether he would have been found guilty of simple murder without the extenuating plea of temporary insanity. We suspect that most undoubtedly he would. As the matter stands, the verdict stultifies itself. That a man can be perfectly sane one moment, and then take someone else's life, while the next he suddenly goes mad, and takes his own, is beyond the range of ordinary criminal court phenomena. It would be entertaining to hear the matter ably discussed. Why does not Dr. Forbes Winslow open the ball?

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Academy: A Monthly Record of Literature, Learning, Science, and Art. No. 1. John Murray, Albemarle street.

We gladly welcome this addition to intellectual literature—the more because it belongs to no faction nor party. The spirit of this paper is what that of all literary papers should be, strictly impartial; it is free from the pettiness of cliques, and from the intolerance of sects; from the dulness of Conservatism, and from the insolence of Radicalism. It has neither the mean liberalism of the *Spectator*, the blundering bumptiousness of the *Athenæum*, nor the impartial spitefulness of the *Saturday Review*. Excepting the special articles bearing on the Byron controversy, it is, perhaps, rather dull. The notices lack individuality, though signed by different names. The best article, and the only one that shows any genius for criticism, is Mr. Matthew Arnold's on De Sevancour. This is full of that delicate appreciation which is the essence of criticism. The notice of Charles Baudelaire's works is very poor. Mr. Simcox either fears to reveal his knowledge of the work or has none to reveal. There is a lack of pregnancy in the few sentences that constitute most of the articles. There is brevity, but neither wit nor force. Professor Lightfoot's article on W. P. Renan's St. Paul, is too tepid, but it is very clear and correct. The "information" throughout is well given. In short, this paper is an accurate and ample record of literature and science, not a collection of brilliant criticisms. Those who look for such will be disappointed. Still we cannot help thinking that, unless Providence furnish a Byron scandal once a month, the *Academy*, to judge from the present number, will have but a very limited circulation. Neither the Drama nor the Novel receive any notice or discussion here; and even in a Record of Literature in these days it is scarcely wise to ignore such important branches of the Belles Lettres.

MUD AND MUDDLE.

It is certainly not probable that by the date these lines come under the public eye any steps will have been taken to ameliorate the dangerous condition of things at the Serpentine. We therefore have much pleasure in announcing that we have discovered a sovereign remedy for the frightful nuisance that has already started a fever, and given rise to a *Times'* correspondence. It is simple, and as follows:—Let every one of the officials who have anything to do with the present "improvement" be thrust into separate bathing-machines, and stationed all day and all night here and there along the pestiferous banks, till every pailful of poisonous mud is either deodorised or removed. If this plan be promptly carried out we give our word to anxious and suffering mothers that the plague will not last three days. The House of Commons mumbled and grumbled over the Main Drainage Scheme year after year, and would have mumbled and grumbled on for ever, had it not been for an extremely hot day, that drew forth the hidden beauties of the river, and so rendered the lobbies of the House insupportable. The Bill was framed forthwith.

Reflection by a Yankee after a Lengthened Sojourn in a French Town.—The drinks of France are very good, but darn their drains (!)

Sauce for the Goose.—A line from Dr. Livingstone announces his belief that he has at last discovered the source of the Nile. He, however, appears to have been anticipated by the Sultan, who complains that he has lately had a good deal too much of it from the Khedive!

No. X., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,
NOW READY.

LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. A. W. KINGLAKE is going to write the Bridgewater Treatise for this year. The subject will be "Purity of Election."

"TENURE for life" is the cry in Ireland now of the tenant farmers. The landlords also desire a life-tenure—which is not determinable by the assassin.

THE Bishop Designate of Exeter is not to the taste of the Diocesan Clergy. They seem to think that, in order to preserve *the Church*, they must profane *the Temple*.

WHO is Mr. G. H. Moore? Not the celebrated member of the Christy Minstrels, surely? Whoever he is he has been making a very vulgar harangue, in which he talks about the "bloodhounds of the English Press who had been hunting him down." Poor Moore! He must be very ignorant. Bloodhounds only hunt men; they do not interfere with—vermin.

EMBLAZONED BUFFOONERY.

ON the occasion of the Royal visit to Chester last week, the good people of the place reckoned without their host, or rather, to be more correct, their hostess. On the arrival of the Prince of Wales, an address was presented to him by the Mayor and Corporation, welcoming not only himself but the Princess too to their ancient city. Unfortunately, however, as the Princess was not there the address lost half its point.

In the first instance, we were inclined to give the authorities of Chester credit for indulging in a mild though offensive practical joke, for of course weeks since it was known that the Princess of Wales would not be able to pay them a visit; but it appears that they are perfectly guiltless of any such untimely waggery, for the address in question was prepared not weeks but months beforehand, in order that it might be embossed on vellum in a magnificent manner. Let us hope that the *contre-temps* at Chester will put a stop to the absurdity of making speeches into pictures, regardless of expense. Mayors and Corporations no doubt consider such tomfoolery *de rigueur*, and severally shrink from the responsibility of breaking through a time-honoured custom; but will any intelligent Municipality answer us the following questions with regard to what happened last week?—

NO. 1.—Did the presentation of an illuminated address give the Prince of Wales the least bit beyond the pleasure the warm reception of the population may have afforded him?

NO. 2.—What did his Royal Highness do with the address when handed to him? and was it not subsequently in somebody's way as a decidedly inconvenient bundle to have to carry about?

NO. 3.—What will his Royal Highness do with the address now that he has got it?

We cannot say we are heartless enough to object to a written address being used on such occasions as that of the other day, for they possess the advantage of being "takeable as read;" but we think that an inscription on a sheet of note-paper would be much better appreciated by Royalty; and indeed an address in such a form might be acceptable if Royalty happened to want to light its cigar, when left to itself.

AMOR NUMMI.

CAN any casual reader give an immediate explanation of the following lines, which we have cut at random from the columns of the *Times* of Thursday last:—

"A crowd of howling, desperate men, maddened by the frightful alternations of hope and fear protracted through days and nights of agony. Over them these two and their set held control, and still hold it, determined, if they bring the country to utter ruin, to still make their profit out of the danger. Nothing seems to make them falter, and no act is too daring for them to hesitate to do it."

As it stands it reads terrible enough. Is it a picture of some Eastern horrors, or an episode from the worst scenes of the Spanish revolution? Nothing of the kind. Merely an account of the recent doings "on 'Change" at New York. We offer it for perusal, with much respect to the commercial world.

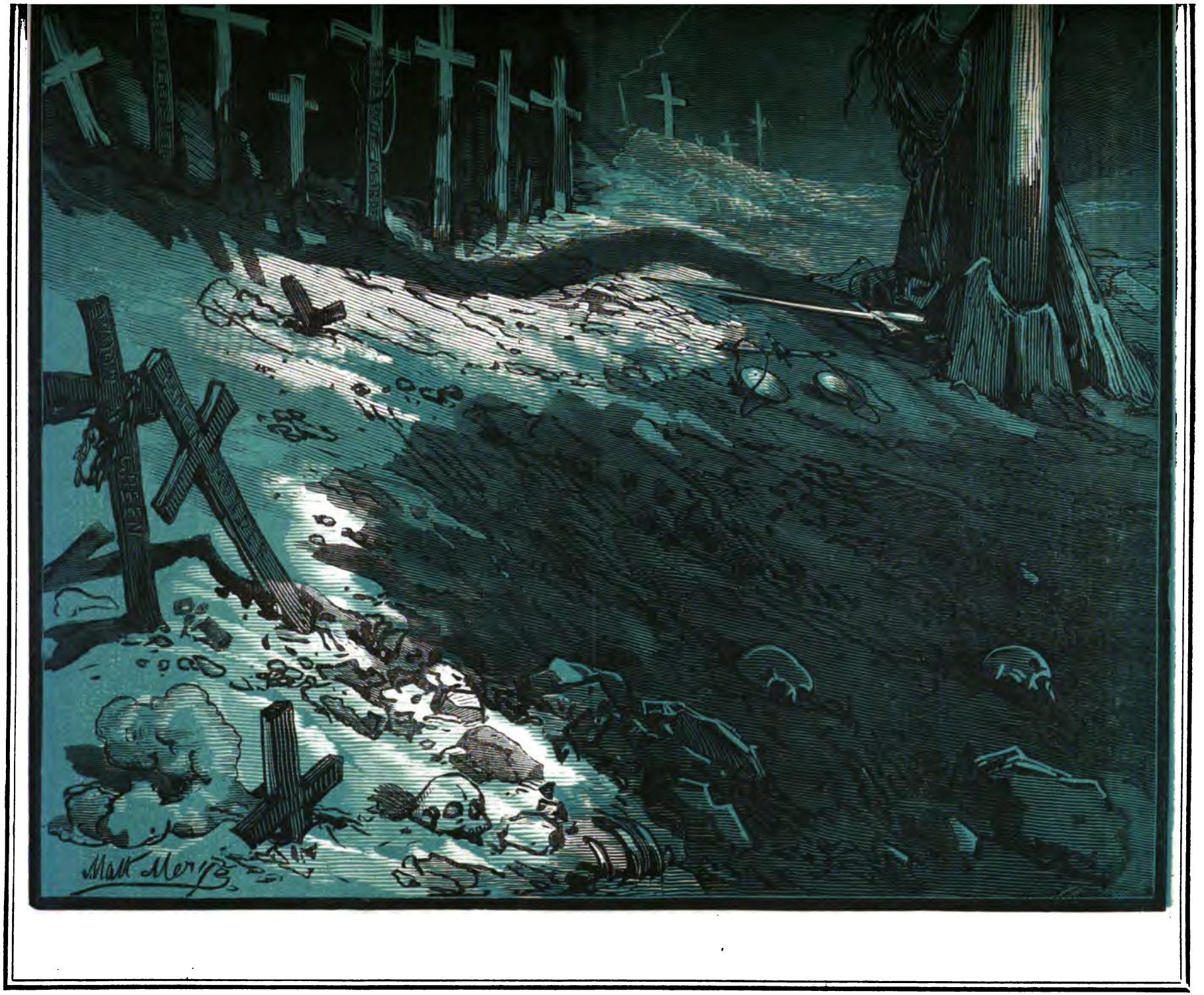
PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

THERE is another Ministerial crisis at Melbourne, Victoria. A few months back affairs were brought to a dead lock by the quarrel over the Darling Grant; and now the cause of disagreement is the appointment of a Mr. Ralte to the post of Commissioner of Customs. We cannot say who Mr. Ralte is, or why he should be considered an undesirable man for the place; but it seems that even the supporters of the Government are indignant at his selection, and a want of confidence vote was about to be carried when the mail left. Of course it is impossible for us over here to take any extraordinary interest in Australian politics; but, judging from the stray facts which from time to time force themselves before our notice in large-typed telegrams, it seems to us that the colonists make but a sorry use of the Constitution we have given them. Imagine Mr. Gladstone being turned out of office because he gave an appointment to somebody or other that someone in the House of Commons did not like, or a Conservative Cabinet coming to grief over a Civil List pension! We do not call upon the Victorians to take the mother country as their model in the conduct of all matters political, but they might surely find some more worthy cause for disagreement than the selection of their Custom-house Officer.

VERY FRENCH.

M. DE LESSEPS, after having finished and opened his Canal, is going to be publicly married to a young lady twenty years of age. Of course, it would be in the worst taste possible for us to dilate on the coming happy event if M. de Lesseps did not like it; but as, on the contrary, M. de Lesseps (who, by the way, is sixty-four years old) has in a semi-official manner attached his wedding as a sort of additional attraction to the programme which he has prepared for the entertainment of the number of great people now congregating in Egypt, we do not hesitate to circulate the news.

The idea of making one's marriage a part of a public ceremony is certainly French, but none the worse on that account. Indeed, it might serve as a hint to us here in England. For instance, everyone has been complaining of the stupidity and the dulness of recent Lord Mayor's shows. We are quite sure that if, on the next Lord Mayor's Day, his Lordship, on his way back from Westminster, were to be driven in his gold coach to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and there publicly married, it would prove an immense success. Besides, there would be nothing extraordinary in the proceeding when the great M. de Lesseps himself could be quoted as a precedent. We offer the suggestion to Mr. Alderman Besley for what it is worth.



THE CURE FOR MURDER!

OR,

JUSTICE CLINGS TO THE GALLOWS.

THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

IX.

MR. PULP, after his penance, became a comparatively reformed character. He was the most earnest of students. It seemed as if what he had seen, or rather, as he himself stated, what he had heard during his short sojourn "in another place," had made such an impression upon him that it had determined him to turn over an entirely new leaf. He had often before turned over new leaves, but had generally turned back again to the old ones; but this time he was evidently sincere. He soon passed the Hall and the College, and when he had received his diplomas he astonished old Jabez, by one day declaring his intention to seek an engagement as assistant to some general practitioner, whose practice should call him more particularly to the treatment of the poor and the wretched.

"I prefer this sort of thing," said Mr. Pulp to his father. "I want experience. I want an opportunity of finding out what I can do, and I have some theories I should like to test practically, besides I particularly wish to see how the 'pauper' business is done."

He was not long in obtaining what he desired, and within a very short time he found himself engaged, for an almost nominal stipend, as the assistant of the great Mr. Tackler.

X.

Mr. Tackler was the parish doctor of the large parish of St. John's, somewhere in this great metropolis. He was the out-o'-door parish doctor, as contradistinguished to the in-door, or purely workhouse doctor. His duties consisted in attending to the paupers of the parish who required his assistance, without the necessity of their being transported to the workhouse to be treated. He visited them at their own homes, or they visited him at his. His superior officer, from whom he obtained his directions as to the particular paupers he was to visit, was the parish relieving officer, and Mr. Tackler was bound to obey all written commands concerning out-o'-door paupers proceeding from that individual.

The parish of St. John's was one of those large and delightfully teeming parishes with thousands of courts and alleys interlacing one another, breeding fever and disease of every description at a rate perfectly incalculable; and the courts and alleys were inhabited by a population which seemed to regard as one of their dearest liberties the privilege of allowing maladies of every description to be continually raging among them. Any interference with their habits of life or the social economy of their existence, or the arrangement of their habitations, although it was undertaken by those who strove to place them in a condition of comfort, and to stay the spread of disease, were regarded by them with a fierceness and a jealousy that drove the authorities to despair. They were independent when they were well, they were exacting when they were ill, and when they died "the inquiries" and the inquests held upon them gave rise to such furious discussions in the press and among the parish officials, that one would have supposed they had all been more or less murdered by the people in authority, who represented the unfortunate ratepayers. The board of guardians of this delightful parish were always fighting together as to the condition and treatment of particular paupers—as to how they had died, and whose fault it was that they had died—for it seemed to be generally allowed, before any discussion began, that it must be somebody's fault, and that some one must be found to be censured. Of course, Mr. Tackler being the doctor, appeared generally to be the nearest available object for condemnation, and there being on the Board and in the parish a large body of anti-Tacklerites, who endeavoured to prove that Mr. Tackler was responsible for the death of every pauper that took place in the parish, and that every such death had been brought about by Mr. Tackler's criminal neglect of the case—and there also being upon the same Board, and also in the parish, an equally large body of pro-Tacklerites, who defended Mr. Tackler against all accusations, and who in truth it must be said, generally carried the day, it may well be imagined that Mr. Tackler's position was not one which was calculated to prove agreeable to a man of a quiet and sensitive disposition. Mr. Tackler, however, fortunately for himself, was not of such a nature. From having been made the subject of so many contentions and of so many attacks, he had gradually resolved his at one time amiable temper into one of the most bellicose and furious character. There was always "a case" of his of some sort under discussion; and whenever Mr. Tackler entered into conversation he would invariably give his listener the entire particulars of the "case" in question, and recite to him in eloquent language the defence he had made before the Board, and how once again he had crushed his enemies. In consequence of all this it can be well understood that Mr. Tackler's existence was altogether a very lively one; and when it is considered that his salary received from the parish for his labours was something under £100 per annum, and which included the physic, it can also be very readily imagined that he was not inordinately overpaid, and that the paupers were likely to get the very best professional attention possible.

XI.

"You see, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler to his new assistant in an oratorical manner, for he had become oratorical through the fact of having to make so many speeches on so many occasions before the Board,—"you see, Mr. Pulp, that paupers, especially out-o'-door paupers, are peculiar. I will not altogether deny that in the majority of instances they are positively maddening. I do not pretend to know whether the parish of St. John's is peculiarly distinguished in this respect, but I do know that the paupers it is my duty to treat seem universally to possess idiosyncracies of the most bewildering character. By the term 'paupers,' Mr. Pulp, we include all those who obtain relief from the parish, medical or otherwise, although by far the majority of them are not so in the strict sense of the word. Paupers, when taken ill, invariably commence by treating themselves. For cholera, they take strong doses of senna; for a fever they consume spirits largely. When they are very bad they get orders from the relieving officer for me to visit them. They are directed to wait upon me at particular times printed on their orders. Without an exception they always come at other times than those directed, and invariably when I am either out or at dinner. They are ordered to bring bottles to contain their physic. As a certain rule, they never do bring bottles, and have to go back to fetch them, and then bring them smelling either of gin, or blacking, or pickles. Paupers refuse to take physic if it is not highly coloured and tastes nasty. If it happen to be clear coloured and sweet tasting, they complain to the Board that they are being neglected by the doctor, and that their case is not properly treated. Paupers, I really believe, Mr. Pulp, enjoy being ill. I know, as a fact, that they revel in physic. The quantity they consume will startle you. The nastier you can make it the better they like it. If you tell them to take two tablespoonfuls three times a day, and write it in large letters upon the bottle, they are positively certain to drink the whole of it in one dose immediately they reach home, and come back the next day for more. If you give them lotions with particular directions how they are to be used, it is the most usual thing in the world that they swallow them at the first opportunity, and, if they survive, bring their case as one of gross neglect on your part before the Board. If they don't survive there is an inquest, and ten chances to one if the jury don't append a censure upon you to their verdict. At all hours of the day—at every one of your meals—at all hours of the night—you are being summoned by paupers, complications having taken place, in their estimation, in their cases. They appear to nurture a sickness as a valuable possession, to obtain which they have expended the utmost trouble—a possession which they are anxious everyone should share with them, and your attempts to rob them of which they appear to regard as a piece of cruelty on your part, and a purpose which they certainly do their utmost to prevent you from effecting. I am not exaggerating, Mr. Pulp. I have been a parish doctor for several years. I have worked like a slave. It has nearly driven away the whole of my private practice. I have been attacked, abused, condemned, censured, roared at, and all but tried criminally, for performing duties which are most beyond one man's power, and which, I can safely say, I have always performed conscientiously. I am deeply thankful to have obtained your assistance. You commence your duties to-morrow, Mr. Pulp, and you will then have an opportunity of seeing my course of practice, and I think it will astonish you."

(*To be continued. Commenced in No.* 127.)

DIOGENES' TUB-TALK.

SECOND SERIES.

(1.) A CERTAIN profligate boasted that he was not afraid of the terrors of Hades, for "when it came to the point, he knew how to die."

"It would be better," said Diogenes, "if you knew how to live."

(2.) Ameipsias, the Comedian, was always praising his own works.

"Poor fellow," said Diogenes, "he cannot find any one to relieve him of his labour."

(3.) A vulgar ignorant fellow said to Diogenes one day with a patronising air, "You know I always praise you, Diogenes."

"You should not do so," answered the Philosopher; "what harm have I ever done you?"

(4.) "Why do they make Justice a woman?" asked one of Diogenes.

"Because they do not know how else to account for her vagaries and caprices."

(5.) Diogenes was arguing with one Xanthias, a very foul-mouthed fellow. Xanthias wound up a long string of abusive epithets with this compliment; "Diogenes, you are a filthy dirty brute!"

"How can you wonder at my being dirty," replied Diogenes, "seeing you have thrown so many of your words at me?"

(6.) There may be some men who mean what they say, but I never knew one who said what he meant.

(7.) Women bring us into the world, and, when we are there, they do all they can to drive us out of it.

(8.) "Ah! Diogenes," said Eubulus, the great demagogue, "*I* look upon the people as my brothers."

"No doubt, Eubulus, and on yourself as the eldest brother, for you keep the estate."

(9.) Those make light of life who know not how to use it.

(10.) A great lawyer defending with much eloquence one whom he knew to be guilty, called on Truth and Justice to come and aid him.

"Tut! man!" said Diogenes, "if they were to come, you would not know them."

(11.) Young men would not be so in love with Vice if they could see what was written on her back.

(12.) Diogenes was asked to define a good friend. "A good friend," said he, "is one whom you dare not make your enemy."

(13.) Alexander was conversing with Diogenes concerning some of his own countrymen who opposed him.

"They are too deep for me; I cannot fathom them," said the great general.

"Psha!" answered Diogenes, "you can fathom any man if you have gold enough to weight the line with."

(14.) The greatest happiness in life is this—and men need not take so much labour to seek it, for it comes sooner or later to all—I mean the summons to leave it.

(15.) If a man dies for a woman she is very proud of herself, and of him. But if he try and live a good life for her sake, she neither thanks nor praises him.

(16.) It was said of Lycias, a plausible knave, that he had a very sweet smile.

"Yes," observed Diogenes, "but it is one of those sweets that turn acid on the stomach."

(17.) "You think your husband loves you?" said Diogenes to a young wife.

"Loves me! he would lay down his life for me!"

"That may be; but he would take it up again before you could make any use of it."

(18.) It is fortunate that Jove has no sins of his own, seeing how many men lay theirs on his shoulders.

(19.) The sculptors represent Innocence as a young girl, and rightly, since for her all the vices are to come.

(20.) "How dare you, Diogenes, thus abuse mankind?" said a young student; "you do not pretend that you yourself are free from all meanness and vice?"

"By no means; but surely I may try to make others free."

MR. CHILDERS AND HIS TRUMPETER.

WE fear we shall have to apologise to Mr. Childers. Since his accession to office we have put him down for a retrencher at any price, and have failed to perceive in him any of those amiable weaknesses which we are foolish enough to consider the head of a great Department of the State should possess. But we are now ready to admit ourselves at fault.

It appears that one Mr. John Murphy, Bugle Major of the Portsmouth Division of Royal Marines, has for some years devoted his time to preparing a set of bugle calls for use in the Royal Navy in lieu of the drum. These calls have recently had a trial accorded to them, and have been found such an immense improvement upon the old regulation that it has been decided that they shall henceforth be generally adopted throughout the Service. Now, as Mr. Murphy was known to have given many years of his life to the perfection of his invention, it seems to have occurred to Mr. Childers that such praiseworthy industry should be specially rewarded; and the following highly flattering communication, which we quote from our contemporary, the *Broad Arrow*, is the result of the First Lord's fit of generosity:—

"Admiralty, September, 1869.—John Murphy,—In consideration of the services rendered by you with regard to the 'bugle calls' for H.M. Navy, I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that they have been pleased to order that a sum of five pounds (£5) be paid to you direct by the Accountant-General of the Navy.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, VERNON LUSHINGTON."

Here is an inducement for non-commissioned officers to give up their time and trouble to the improvement of the Service. It may be, we admit, that in this case the inventor has been only a short time—ten or twelve years, perhaps—in perfecting his system; but even for this little period the reward, though munificent, we are sure the British public will not grudge. Really, if Mr. Childers goes on as he has now begun he will in time regain his lost character for justice and liberality. We are sorry, though, that the Admiralty letter makes such a point of the money being paid direct by the Accountant-General of the Navy. Were it not for this, knowing Mr. Childers's objection to add a single additional item to the Navy Estimates, we might have persuaded ourselves that the right honourable gentleman had produced the five pounds from his own pocket.

AN AWFUL EXAMPLE!

THE Editor of this paper, being pestered by would-be contributors, publishes the following brilliant article, as a warning to those who imagine that the TOMAHAWK is a fit vehicle for conveying to the public the weak emanation of their sheep-like brains:—

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE!

A CONTEMPORARY, in its recent criticism of the new Princess's piece, speaking of the part filled by Mr, Charles Mathews, very truly observes that it derives its charm from its entire "unsuitability." That Mr. Charles Mathews is too finished

and natural an actor not to make any part "go," nobody will for an instant dispute. Still it must be admitted, that it is at best a dangerous experiment to thrust an artist into situations that are not generally supposed to be quite in his line. However, there is much novelty in the idea, and we, therefore, unhesitatingly hail it. Indeed, when managers are at their wits' end for some original device, by which they can possibly startle the public into filling their respective establishments, they might well take a hint from the Princess's. Let the next Drury Lane Charity performance advertise some such programme as follows, and we will answer for the receipts :—

HAMLET.

Hamlet . . . . . MR. ROMER.
The Ghost . . . . . MR. SIMS REEVES.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Louis / Fabien } di Franchi . . MR. HARRY PAYNE.
M. Chateau Renaud . . MR. COMPTON.
A Woodcutter . . . SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.

BOX AND COX.

Box . . . . . MR. PHELPS.
Cox . . . . . M. KIRALFI.
Mrs. Bouncer . . . . MISS LYDIA FOOTE.

MACBETH.

Macbeth . . . . . MR. EBURNE.
Banquo . . . . . MR. HONEY.
Wounded Soldier . . MR. WEBSTER.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

John Mildmay . . . MR. STEWART.
Potter . . . . . M. BLONDIN.
Captain Hawksley . . . MR. GEORGE PERREN.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo . . . . . MR. PHELPS.
Juliet . . . . . MRS. STEPHENS.

HARLEQUIN GRUMBLEGRIFFIN; OR, THE SEVEN MAGIC BOOTJACKS OF THE ENCHANTED FORECABIN.

The Demon of Indigestion . MR. COLLETTE.
Bolus (*his creature*) . . MR. JOHN CLAYTON.
The Fairy Pippetinetta . . MR. BUCKSTONE.
Grisellina / Flyleaf / Mirandinella } *her three sisters* { MR. PHILIPPS. / MR. COWPER. / MR. HORACE WIGAN.
Giroflaggoboldero the Ninth (*afterwards Pantaloon*) . MR. FECHTER.
Count Poppytoff (*his prime minister*) . . . . MR. VINING.
The Princess of the Myriad Isles (*afterwards Columbine*) . MR. ROGERS.
Prince Fogo (*her lover, afterwards Harlequin*) . . MR. ALFRED WIGAN.
Harribaggibus (*his rival*) . MR. BANCROFT.
Julep (*his slave, afterwards Clown*) . . . . MR. SANTLEY.
&c., &c., &c., &c.

And so on.

A little shuffling of our well-known artists in this fashion would unquestionably draw immensely. We do not of course bind them to the above sketchy programme, but we strongly recommend its perusal to the next committee of management, when some pressing charity is on the *tapis*.

There! We have done our duty. Would-be contributors beware!

"*BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND.*"

MR. CARDWELL has taken a spirited step with regard to the Volunteer Adjutancies. These appointments have been of late years converted by their possessors into marketable commodities, to be bought and sold at discretion. The rule hitherto has been that on an adjutant resigning his place, the colonel of the corps should nominate some one to succeed him, and it has become an understood thing in the Service, that this "some one" should be recommended to the colonel by the retiring adjutant, who, on his part, has been in the habit of receiving a large sum of money for giving the recommendation. Although there has been no secret about the existence of this system, it has not, until recently, attracted the serious attention of the authorities. However, the time has come at last, and Mr. Cardwell, in a Circular just issued from the War Office, has notified to the Lord-Lieutenants of the several counties, that in future, in the event of a resignation of an adjutant of Volunteers, no recommendation of a successor will be entertained until the retirement is fully carried out, and then only will the appointment of the new officer be confirmed on the certificate of the colonel of the regiment that the late adjutant has not derived and will not derive any recompense, reward, or gratuity, in consequence of the resignation of his appointment beyond the retiring allowance the regulations may have awarded him.

Although a few years after date, this step on the part of the War Office is creditable, and calculated to inspire public confidence. But has it occurred to Mr. Cardwell and his advisers that the malpractices which they so thoroughly condemn are nothing more nor less than their old friend the Purchase system itself in a disorganised form? We suppose that this view of the matter has not yet presented itself to their intelligence. However, we must not expect too much at once, and, in the meantime, let us try to flatter ourselves that the Purchase system is doomed to destruction, and that the recent Circular, instead of being an exceptional display of vigour on the part of the authorities, is but an earnest of the policy which, in the name of all that is logical, Mr. Cardwell must have privately adopted.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

THE water is out of the Serpentine, the fish have been carted off in a prostrate condition to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and the public are getting anxious to know when the cleansing process will begin, how long it will take, and when it will be finished. Some ill-regulated members of the community have even had the temerity to write to the *Times*, complaining that if the Board of Works are not quick about the work they have taken in hand, the stagnant mud will create a pestilence. Of course, we need hardly say that such appeals to the Press will have no weight with the authorities, who have carefully arranged a programme, which we have the best reasons for believing will be strictly adhered to. Here it is :—

MEMORANDUM REGARDING THE WORKS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SERPENTINE WATER IN HYDE PARK.

1869—October 1.—Water to be let out.
" 10.—Fish to be removed.
" 15 to 30.—Mud to be inspected with a view to its removal.
Nov. 1 to 30.—Pending the decision of the Board, the mud to be carted from the bed of the lake to the Bayswater end.
Dec. 1 to 31.—Christmas holidays of the Board.
1870.
Jan. 1 to 31.—Ditto.
February 1.—The question of the disposal of the mud to be again brought forward, and, pending a decision, the mud to be removed from Bayswater to the large open space facing the Knightsbridge Barracks.
March 1.—The mud to be left there until
1872.
January 1.—When the question will be further considered.

By Order of the Board.

London: September, 1869.

Perhaps the publication of this document will satisfy those people who are unreasonable enough to want to know how long the purification of the Serpentine will take to complete.

THE OCTOBER THESPIAN MEETING.

LONDON, 18*th October*, 1869.

THE Thespian racing world is beginning to look up. Many of the stables have been decorated with brass—a most excellent substitute for pure gold in theatrical matters. Among the rest, the Princess's (the celebrated training stables of Stella Collas' Broken English and Charles Fechter's Foreign Accent) has been thoroughly renovated; velvet curtains and gilt chandeliers are offered to the public as excellent substitutes for first-rate form and highly cultivated staying power. It will be noticed that the veteran Charles Mathews' Jeun Premier (aged) has returned to this establishment. The Adelphi stables have lost Mr. Stuart's Comic Tragedian, and Mr. Eburne's Octogenarian Juvenility—much to the disappointment of the public, who believe in these two runners. Mr. "Tom" Morton's Plain English (by French Dictionary, out of Les Parisiens de la Decadence) has turned out a sham, with no staying power. We regret to say that Miss Neilson's Tragedy Heroine, by Rant, out of Grimace, seems likely ere long (to judge from recent performances) to prove herself a "roarer." Without further preface we give the result of the week's racing:—

"LOST AT SEA" STAKES.

Run over the Adelphi Course, sharing terms and a premium.

Mr. Hawes Craven's Burning House, by Rosin, out of Spirits of Wine 1
Mr. G. Belmore's Farce Actor, by Pantomime, out of Burlesque 2
Messrs. Byron and Boucicault's Original Drama, by Twaddle, out of Old-as-the-Hills 3

Betting—2 to 1 on Farce Actor.

Burning House made the running all the way, and won in a canter. Rest nowhere, especially Original Drama.

THE "FORMOSA" SELLING STAKES.

Over the Drury Lane Course. 20,000 Subscribers.

Mr. Delane's Times' Leader, by Puff, out of Dead Season ... 1
Mr. Chatterton's Eloquence, by Education, out of Culture... 2
Mr. Boucicault's New Thoroughfare, by Impudence, out of Holywell Street 3
Mr. Beverley's Sensation Scene, by Scissors, out of Cardboard... 0
Mr. Chatterton's Overflowing Audience, by Paper, out of Upper Boxes 0

Betting—3 to 1 agst New Thoroughfare, 6 to 1 agst Sensation Scene, 20 to 1 agst Eloquence.

To the surprise of every one Times Leader started, although it was imagined that a mere Selling Stakes was not good enough for him. However, he sprang to the front from the beginning of the running, and forced the pace immensely. Overflowing Audience followed at his heels, but soon fell away after the first dash. New Thoroughfare was a very bad third. Eloquence was very little in demand at the start, his very existence being denied, but to the astonishment of every one came to the front in a most surprising manner. The "knowing ones" say that this horse has improved immensely since he was last exhibited in public.

THE "PORTLAND" VASE.

Run over the Princess's Course. Very few entries into the stalls.

Mr. Charles Mathews' Fine Play, by Experience, out of Bosh 1
Mr. Vining's Growler, by Manager, out of Minor Theatre... 2
Mr. Lloyd's Putney Bridge, by Dauber, out of Express Train 3
Mr. Vining's Bundle-of-Sticks (pedigree unknown) 0

Betting—100 to 1 on Fine Play.

The favourite started off with great spirit, and won in a canter. Towards the close of the race he showed signs of distress, and slackened his pace, coming in at the finish in rather a lame state. Growler was soon distanced, and Bundle-of-Sticks was derided by the populace, who exulted in the failure.

THE "ALLERTON" TRIAL STAKES.

Run over the Lyceum Course.

Mr. Allerton's Footstool, by Luxury, out of Lavish Expenditure 1
Mr. Coghlan's Real Actor, by Fish, out of Water 2
Mr. Wybert Reeves' Debût, by Cash, out of Pocket ... 3
Mr. Allerton's Feeble Amateur, by Mouthing, out of Small-beer, did not start.

Betting—25 to 1 agst Footstool, 100,004 to 17 agst Debût. Real Actor found no backers.

The favourite made most show at the start, and attracted considerable attention. Real Actor took up the running, but was too heavily weighted to be quite successful. However, there was only a head's difference between first and second. Debût ran very lame, in spite of the support of his friends. The retirement of Feeble Amateur from this race was much applauded—he would not have stood a ghost of a chance with Real Actor. Very bad third.

THE "PLAIN ENGLISH" STAKES.

Run at Holborn, over the old "Flying Scud" Course.

Mr. Barry Sullivan's Quaint Waggery, by Light Comedy, out of Heavy Tragedian 1
Mr. Tom Morton's Originality, by Dictionary, out of Les Parisiens de la Decadence... 2
Mr. G. Honey's Bore, by Gag, out of Bunkum 3

Betting—10 to 1 on Quaint Waggery, 2,000 to 1 agst Originality.

Quaint Waggery soon flew to the front, followed by Originality, who soon began to halt terribly. Half way the latter stumbled over some blockheads said to be comic servants, and very nearly came to hopeless grief. Bore was all over the place as usual, but came in a bad third.

THE "LITTLE EM'LY" CUP.

Run over the Wych street Course.

Mr. Liston's Success, by Enterprise, out of Capital 1
Mr. Charles Dickens' Love Story, by Pathos, out of David Copperfield 2
Mr. Rowe's Micawber, by Lead, out of Lack-of-Imagination 3
Mr. Halliday's Adaptation, by Rubbish, out of Bad Taste 0

Betting—2 to 1 on Success, any odds against Adaptation.

Success won easily in spite of the efforts of Adaptation and Micawber to steal away the victory.

OH CENSOR MORUM!

THE question as to whether the censorship of the Press is of any real benefit to public morality has been very forcibly put, with regard both to the pieces that have been licensed lately, and the pieces that have been prohibited. The Female Woodin at Drury Lane, who changes her hair and her morality in five minutes, and loses nothing in a worldly sense by it, is bad enough. But it seems to us that the wretched piece of dingy trash now being performed at the Princess's is worse. To represent a cold-blooded murderer as being affably received by the husband, son, and daughter of the victim, and being permitted by them to discuss his achievement in a semi-facetious manner, is hardly conducive to public morality. Nor is it very edifying to possible criminals to show them a British magistrate engaged with a detective in trying to suborn the witnesses in a case which he is going to try officially on the morrow. Justice has quite enough abuses to answer for without being brought into such unmerited contempt. It is all very well to say that Mr. Charles Mathews represents the murderer with such *bonhommie* as to make it impossible to believe in his crime; but, unfortunately in real life, murderers have been often very pleasant fellows out of business hours. The more attractive vice is made the more immoral is the lesson enforced. The ignorant and the vulgar have sufficient intelligence to see the bad moral but not sufficient to see the humour of Mr. C. Mathews' perversion of criminality. We certainly think that the audience which can tolerate *Escaped from Portland* could tolerate any drama, however wicked, say *Julie*, for instance, and be none the worse for it.

Answer to Double Acrostic will be given in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 130.] *LONDON, OCTOBER* 30, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT NEXT?

THE situation in France is rapidly increasing in interest. It seems that the Emperor has made up his mind, if he has made up his mind to anything, to retain the present Ministry in power as long as he can. At the same time, he apparently intends to make a show of giving effect to the liberal promises in the programme of constitutional government which he announced this summer. But he is in great danger of doing enough to destroy his character as an autocrat, without doing enough to secure for himself the character of a constitutional monarch. He is probably "Micawbering"—to coin a word—waiting for something to turn up. A European war, a revolution at home, or another grand sensational crime, might give him a respite. Everybody seems to be agreed that personal government is at an end, but nobody seems to have any idea what will follow. If the Irreconcilables come into power, their government, to judge from their language, will be most *personal*. Seriously speaking, the advance of liberty and the advent of genuine constitutional government will, we believe, be prevented, if at all, by that abominable herd of howling monsters which calls itself the democratic party in France. Not an hour passes but some fresh outrage on decency deepens the disgust which the men of this party must inspire in every one who is not a political fanatic. No one will accuse us of any great regard or respect for Imperialism, but we unhesitatingly declare that, rather than see the Red Republican party at the head of France, we would welcome the restoration of personal government in all its former vigour. Better even a *coup d'état* than an age of anarchy and bloodshed, such as must ensue if the *Rappel*, the *Reforme*, and the *Reveil* ever become the official organs of the French Press. No fate can be more horrible for a country than a tyranny of blackguardism, and that is what the government of such creatures means.

It is quite possible that the extreme revolutionary party may succeed in goading the idle and dissolute portion of the lower classes into a futile outbreak of violence and rebellion. We warn every true lover of liberty against countenancing, however feebly, the efforts of these demons of democracy. Any disturbances in Paris, if headed by these men, will infallibly be crushed, for the bitterest haters of Napoleonism are, very many of them, no lovers of the "Bonnet rouge." Legitimists, Orleanists, and Constitutionalists would unite with Imperialists to crush any attempt to repeat the horrors of the great revolution. Fortunately, the Irreconcilables, as they are called, are not persons who are dangerous from their intellect or their courage. They are, for the most part, a set of very noisy curs, who lack the pluck to brave the bayonet or the guillotine. They might make good hangmen, but they would not make good soldiers. Their tongues are the strongest weapons in their armoury, and these, though certainly not rusty for want of use, are so covered with dirt that very little of the true metal is to be seen. But though formidable in neither talent nor valour, these heroes are sufficiently clever and brave to be very mischievous. They may throw back France for several years in the progress which she is rapidly making. The Emperor watches their movements with a knowing smile, and gives them the reins in the hope that they may kick over the traces. We trust that he will be disappointed, and that public opinion will flog them into submission. This is the only gleam of hope we see for Napoleon the Third, if he refuses to change himself to King Louis. We do not believe that a war would really save him, even if a war of sufficient importance could be got up at such short notice. We hope that personal government will not receive another baptism in blood. The army is powerful in France, but there is a party of nearly equal power, which would almost prefer civil war to an unprovoked war even with Prussia. Could Germany or America be irritated into an act of aggression, all France would arm to a man. The democrats we do not include among the men; but even they would arm themselves with the dagger. Unfortunately for the Emperor, looking at the matter from his point of view, nearly all the chief Powers of the world are too busy now to go to war. The time has not yet come for practically testing all the ingenious inventions in offensive weapons and defensive armour which have been the result of the last great campaign. Even a succession of "Crimes de Pantin" would only defer the danger, and after a very little time the fickle Parisians would tire of picnics on an Aceldama, or of photographs of mutilated features fixed in the hideous rigour of a violent death.

We do not consider that, whatever may happen, the Nemesis which has so long hung over the head of the Decembrian hero can be averted. If it fall not on him it will fall on his son. There is a sure element of decay in all greatness that is based on treachery. It is well to talk about the wearying repetition of these allusions to the cradle of the Imperial power, but the reiteration of the accusation does not make the crime any the less. Success made the assassin an Emperor, but it does not make the Emperor any the less an assassin. The world forgets; but justice remembers that the punish-

ment has yet to come. We say thus much, for we would not have it thought that because we do not disguise our aversion and contempt for the extreme republican party in France, we have, therefore, bowed the knee before the throne of our old enemy. We do not deny that much has been done for France during the Emperor's reign. But one thing remains yet to be done, for which the material progress of the people has, we trust, prepared the nation. If France has advanced she has done so not by the means, but in spite, of the Empire. For a long time the enormous burden of debt which the Emperor has fastened on the shoulders of France will cripple her progress. This has been the natural result of personal government. Either in the form of a monarchy or a republic, France must have a constitutional Government. The people must have the control of the expenditure and the power to declare war. If the Emperor is really to govern through the people and not merely in their name, he may be the father of a line of kings. But he will leave for his son nothing but the empty title of Emperor. Even the ravings of Victor Hugo and his crowd of imitators and parasites cannot prevent this. The prestige of Napoleon is a thing of the past. The name awakens now only the recollection of human lives and money alike squandered. The social administration of France, so admirable, and in many respects, will remain. It was not a creation of the present Emperor. But the machinery of political inquisition and persecution will be destroyed, and the inviolability of officials will not survive their present Chief.

One cannot help noticing several indications of the waning fortunes of Napoleonic autocracy. The other day, that creature of the Empire's birth, Granier de Cassagnac, came in for a mild rebuke from the Official Journal. The Government was pained at the coarse and brutal attack on a Prince of the Imperial House. The gentleman (!) had turned his pen against the Emperor's cousin. What must have been the system under which such a man as de Cassagnac could be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour? What must have been the Government that leant for support on such a monster of blackguardism as the *Pays?* Perhaps the spectacle of such an organ of opinion instigated the Irreconcilables to try and emulate its eloquence in the *Rappel.* It was also the other day that one of those far from uncommon cases occurred which shows that the administration of justice is a farce under personal Government. So great is the sanctity that surrounds the person of the Emperor that it extends to the meanest of his servants. That Government must be conscious of its own inherent injustice which refuses to grant any redress against the ruffianism of its officers. The semblance of liberty may exist in France; but as long as a *gensdarme* can throw you into prison for some fancied personal slight—and you can get no redress except by a process so complicated and expensive that it is almost impossible to pursue it, even if the chances were all in your favour, instead of all against you—no real liberty can exist.

The Emperor very soon must begin his voyage from the harbour of Buonapartism on the troubled sea of Reform, which threatens every moment the storm of Revolution. He has few advisers, and still fewer friends; he has allies, but they are not very judicious or powerful. The Empress alienates by her attachment to Ultramontanism those whom her many amiable qualities would otherwise attract to her. Prince Napoleon inspires with distrust the soldiers without gaining the confidence of the men of peace. We repeat, as the instrument of Reform, Napoleon III. may exist; as the bulwark of Reaction, he must be destroyed.

THE CHARGE AGAINST HINSON.

THE solicitors for the defence of the prisoner Hinson have written to us, complaining that our Cartoon last week, entitled "A Cure for Murder, or Justice clings to the Gallows," in which the Wood-green murder was alluded to, was calculated to prejudice the minds of the jury by whom their client will be tried. We need hardly say that our intentions were by no means to prejudge the case, or to create any prejudice. The more especially do we regret that any such motive should have been attributed to us, as we learn that Hinson's late employer has interested himself in the prisoner's behalf. This is encouraging—*laborare est orare*—a good workman is seldom a bad citizen.

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON CHARITY.

CHARITY is a very distinguished virtue. It is also a most domestic one. Indeed, charity is considered by philosophers to have its very origin and beginning in the sacred precincts of home. But this is not all that can be said of its beautifully retiring and unworldly character, for charity not only has a way of beginning at home but of staying there altogether.

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Charity is elastic. By reason of this it is able to cover a multitude of faults. People often declare that if it were not for the restraints imposed in the exercise of this virtue they might be forced to put the worst interpretation on the conduct of their neighbours. Full of charity, however, they merely throw out a hint. Sometimes it becomes an act of charity to speak the truth, no matter how disagreeable it be. If this were not an exceptional, but an ordinary duty, there would soon be an end of lying. Men love telling each other the plain truth out of charity.

***

Charity is above all the worldly vanities. It especially despises the sinfulness of dress. It is true charity that consigns little boys to muffin hats, and little girls to coal-scuttle bonnets, in order that the world may appreciate its perfect humility and simplicity.

***

Notwithstanding its many excellences people have been known to curse charity roundly. Inmates of British Workhouses have done so, though their whole existence has been dependent on its zeal and solicitude. They have been supported by the benevolent charity of the taxpayer, who, with generous and beating heart, has listened anxiously for the step of the gentle and smiling tax collector. Sweet-spirited beings, called *Guardians*, have watched over them, and yet they have complained. But it is in the divine nature of charity to overlook all things. So it has completely overlooked the poor.

***

Beautiful as is charity when developed in the individual, it does not reach its true zenith till it takes root in mankind collectively. Charitable societies boast of an angelic philanthropy. They not only relieve suffering humanity, but fatten their own officials. When true charity waxes cold on this earth there will be no more dining in brotherly love, on other people's money, at two guineas a head.

***

Real charity is frequently misunderstood. Some people occasionally relieve a miserable starving beggar on a cold winter's night. This is wrong. True charity urges that the beggar may want gin, and so puts its hands into its pockets, stalks on, and never relieves anybody at all. It is true charity never to give a halfpenny to anybody.

***

In the cause of charity men and women have been known to offer themselves up as perfect martyrs. Under its hallowing influence gentle maidens have kept shops and brave youths trodden the stage. A fancy fair might be a heaven upon earth, but for the high prices, so exalted, so pure, so self-sacrificing are the motives which inspire those who have set it in motion.

***

Adversity, they say, makes strange bedfellows. So does charity. The very queerest of people set their names down on public subscription lists. Anonymous *Y. O.*, with his £100 donation, and Lady Toffyville, with her £20, are both actuated by the self-same charity; only her ladyship knows that everybody reads the Distressed Teapot Widows' Association Report and feels confident that heaven will not be a desirable locality' for a permanency, if *Y. O.* and his set manage to get the *entrée*.

TOMAHAWK'S PRIZE PIECES.

IN fulfilment of a promise made some weeks back, TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in presenting his readers with the first of a series of scenes from pieces sent to his office to compete for the premium promised by him to the writer of the prize play. As yet the prize has not been awarded.

No. 1.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE;

OR,

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By Messrs. H. J. B—R—N and D—N B—C—C—T.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—*A gothic hall. Screen at back, clock (hands pointing to 9), large fireplace, lighthouse seen through the window,* L. *As the curtain rises little wrecks are seen dashing against the lighthouse. Dolls drowning, &c. A storm rages. Enter* SIR RALPH. *He comes down to the footlights and soliloquises.*

SIR RALPH.—By the law of England he loses the whole of his property. Yes; because the will was not written in red ink and was only signed by three witnesses, it becomes null and void! Yes, null and void (*addressing himself to the gallery*), as null and void as the heads of our aristocracy!

Enter SERVANT, R.

SERVANT.—Madame Formosa is below, Sir.

SIR RALPH.—Show her up, Montgomery.

SERVANT.—I will, sir. (*Exit.*)

SIR RALPH.—Formosa—here—in this house! At such a time! Well, I must brazen it out, as the tinker said to the saucepan.

(*Enter* FORMOSA—*she rushes into his arms.*)

FORMOSA.—My darling! Nay, do not blush at the words; you know how dearly I love you. And you, do not you love me dearly?

SIR RALPH.—At any rate, I do not love you cheaply!

FORMOSA.—Ah! you would throw the jeweller's bill in my face—you would hint at the account at the milliner's, and yet (*with intense feeling to the gallery*) is not woman's heart a jewel above all price—her love worth a thousand jewjaws—a million toys!

SIR RALPH.—You touch me nearly, Formosa. But come, you forget—surely to-day you had fixed for your visit to the Crystal Palace with Lord Henry Loomshire.

FORMOSA.—Ah, so I did! Dear Harry, how he loves me! But he has his foibles—he is noble, and good, and jealous, and——

SIR RALPH.—And rich. Add that, Formosa, add that. He is a true English gentleman, with love in his heart, brains in his skull, and gold in his pocket! What more would you wish for?

FORMOSA.—I cannot tell. He is so young—so beautiful—so effeminate.

SIR RALPH.—True, he can scarcely count fourteen years. But then youth is a fault that will mend every day of his life.

FORMOSA.—A novel jest, indeed, ha, ha, ha! Ralph, with your merry conceits and clever cranks, you will some day be the death of me.

SIR RALPH (*aside*).—Can she, then, suspect! I must be more cautious.

(*Enter* SERVANT.)

SERVANT.—Lord Henry Loomshire.

FORMOSA.—Harry here! This will never do! Detection means ruin! Come, Ralph, cannot you hide me from his gaze?

SIR RALPH and the SERVANT. (*speaking together*).—The screen! the screen!

(*They hide her behind the screen.*)

(*Enter* LORD HENRY (R.); SERVANT *bows to him and exit.*)

SIR RALPH (*shaking hands*)—Ah! Loomshire, my boy, how are you? By the by, you know, you can ask your nurse in if you like. Any friends of yours are always welcome here.

LORD HENRY.—Thanks, Ralph, thanks. But I have to say things to you that even my nurse must not hear. You have always been my friend?

SIR RALPH.—My dear boy, what a question! Why, your grandfather and I were schoolfellows.

LORD HENRY.—I know that, Ralph, and that is the reason why I am here to-day—to blame you—to lecture you, if you will.

SIR RALPH (*starting*).—To blame me!

LORD HENRY (*kindly but severely*).—Yes, to blame you, Ralph! Is it true that you are about to marry?

SIR RALPH (*aside, and looking towards the screen*).—Perdition! He will ruin me! (*aloud*) Marry! Ha, ha, ha, 'tis too good a joke! *I* marry, nay, Harry, you carry your fun too far.

LORD HENRY (*producing a note*).—Then explain to me the meaning of this letter from Lady Louisa Pentonville!

SIR RALPH (*angrily*).—How came it in your hands?

LORD HENRY (*reproachfully*).—You ask such a question—of a friend?

SIR RALPH (*sorrowfully*).—No, I meant not that. I know, Harry, that you are the very soul of honour. You had some good reason—I am sure you had—for opening and perusing my private letter.

LORD HENRY.—I will be frank with you, Ralph, in spite of your ungenerous suspicions. I was curious to learn the contents of that letter. Now are you satisfied?

SIR RALPH.—Thoroughly, and forgive me for harbouring for a moment my most base suspicions (*Formosa sighs*).

LORD HENRY.—Ah! we are overheard! That screen.

SIR RALPH.—You must not go.

LORD HENRY.—Nay, permit me (*he approaches the screen and overthrows it, Formosa is discovered*).

LORD HENRY.—My love, my soul, Formosa!

SIR RALPH (*gloomily*).—Now, Harry, you know the worst.

LORD HENRY.—My poor friend, I pity you. How cruel must be your agony, when you can actually be guilty of deceit to me—me, your bosom friend!

FORMOSA.—O Harry, Harry, I love you both!

LORD HENRY.—Nay, I cannot bear to hear your voice, Formosa. Come, Ralph, lead me to my nurse!

(*He is led out by* SIR RALPH.)

FORMOSA.—And here ends all my cherished plans! Eh? (*sniffs*), what is this? Smoke—fire—great Heavens! the old hall is in flames!

(*The house is burnt down in the usual manner.* FORMOSA *escapes.*)

SCENE 4.—*The river from under Waterloo Bridge by night, showing the Thames Embankment, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, &c., &c. Steamboats glide along the river, &c., &c., &c.*

Enter FORMOSA *and* POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN.—What did you say, Miss?

FORMOSA.—I wanted to find a Putney omnibus.

POLICEMAN (*touching his hat politely*).—If you will allow me, I will show you the way.

FORMOSA.—Thanks, very much.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN. END OF ACT III.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

The *Woman in White* is remarkable for the *great* novelty of its name and incidents, and for the brilliancy of its dialogue. The character of Lord Harry is evidently the work of Mr. D—n Bo—c—c—t, who has shown more than once a partiality for young noblemen—witness the coxswain in *Formosa*, and the youth in *Flying Scud*. The scene under Waterloo bridge is *exceedingly* dramatic, and strongly reminds one of the proposed suicide from the steamboat pier in *Lost at Sea*. The fire, too, at the end of the "screen scene," is neatly introduced, and most effective. Throughout this piece we find a healthy tone—a tone telling most eloquently of the progress that Mr. B—c—c—t and his collaborateur have already made in pursuing that fine "new thoroughfare" leading, it is said, to the sewers!

CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.—In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that H.R.H. Prince Christian is quite well. He is as popular as ever, and will be presented with the Colonelcy of a Regiment the moment he has mastered sufficient English to give the words of command.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR 1870.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

SHORTLY.

LONDON, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that it is proposed to extend next Session the provisions of the "Habitual Criminals' Act" to the Police.

A NEW theatrical "order"—a rival to the Victoria Cross—is about to be inaugurated. It will be called the Decoration of the Fools' Cap, and will be (like the sister Order) "for *Vellère*."

THE authoress of the "Byron Scandal" reserves her defence. For some time, no doubt. Yes; in spite of her name, it is to be feared there's more of the *'oaks* than the *beach* about Mrs. Beecher Stowe!

A VERY ridiculous story is going the rounds of the counters in the City just now apropos of Lord Mayor Lawrence. A mischievous wag has started a report that "his Lordship" is going to be made a baronet!

A CERTAIN party in the Church of England have always entertained a determined hatred for the legal decisions affecting that corporation. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that they have, to a man, gone mad at the mere mention of the "*Temple!*"

IF the report is to be believed, it would appear that the Board of Works will soon improve that part of the City which lies nearest to the Mansion House. It is even whispered (in some quarters) that, when the Commissioners get to the Poultry, we may expect to see a *foul!*

WE congratulate Mr. Gladstone on his letter to the Chairman of the Amnesty Meeting at Limerick. It is a manly and frank answer to those who have accused the Premier of cowardice or mischievous pliability in this matter. We trust that the promise of this letter will be fulfilled, and that justice will be done to Ireland under the ægis of the law, not in the clamour of sedition.

THE St. Pancras Board of Guardians have been rebuked by Mr. Goschen with a dignity and decision, which we hope they may be able to appreciate. "They were paralyzed, and had lost all control over the workhouse officials." We think the world, to say nothing of the parish of St. Pancras, will survive this calamity. When they have learnt to control themselves they will be allowed to control others.

SIR Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., again! (We hope we have got the name right this time.) The public will be sorry to hear that this persecuted gentleman, who received a free pardon for cruel and aggravated bigamy committed by him, on account of his delicate state of health, has been very unwell. His memory has been so affected by his illness that he forgot his own name, and signed that of Lefevre, on a cheque. Poor fellow! We hope the law will not be hard on him. Who knows but what he may have committed this little mistake from a conscientious feeling that he had been treated with a leniency which he scarcely deserved, and that his proper place, after all, was in prison?

MR. G. H. MOORE has been again attracting the notice of the public. This individual turns out to be a Member of Parliament. He has been abusing the O'Donoghue in very characteristic language for his extremely sensible and moderate letter which we noticed in our leading article last week. The O'Donoghue will, we trust, accept the abuse of this itinerant vocabulary of foul language as what it really is,—a great compliment. It appears to us that this Mr. Moore has a great career before him. Why should he not supply the place of the exiled Finlen at the Judge and Jury Society? He is well qualified for the post, and that can be said of few men. As a member of an assembly consisting of "honourable gentlemen" he is thrown away.

ALL praise to the Marylebone Vestry! Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lord Portman and of the occupiers, they have insisted on the destruction of certain houses reported as totally unfit for human habitation. Marylebone parish is in every respect so well managed that it tempts us sometimes to be reconciled to vestry government. We should like to know how Lord Portman justifies his having retained these houses so long. Did he never try and calculate how many human lives the few pounds a year that these houses brought him represented? What can we expect from small proprietors, if large ones act in the spirit of this noble lord? Again, we say, all honour to the Marylebone Vestry! May their example find as many imitators as the generous and humane conduct of Lord Portman has doubtless found admirers (?)

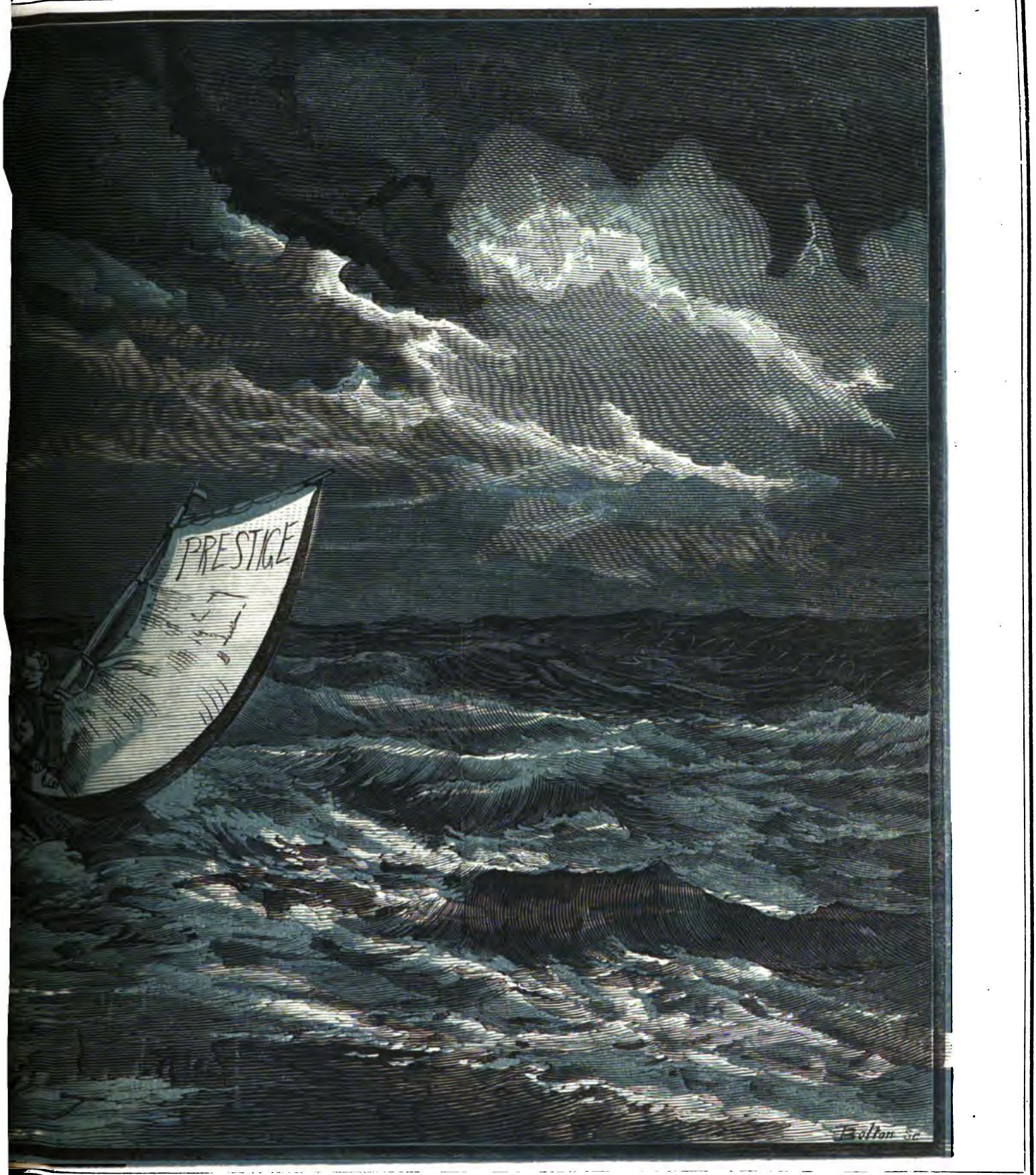
CALCRAFT in the County Court! What a sublime spectacle! We give his letter entire. It is too good not to be enshrined in our columns.

"London, Sept th28 1869,—Sulley iam quite a Shamed at your meanness of sending me that open peace of paper to expose me in that way to think that you want me to spend 2 or 3 pounds to com to your place to Pay you the som of 14s wich i never had half of it will Swear if ihad you had half of it what did it coust me when whe ware out together you never spent one halfpenny and you to charge me that exorbant sum isuppose you thought of fritening me but iwas born too near awood to be fritened by an Owl the sum you charged me the Shiriff ought to have setteled long ago ihave sent you the Beastley bit of paper you sent me in an invelope not open as you sent it me you can doo what you like with it as soon as it is convnant i will send you apost offic order for the overcharge of 14s. with acheck upon you for so mean an action—W S—W C

"inever was served Such a mean action in all my life inever hat such athing in my house before"

Why does not Calcraft write a collection of his Proverbial Sayings? They would put Tupper to shame and confusion. "Proverbial Sayings of William Calcraft, Hangman and Humourist." There's a good Title! We trust some of his future clients will raise the amount of the claim by subscription. It would be a terrible calamity if matters came to the worst. Fancy issuing execution against an executioner! If that is not lese-majesty, what is?

CARRIED WI



H *THE TIDE!*

THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

XII.

MR. TACKLER'S establishment was certainly a peculiar one. The day after Mr. Pulp's arrival, and at very early morn, he was startled by a series of violent single knocks at the street-door, followed by equally violent ringing both of the door bell and the night bell indiscriminately. After the knocks had apparently accumulated to some thirty, the street-door had evidently been opened, and then a shrill shriek was heard proceeding upstairs from the voice of Mr. Tackler's female servant of "*Paupers!*" To Mr. Pulp's ear it sounded like the newspaper boy at the railway station; but in reality it was the announcement to Mr. Tackler that paupers were arriving and taking up their station in the waiting-room to be treated. Tackler's female servant never, under any circumstances, thought of answering a knock at the street-door until it had been repeated some twenty or thirty times. "They piles up at the door," she would argue to herself; "master's not up, and what's the use of letting them in one by one? Better wait and let 'em in by batches." The window in Mr. Pulp's room looked out upon the street, and Mr. Pulp, as he was dressing, contemplated the external arrangements. The paupers seemed to be arriving in small armies. Directly an individual reached Mr. Tackler's door, he struggled through the throng, delivered one furious single knock, rang the bell violently, and then calmly and quietly took up his station in the crowd as if he were waiting to be admitted to a gratis performance at a theatre. When the pavement was sufficiently blockaded that all passage by pedestrians was impossible, the street-door was thrown violently open, and the multitude surged into Mr. Tackler's dwelling, and then arose the cry from Mr. Tackler's servant of "*Paupers!*" Mr. Pulp had only just completed his toilet, and had opened his door preparing to descend, when Mr. Tackler's bedroom door was thrown violently open, and Mr. Tackler presented himself. He was in a state of deshabille, and he was looking wild and haggard. His hair was unbrushed, he had no cravat, and he wore a pair of very loose slippers, which dropped from his feet at every second step.

"They're at it, Mr. Pulp!" he cried, in accents of agony. "They're at it! They've begun early this morning because they know I wanted a little extra sleep, having been up half the night. Hark at 'em! they're coughing now. They know I hate coughing; but I defy them, Mr. Pulp, I defy them, and I *will* have my breakfast. Come along!"

Mr. Tackler rushed downstairs, followed by Mr. Pulp. Directly they reached the hall, the scene that presented itself was something surprising. There was a perfect crowd of paupers jammed together, old and young, men and women, and all supposed to be suffering from some terrific malady. There was no room for any more to enter unless they invaded Mr. Tackler's private rooms and mounted his staircase. Directly the paupers caught sight of the Doctor there was a perfect chorus of coughs and groans. They held out their bottles to him—for each pauper carried a bottle—and each one appealed to him to be treated first, and there was a general cry of "Give us physic!"

"Silence!" roared Mr. Tackler. "I won't be badgered in this way. You *shall* wait till I have had my breakfast. I won't be driven to my grave without a struggle."

"That's right, George, that's right!" screamed the voice of Mrs. Tackler, emerging from the dining-room. She was a tall, angular-looking woman, with her hair in papers, and habited in a long white dressing-gown, and altogether presenting the appearance of a violoncello in a canvas covering. "That's right; don't be put down."

Thus enjoined, Mr. Tackler rushed into the breakfast-room, followed by Mr. Pulp. Mrs. Tackler soon prepared the meal, which consisted of hot coffee and cold sausages. Mr. Tackler sat down and eat like a wolf; but between every mouthful he took, there came a loud single knock at the street door, followed by a variety of groans, coughs, and impatient exclamations from the paupers outside.

"Go it! go it!" cried Mr. Tackler. "You won't bring me out before the time, I can tell you. You may ruin me, you may knock up my practice, you may drive me mad, but you shan't starve me."

Mr. Tackler went on eating furiously, murmuring his indignation at intervals. The way he peeled the sausages before he devoured them, the method in which he gulped down the hot coffee, and the savage manner he caught at the bread and butter with his teeth like a savage dog, and bit out large semicircles, all showed the fury and desperation of his excited mind.

At last he threw down his knife and fork, and nearly drove his plate from him off the table and exclaimed—

"Do you hear that, Mr. Pulp?"

"What?" said Mr. Pulp.

"That cough! That's Sibley. I know him. He comes here the first, and he hacks, and hacks, because he knows I hate the sound. There's nothing the matter with him, but he is greedy for his physic, and he knows that will bring me out." And then he added, turning to his wife, "Is the tub ready?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tackler.

"The tub!" said Mr. Pulp. "What's the tub?"

"The tub," said Mr. Tackler, "is my method of treatment. You will have the kindness this morning to take charge of it."

"But what is it?" said Mr. Pulp. "You don't treat them hydropathically, do you?"

Mr. Tackler laughed, and so did Mrs. Tackler.

"No, my dear Sir, but I have one tub of physic made every morning. It is saline draught, an admirable medicine. It saves a world of trouble. You merely turn the cock and fill the bottle, and colour the contents with anything you like. It cures all maladies. The tub is in the Surgery, and now as that villain Sibley is at it again, let us go and see the patients."

Mr. Tackler started up, opened the door, and dashed in among the assembled paupers like a cannon ball. Mr. Pulp followed him. "Who's the first?" shouted Mr. Tackler; and a chorus of voices replied to the question, which further infuriated Mr. Tackler. His method of treatment was sharp and peculiar. He rushed among the paupers; he singled out one, and furiously demanded, What was the matter with him? The description of the unfortunate's symptoms and pains was cut short by a demand for him to put out his tongue. That was enough. The next question was, "Where's your bottle?" and when this was produced, it was handed to Mr. Pulp, who rushed down stairs into the Surgery to fill it. This was a very simple transaction, for an enormous stone tub stood upon the Surgery counter, and by turning on the tap the physic was made, and handed to the pauper, who was then dismissed. There was, apparently, every case of disease among Mr. Tackler's paupers; but they were all treated upon the same rapid and expeditious principle. Mr. Tackler was one of those doctors who are so difficult to convince of the existence of disease at all in pauper patients. Half of the maladies were described by him as "rubbish, all fancy, shamming, humbug, nothing the matter!" but still he gave them the physic. Still the tap of the tub was kept hard at work; and Mr. Pulp was quite exhausted with the exertion and excitement of running up and down stairs and filling the bottles.

"Where's Sibley?" cried Mr. Tackler, as the paupers began to thin off.

"Here I am, Sir," said an old man, giving a grand cough as he presented himself. "I can wait."

"I've no doubt you can, my man; but I'm not going to stand it," said Mr. Tackler. "No better, of course?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. Sibley. "Not a hatom. In fact, I gets worse every day. That physic don't agree with me, I can tell you. It ain't half strong enough. It don't do me no good whatever."

"You're an old impostor," shouted Mr. Tackler. "Pulp, give him the usual. He'll get nothing else from me. I know his case."

"Very well," said Mr. Sibley. "Then mark me, if I am took worse, and I know I shall be, I'll complain to the Board, that I will. I'll have you up. It's very hard as a poor man who's took worse can't be treated properly, and have his proper physic. There's old Winsor, he ain't half so bad as me, and you've given him no end of nasty physic, and put a seton in his neck, and lots of leeches all over his body. It's favouring, that's what it is, and it's a shame. Yah!"

"Yah!" groaned about a dozen sympathizing paupers, supporting old Sibley in his denunciation.

"Look here!" cried Mr. Tackler, "seizing an empty quart bottle by the neck, which he was about to hand to Mr. Pulp—"look here! I'll have no riot here. You may complain where

you like; but I'm not to be frightened in my own house by the whole pack of you."

And Mr. Tackler flourished the bottle over his head, and stood in an attitude of defiance and defence.

"Turn them all out, George," cried Mrs. Tackler, rushing into the room. "I wouldn't put up with the business any longer. It's a disgraceful system, and it will kill you in the end. I'd have nothing more to do with such an ungrateful crew, or with such a niggardly Board. You're breaking your health and your home, and your practice for the Parish—and a precious lot the Parish cares for you. Turn them out, and give it up, George," and with that Mrs. Tackler sailed out of the room.

XIII.

"And now, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler, when the paupers had been dismissed, "that's my early morning's work. We will make our rounds directly; but Mrs. Tackler is right. It's an ungrateful business altogether, and I think I have a scheme for making money a little quicker than I am doing it here."

(*To be continued. Commenced in No.* 127.)

THE SEE OF —HE!

(*Telegraphed by* OUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE.)

Oxford, Monday.

I HAVE just arrived, and made full inquiries. Nothing is known of him here. I described him minutely, and they told me that they had never heard of him. Isn't it provoking?

London, Tuesday.

Nothing daunted by my failure at Oxford, I came here to-day, and proceeded at once to the Garrick Club. I inquired for him, and found to my chagrin that he was unknown in the Club. A visit to the Athenæum was equally disappointing. However, I have plenty of confidence. Before I give up the search you may be sure I will find out *something* about him.

Cambridge, Wednesday.

Arrived here to-day, and made the usual inquiries. Nothing known about him. Somebody said that he *might* be in the West of England, but wasn't sure.

Bath, Thursday.

Hurray! They *have* heard of him here—at least, an old lady has. As far as I can make out, he holds a living somewhere in Devonshire. To-morrow I start for Exeter. I am awfully pleased. I was very nearly giving up my journey in despair.

Exeter, Friday.

Capital! I am on the scent. I have found several people who have heard his name. One of them is almost certain that he is a vicar, or a rector, or a dean, or a something. This is splendid. I will soon find him out now.

Honiton, Saturday.

Hurrah! Eureka! I have found him! His name is Mackarness, and he gives up the head-mastership of Honiton Grammar School (twenty-something boys at the last census) for the Bishopric of Oxford!

A CLERICAL CLEARANCE.

AN interesting little ceremony took place at Herne Hill last week. A sum of £1,000 in a large silver salver was presented to the Reverend Matthew Anderson, on the occasion of his leaving the parish of St. Paul's, of which he has been vicar for some five-and-twenty years. Although we do not in the least object to a clergyman's good work being appreciated by his flock, and still less to the appreciation taking a substantial form, yet we think such a very ready money transaction as this is a little out of place. A thousand sovereigns would no doubt be a welcome present even to the proudest amongst us; but we much question if it is not beneath the dignity of an English clergyman to send round his hat at the conclusion of a ministration, however successful. Silver tea-sets and embroidered slippers are less acceptable, but certainly more innocent than well-stocked purses. We think therefore it would be wiser if in future the admirers of retiring ministers would confine their admiration within decent bounds. A large concourse of people assembled to see a parson pocket a trayful of money cannot, after all, have been a very edifying spectacle.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

THE Viceroy of Egypt seems determined that all classes shall be represented at the opening of the Suez Canal. His Highness has just invited the principal representatives of science, art, and literature in the great Universities of Europe to be present at the ceremony, and, with an amount of consideration which does him credit, has offered to pay the expenses of such gentlemen to Egypt and back, and to put them up while there. Of course, as far as many of the Continental Universities are concerned, the terms of the invitation are the sole ones on which, in most cases, it could possibly be accepted; but at Oxford and Cambridge learning is better paid, if not better appreciated, than elsewhere; so if any of our English Professors betake themselves to the East, it will scarcely be necessary for them to avail themselves of the Khedive's liberality. We do not suppose that any hint on the subject will be necessary, for the franking system has always been, and, let us hope, always will be, particularly distasteful to Englishmen, but there may be exceptional cases, in which the representatives of science, and the rest of it, may think themselves justified in taking the Viceroy at his word, and to these we address ourselves. Let us point out, then, that if His Highness has offered to find money for the travelling expenses of these gentlemen, it is because he conceives they are not in a position to do so for themselves. In England this is not the case, for University Professors are by no means the poorest members of the community; and if they take advantage of their host's ignorance of their circumstances, they will, morally speaking, open themselves to the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. So we warn them.

MORE POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE "Police Reports" promise at no very distant date to fill a very creditable position in the sensational records of the day. We are not referring to the broken heads and hearts, the violence and fun for which the prisoners, and at some courts the bench, are respectively responsible. We allude merely to the doings of the force itself. The police, in fact, are in that stage of moral existence known as deteriorating development; for instance, here is a new phase of executive declension which is really so instructive that we feel no apology is due for quoting it at full length from the columns of a contemporary:—

"At Guildhall yesterday Mr. Frank Lelew, a fish salesman, of Billingsgate market, was summoned before Alderman Besley for allowing five barrels to rest on the footway in Lower Thames street for a longer time than was absolutely necessary to load or unload. The barrels were on the public footway under the verandah. For the defence, one of the constables of the market was called, and he said that the clerk of the market claimed jurisdiction over that ground, and maintained that it was not a public footway. Mr. Lelew said that he should not have been summoned but that he had declined to subsidize the police any longer. It had cost him as much as 35s. per week to bribe the police to allow him to carry on his business. The officer in this case was not mixed up in that, but when he ceased to give money to other men on duty they instigated the present complainant to summon him. Alderman Besley asked Inspector Tillcock whether his attention had been called to the fact that the officers under him were in the habit of receiving money from the salesmen in the market? Inspector Tillcock said it had, and he and his brother inspectors had had great difficulty in discovering and trying to put a stop to the practice. They had endeavoured to stop the men receiving money, but the offer of such sums as Mr. Lelew had mentioned was too great a temptation for men having only 21s. per week to resist.

"Some other cases of a similar character were tried, in which

the same charges were made against the police, and it was stated that at one publichouse £2 were waiting to be received by different constables."

We have quoted this case at full length because it really is highly *comic*. Here are we sneering at Continental *espionage*, and picking endless holes in the coats of our neighbours, and ourselves sustaining as about a shameless and barefaced system of corruption in our very midst as can possibly be conceived! We shall return to the subject with much pleasure.

"CUT AND NEVER COME AGAIN."

IT is a bad sign in Spanish affairs when telegrams take four days to travel from Madrid to London, and when little notes accompany their eventual insertion in the newspapers, to the effect that they have been "delayed in transmission." Such explanation, though no doubt intended to bear reference to some mechanical shortcoming on the part of the telegraph itself, is very suggestive of a hostile occupation of the line of route, cut wires and uprooted posts, together with such other measures which now-a-days characterise civilised warfare. The British interest in the affairs of Spain is just now on the wane; and although the most critical position since the expulsion of Queen Isabella has now arrived, we scarcely bestir ourselves to discuss the probable course events will take. But we protest against injury to the telegraph lines. We have ourselves for the most part constructed them, and probably paid for them, so we have a right to a voice in the matter; and we call on all parties in Spain to unite in taking care of property which, if once destroyed, will not be hurriedly replaced.

FLAT, STALE, AND UNPROFITABLE.

HAS or has not the Amsterdam Universal Exhibition been a failure? It certainly has not succeeded in arousing either the curiosity or the enthusiasm of this country, for beyond some occasional paragraphs in the London papers, announcing first that the Exhibition had been opened, and more recently that it has been closed, we have heard nothing about it. We have been told that a lecture, now in course of delivery, by Professor Pepper, at the Polytechnic, has some connection with the subject; but as it is mysteriously announced as a lecture on the "Tentoonstelling," we cannot vouch for the fact. However, one point is quite clear, that the days of Universal Exhibitions are over. The last Paris venture, had it not been for its semi-theatrical character and its Cremorne-like arrangements, would scarcely have lasted out its season, and as it was we believe it did not pay. We trust that our Dutch friends have incurred no serious loss in their speculation; but with the experience of other nations before them, they almost deserve to have done so. In another half-century or so perhaps an Universal Exhibition will be properly appreciated; but at present European sight-seers require some rest.

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.

WHEN will the Jewish Abduction case come to an end? Not content with a sensation trial at Cardiff, the two parties are continuing their squabble in the Court of Chancery, where the suit promises to drag its slow length along for an indefinite space of time, unless it is put a stop to by the young woman herself. The question has now become one of the choice of guardians, and, of course, both fond Jewish relations and kind Christian friends are each of them eager to get hold of the prey. From what we have read of the case we do not think we should be justified in expecting Miss Esther Lyons ever to arrive at years of discretion; but, failing this, the sooner she attains the age of one-and-twenty the better. Cannot she put herself on like a clock, and thus put a stop to the waste of time, talk, and money of which she is the occasion? We generally condemn "fast living;" but if ever it could be justifiable, now would be the time.

GOOD MOTTO FOR BROWN (*who rides in the* 9.10 *omnibus daily from Brompton to the City*).—"The bus'-y B."

THE LATE DELUGE.

OUT of some ten thousand letters which we have received on the subject of the Great Tidal Wave, and the expected deluge, we select the following:—

SIR,—I beg to inform you that while crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone at an early hour on Thursday morning, we were suddenly alarmed by a cry for help, when it was discovered that an enormous wave had entered by the port-hole on the lee scupper, and completely drenched my friend, Mr. Wiggins, of 6 Bottingham Villas, Margaret terrace, Islington, inflicting on him no little surprise and a considerable ducking.

This, probably, was the great tidal wave which was due about the 6th or 7th of this month. I thought that the fact, somewhat confirming as it does the prophecies of Mr. Saxby, might interest your readers.

I am, &c.,

Twaddle Lodge, Maida hill. JOSEPH JOBBINS.

SIR,—Where is that fellow, Saxby, or whatever he calls himself? Here have I and my wife been living for the last two days in hammocks swung between the tops of two high poplar trees, having taken all the furniture out of our house in expectation of a great flood, and deuce a bit of flood have I seen. It's all humbug, Sir, and I won't stand it.

Yours,

Upatree House, Yarmouth. PETER PEPPER.

SIR,—In taking my bath this morning I found it was very much fuller than usual, so much so, in fact, that some of the water upset on the floor. Do you think this had anything to do with the tidal wave?

Yours obediently,

Bath and Wells. AN ENQUIRER.

SIR,—I didn't believe a word of it, not I; but my wife did. She thought we were all going to be washed out into the Bay of Biscay. I used to aggravate her by singing "In the Bay of Biscay, oh!" all day long. But it was ghastly merriment, for my wife she insisted on our all wearing life-belts, and eating in them. Just you try breakfasting in a life-belt, Sir. You won't like it.

Shakespeare, who is a devilish clever fellow, says somewhere—

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the turn, leads on to fortune.

Saxby don't seem to have hit on it this time.

Find a corner for this, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

Rose Cottage, Rutlandshire. BENJAMIN BLOWER.

WAYS AND MEANS.

WE have lately been hearing a good deal of boasting on the part of the Board of Works about our Metropolitan improvements; but we should like to know who is responsible for closing the main thoroughfare between St. James's street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall on the one side, and the Metropolitan Railway on the other, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The St. James's Park Station has, since its opening in the spring, proved an immense convenience to thousands; but now that the evenings are beginning to close in early, and the atrocious rule, that the gates of St. James's Park shall be closed at sunset, is strictly adhered to, for all the convenience the Metropolitan Railway now is to people whose business or pleasure takes them into the neighbourhood of the Clubs, it need not exist. How easy would it not be to place half-a-dozen gas lamps between the gate of the Park, near Marlborough House, and the gate leading out to the station in the Birdcage walk, to light the few yards of gravel path and suspension bridge which connect the two points? The practicability, however, of such a scheme has evidently never been deemed worth the thought by those whose duty it is to look after the public convenience, and will not be we suppose, until the question is forced upon them. For our part, we are not, as a rule, in favour of mobs pulling down park railings

in general ; but if a few irate railway season ticket-holders would only hold an indignation meeting in the Mall, and remove a couple of yards or so of ironwork at the positions above named, we could hardly condemn the proceeding, although the opening ceremony of such a metropolitan improvement would scarcely admit of the presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty and the Lord Mayor of London to assist at the inauguration. It would be none the less a real metropolitan improvement, however, on that account.

WHAT A BLESSING!

THE President of the United States has appointed the approaching 18th of November as a day of national thanksgiving, and a decent list of the blessings supposed to have come direct from the hand of God to the American people has been published by his command. If correct, it is certainly of a highly satisfactory character, and there may be some excuse for the President when he calls upon a people "thus favoured" to "make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author," &c., &c., &c.

The unfortunate part of the whole business, however, is that those who are well acquainted with the people declare that there is not a more generally godless nation under the sun. Not five-and-twenty per cent. believe in Christ. Christianity, however, in this smart age, may not be considered one of "God's mercies." In a word, the appointed thanksgiving has an air of self-righteous cant about it, but, doubtless, according to Yankee notions, the man who pays the biggest income-tax, and gets himself into the fewest street rows, is the most advanced on the road to heaven.

We know it is the fashion of the age to regard material prosperity, as did the Jews of old, as a special mark of God's blessing. We think the age is wrong. The middle ages may have exaggerated a little in their own peculiar way, but they were a good deal nearer the truth than we are in this 1869 of ours. The substantial saint of this century, whatever he may be, is certainly not the shrewd, successful, East-End pawnbroker. But we will not continue the subject, as it is obviously rather too grave a one for our pages. We, however, strongly recommend its consideration to the more respectable portion of the religious press. It is very suggestive.

THE NEW VICAR OF DONCASTER'S FIRST SERMON.

WHEN the Rev. Francis Pigou, the new Vicar of Doncaster, preached his first sermon there, he took for his text the words of St. Peter—"Silver and gold I have none," &c. Rather inappropriate, we think, considering that the Vicarage is worth £537 a year. Perhaps the new Vicar has all his money in "bank notes."

THE STONES CRY OUT.

IT having been rumoured that the Small-pox Hospital is in treaty for a large building in the Petersham Road, at the foot of Richmond Hill—which, by the way, was originally meant for an hotel—to serve as a convalescent home for small-pox patients, the Richmond vestrymen have taken fright, and are doing all they can to oppose the project. Surely it must have occurred to these worthies that people who have had the small-pox must live somewhere, and that no better place could be chosen for locating them than some such healthy open spot as that which has been selected by the authorities of the hospital. Besides, putting selfish grounds aside, the objection is most unreasonable. It is scarcely possible to pass down a street in London in which small-pox does not exist in some one of the houses ; and it has never been pretended that the disease is so spreading that the very walls of the building in which the patient lies ill are infectious to passers-by. Yet the Richmond vestrymen have taken it into their heads that, not only is a convalescent hospital pestilential, but that the fields which surround it are no protection to the parishioners. This, of course, is simple folly ; and we trust that the protest of the Richmond authorities will have no weight with the good people who have taken a kindly project in hand. Any objections that can be raised to the proposed site are, at their best, frivolous ; while, at their worst, they are brutal and unchristian.

IN A BAD CAUSE.

THE papers are once more full of the "Edmunds Scandal." The case has just been reopened before a Court of Arbitration, in the Common Pleas, with Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Napier Higgins, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, and Mr. Haviland Burke for Mr. Edmunds, against the Attorney-General, Mr. Field, Q.C., and Mr. Archibald as Counsel for the Crown. The first day of the Arbitration these distinguished lawyers employed in a long-winded discussion as to which side should open the case—a point which was eventually decided in favour of the Attorney-General ; but for our part, we think the great credit will be due to the side which succeeds, not in opening the case, but in closing it. The public are tired of the question, and the constant dragging in of poor Lord Brougham's name is becoming more and more distasteful to them. Let us hope that the Arbitrators will throw no obstacle in the way of a speedy conclusion of an affair which has long since become uninteresting, and (so far as the great masses are concerned) quite unintelligible to the community. The amount of business in our law courts is already excessive, and the slow progress of really important cases is already a sore subject of complaint. Mr. Edmunds has, therefore, the less right to stop the way when such obstruction entails so much inconvenience upon other people.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two men combine to win a certain place,
One serves the other in the eventful case :
The first intrigues, and schemes, and toils to break
The laws the other helps perhaps to make.

From many a humble plant and herb
A healing dew distils,
Whose virtues aches and pains assuage,
And banish mortal ills.

To one last hope forlorn he clings,
Though doomed so soon to die ;
With ear intent, expects the boon,
And strains his wistful eye.

A form, a shape, a certain style,
Which governs human speech ;
'Tis not a thought, nor only words,
But is made up of each.

Swift as a thunderbolt from heaven,
It scatters death around ;
Sinks mighty ships, and with rude shocks
Brings castles to the ground.

The common blessing of the rich
Poor men can rarely boast ;
Great statesmen cannot oft enjoy,
But monarchs lack it most.

There is a scroll whereon we all
Proudly our names inscribe,
And prize the honour far too much
To sell it for a bribe.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 128.

B eaut Y
U n A
N aama N
K almuc K
U mpir E
M us E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Cabaña Chica, Alice Ben Bolt, Sandy Bawbee, Nelly Bly, Slap Dash, Pen, Pimlico Tom Cat, Corbleu, W. H. T., Ginger Duff, Biddy, and Slodger and Tiney.

ERRATA.—In "Our Bookmarker," page 183, first column, line 14, for "a book" read "an author ;" line 23, for "as" read "us ;" line 25 for "given to us a more," &c., read "given to us *even* a more," &c.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 131.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER* 6, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

"HOW THOSE CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER!"

DESIRABLE as it may be that the most violent religious and political agitations should, as a rule, end in smoke, perhaps it is just as well for this country that such a termination was vouchsafed to the famous Gunpowder Plot. Indeed, had that unpretending arrangement ended literally in *smoke*, the consequences might have been very serious indeed. Not only is it to be presumed that James the First of England would have suddenly abdicated his throne, without any preparation whatever, on the morning of the 6th of November, 1605, but, moreover, it is tolerably certain that Dr. Temple would never have received his mitre from the hands of Mr. Gladstone. But this is not all; for a catastrophe far greater than the mere exclusion of a highly-polished and intellectual man from the bench of the English Bishops would most certainly, as the Americans say, have eventuated. Dr. Pusey would have absolutely lost another opportunity of "making solemn protest," a piece of business, whatever it may be, for which, if we may be allowed respectfully to suggest it, that learned divine seems specially to have been created. From the date of the celebrated Gorham case, when Dr. Pusey signed himself down one of a band of thirteen champions of the faith, and most solemnly declared in so many words that the Church of England no longer was the repository of the truth, the then decision of the Privy Council taking effect, to the week before last, when he again raised his voice in another pious wail against Essays and Reviews, he has been a sort of lachrymose Jonah, or, to speak more correctly, a kind of Greek Chorus, that looks on at the more serious portions of the action, groaning, and shouting ὀτ' ὀτοι, and doing nothing else whatever. But there is, fortunately, no reason for gloomy regret. Guy Faux lived before the age of Bryant and May, and such matches as he had about him absolutely declined to light on the box or anywhere else. Hence the Church of England is flourishing in 1869, luminaries and all, and Dr. Pusey has the luck to fall upon one of his happiest opportunities. It is not every man who is able to show up his communion so thoroughly and completely as the Regius Professor of Hebrew, who, in the name of Christianity and its supposed interests, once more bursts into a flood of party tears, and parades the double split in the camp, to the great edification of the reasoning world outside. The truth is, we have not much patience with Dr. Pusey. Willing, as all must be, who respect erudition and bow to an honoured name, to make every allowance for such intellectual vagaries as always inevitably result from religious partizanship, we must frankly confess that we think Dr. Pusey ought, in this instance, as indeed in many others, to have simply held his tongue. Nothing ever yet of any practical kind has come of his groans, his grave forebodings, his horrors at grievous scandals. Like the Greek Chorus, to which we have already compared him above, he has always been equal to any amount of reflecting and protesting, but he has never, so to speak, lent a hand to the matter himself. He is known on the Continent in religious circles as the "foggy" divine, and this estimate of his reasoning power is peculiarly happy and accurate. Illogical to a degree there he stays, up at Oxford, possessed of a fat income, a Cathedral stall, and a Regius professorship, a member of a national Church, to the wrecking of which, as such, his whole religious career has been devoted, and from the communion of which, according to his own words, he ought to have separated himself eighteen years ago. Such antecedents could scarcely entitle a man to much consideration, and yet Dr. Pusey obtrudes himself on public notice in a position even more despicable, namely that of a mean truckster to the leader of the very party he and his set have from first to last had to regard as their most merciless enemies. Whatever may be thought of the intellectual capabilities of Lord Shaftesbury and his Evangelical backers, it must be honestly avowed that their repudiation of an alliance with what they regard as one deadly error, for the purpose of stamping out another, is perfectly consistent and strictly logical. Exeter Hall for once has certainly the pull of Oxford, and the rebuke it has administered to its cringing antagonist is highly to its credit. And more than this. It is highly to its interest as well, for could anything more disastrous be conceived than a friendship which would absolutely rob the May Meetings of their very text? Dr. Pusey, his dreadful doings, his awful unbelief, his possible dungeons under his rooms at Christchurch, his paganism and his income, all are absolutely necessary as rich food for charitable and believing Christian audiences. Exeter Hall without Dr. Pusey would be like a tea party without scandal, or a bull fight without the bull. The things could not possibly come off without them. As far as the public are concerned, of course the bickerings and wailings and cursings of Puseys and Shaftesburys, and others, are of little concern. They amuse rather than otherwise, and certainly afford excellent matter for correspondence in the columns of the *Times*. All the protesting and moral posturing in the world will not alter Mr. Gladstone's excellent choice, upon which he ought to be congratulated by every earnest Englishman who sets the interests of the national Church above the mere successes of his own little religious clique.

Dr. Temple is certainly one of a party that can boast in its ranks the vast bulk of the present intellectual vigour of the Church of England. As a representative man his followers, through the length and breadth of the country, would outnumber respectively those of his rivals in a proportion of at least five to one. His appointment is, therefore, not only judicious but popular, and the miserable hooting to which it has given rise is about as futile as it is contemptible. We have represented Dr. Pusey anxious to play Guy Faux to Dr. Temple's Houses of Parliament. Perhaps we should have hit the mark more nearly had we hidden him, with his powder and matches, under the vaults of the Establishment itself. Not that the situation would have been satisfactory, for Dr. Pusey, we can assure him, is not half the man Guy Faux was. Had that eccentric Spaniard, that "gallant but misled gentleman," as, if we remember rightly, the *Daily Telegraph* once designated him, only had a really effective lucifer about him, he might considerably have altered the position of the Crown, in Council at least, if not that of the Church of England itself. But there is no such danger to be apprehended from the case of the Oxford Guy Faux. His matches are shams, his powder is make believe, and though his intentions are honourably sanguine, he may be confident about the issue. Should, however, it be by any chance possible for the great conspirator to explode anything whatever, we may at least be certain of one result. No possible catastrophe will ever blow Dr. Pusey out of his present berth; and who will venture to say he is not wise in his generation?

CAPITAL FRIENDS.

A PRACTICE seems coming into vogue with certain "literary men" which is more ingenious than honourable. One or two writers, whose poverty of brains must be their excuse, are in the habit of turning their friends and acquaintances to good account by borrowing, not money, but ideas from them. For instance, a successful novelist, whose sketches of character, where he relies upon his powers of observation, not of imagination, all will allow to be life-like, meets you at dinner; you are introduced to him; you converse with him freely, fondly imagining the occasion to be one in no ways different from the ordinary intercourse of private life, and, without the least suspicion that "the reporters are present;" you are, therefore, rather surprised to find your conversation reproduced, verbatim, or nearly so, in the successful novelist's next work.

No one will complain, if in paying a visit to a literary friend, one is happy enough to contribute his store of information. If one recognizes one's opinion in the pages of, let us say, "The Philosopher," a week or so afterwards, ought one not to be grateful for the unsolicited and unexpected honour? Many persons pass their lives in trying to see themselves in print in one of the comic papers. All in vain; their contributions are invariably rejected. What a pity it is they cannot scrape acquaintance with one of the talented writers; they need not say anything funny, it is quite enough if they have some infirmity, or natural peculiarity; these witty dogs will manage to make capital of that.

Is not this sufficient honour to compensate for any annoyance you may feel at having what you consider, rightly or wrongly, as the sacredness of private life thus violated? If it is not, it ought to be.

But those, who are happy enough at any time to have enjoyed the friendship of one of these eminent wits, may fairly complain if they find that they have been bestowing their hospitality upon one who has been sitting at dinner with you, night after night, with his note-book under the table, jotting down materials for some facetious sketch of character, in which he will introduce any feature of your countenance, or any peculiarity of your manner, which may be sufficiently striking for his purpose, with great comic effect. It is hardly calculated to increase either the respect or the affection which you would wish to feel for your friend when you find that your physical, as well as your moral, infirmities have furnished him with infinite jests, at which he himself can laugh over and over again, even if those to whom he may relate them should have so much gentlemanly feeling as to perceive the indelicacy of such jests more than their humour. It may be great squeamishness, but certainly one's mind does revolt from the idea of making capital of your friends in this fashion; drawing portraits of them which are like bad photographs; one cannot fail to recognise them, and yet the likenesses are so clumsily and coarsely done, that one recognises them only to condemn them. In these portraits there is neither deep observation, subtle analysis, or kindly humour; there is, simply, stupid vulgarity. The drawer of them has not either the imagination to idealise, or the power to create. He is equally without the skill, or good taste which, from observation of individuals, can so generalise, that the result becomes a picture which is true to nature, for which many might have sat, and yet no individual be able to resent it as his alone. Herein lies the difference between a satirist and a caricaturist. To be the former, one must have earnestness, vigour, and genius; to be the latter, one only needs flippancy, insolence, and knack.

We would put it to these great wits, who may be tempted to adopt this rather easy method of obtaining a reputation, whether the game is really worth the candle? Is not such a mine of wealth soon exhausted? Is it not probable that as the eyes of their friends and acquaintances become opened to the gross violation of all honour and decency, of which they have been victims, they will withdraw from the society of those who cannot assume the courtesy of gentlemen, much less respect the sanctity of friendship? It is even possible that some individual, whose indignation is stronger than his prudence, may take the law into his own hands, and may administer to some one of these area sneaks of literature that personal chastisement, which they would be able to understand, and which, certainly, they deserve.

*MISERABLE WURMS;**
A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF BROMPTON (*the Editor of an English satirical paper, travelling in search of "subjects"*).
ALAN MCBAWBEE (*a Scotch follower of Mr. Cook, the excursionist*).
MRS. MCBAWBEE (*his wife*).
MISS MCBAWBEE (*his daughter*).

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The interior of a second-class railway carriage on the line between Cologne and Heidelberg. Windy night. Great storm raging. Thunderbolts, lightning, &c., &c. The* DUKE *and* MCBAWBEE *and his family discovered.*

THE DUKE.—Are you going to Heidelberg, Sir?

MCBAWBEE.—Well, Sir, I canna say I'm ganging at once, as I've just ascertained that I can get out at Wur'r'r'rms for jest half an hour. (*Thunder.*) It says so on Mr. Cook's ticket.

THE DUKE.—But surely it is rather a bad night for sight seeing. (*Lightning and terrific crash.*)

MCBAWBEE (*trying to make himself heard through the noise of thunder*).—You may be right, Sir, but it jest says that I may do it on the ticket!

(*The train arrives at Wurms. The* MCBAWBEE *party get out in the pelting rain. As the train starts off again several thunderbolts fall.*)

(*Twelve hours are supposed to elapse between the first Act and the second.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The salon-à-manger of a hotel at Heidelberg. The* DUKE *and the* MCBAWBEE *party meet and salute.*

THE DUKE (*courteously*).—Trust you liked Wurms last night, sir?

MCBAWBEE (*candidly*).—Well, Sir, I canna say we saw much of it. It was vera dark, except when we had the thunder and the lightning. We went to a large space that may jest have been a market-place, and when it lightened we saw a something in the centre that ma wife thinks may jest have been a pump, or perhaps a statoo! But you see, Sir, it said we might do it on the ticket!

* This piece is founded on facts.

MOTTO FOR A POPULAR LIFE AND FIRE OFFICE.—I am "Monarch" of all I survey.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT!

WE have reason for believing that the recent shower of knighthoods and baronetcies has necessitated the publication of the following "table of precedence":—

Officers in the Army and Navy.
Attorneys at Law.
Irish Bishops.
Stockbrokers.
The Lord Mayor.
Cheesemongers.
Pawnbrokers.
Baronets.
Usurers at 40 per cent.
Usurers at 60 per cent.
Fenians.
Actors.
Literary men.
The Eldest Sons of Baronets,
Sweeps.
Knights!

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON TRUTH.

TRUTH is a very valuable thing. It is, in fact, so valuable that few people can afford to part with it. Hence it comes, possibly, that most men are liars.

***

The proverb says, "*In vino veritas.*" But it depends entirely on your wine merchant.

***

The intense devotion of mankind to the sacred cause of truth is edifying and striking. Nine-tenths of all the human butchery that has defiled the earth from the beginning has taken place under its banners. Men have hacked each other to pieces valiantly in its name, and even started penny papers in its defence. On the whole, the sacred cause of truth, when well advertised, has generally turned out to be a decidedly paying business.

***

There is also a very terrifying side to truth. Men talk of "telling the truth and shaming the devil;" and, depend upon it, if anything *could* have shamed that personage they would have managed it.

***

People are very fond of spreading the truth, and such a priceless boon do they consider its diffusion, that they often do not mind a good deal of dirty work to bring it about. If Truth were only her own mistress for five minutes, she would give all her servants a month's warning on the spot.

***

The desire to propagate the truth far and wide sometimes assumes a religious aspect. Under such a condition it works marvels. It fires the human soul with such energy that it voluntarily resigns the blessings of home, represented by city back lanes, fever bed-sides, metropolitan squalor, misery, and sin, for an expatriation in a far-off clime. Here it has to face a comfortable house, elegant furniture, converted slaves, £400 a year, and the reputation of a martyr! Yet, spite these terrible alternatives, men are to be found who are willing to make the sacrifice, and go forth to preach the truth. This is its most beautiful side.

***

Philosophers have moralized on the probable position of truth at the bottom of a well. When one takes into consideration the amount of cold water that has been thrown on her by mankind, it is difficult to imagine her thoroughly at home anywhere else.

***

It is not always wise to speak the truth under all circumstances. Indeed, it is safer, as a rule, in many cases, to have recourse to deception. The truly wise man never tells the whole truth to his tradesman, his friend, or his tax-collector. They are but human, and they will be sure to take advantage of it.

***

There is one very disagreeable condition of truth which men designate as "plain unvarnished." Fly the man who wishes to tell you the plain unvarnished truth about anything, unless you are fully prepared to knock him down.

Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby.

BORN 1799. DIED 23RD OCTOBER, 1869.

—o—

NOBLE in something more than birth or name,
He won, deserved, but never stooped for, fame.
Instinct with chivalry's most generous fire
He took, but never loved, the statesman's hire.
Ready to rule, but readier to obey,
His ancient, more than he, o'er men held sway;
To him he left the tricks of party strife,
And laid down power as he laid down life;
Both he had used for others not for self;
He cared for place as little as for pelf.

Bred up to reverence, not to scorn, the past,
He would the world progressed, but not too fast.
The ardent youth, who rashly urged Reform,
In age, grown prudent, scarcely grew less warm;
With equal fire he opposed as foes
Those by whose side he had dealt his fiercest blows.
On either side, frank, honest, and sincere,
He bred no hate where he inspired fear.

Though boasting ne'er the name of "poor man's friend,"
His charity knew neither stint nor end.
He felt not only for the distant slaves;
For those at home, the serfs of greedy knaves,
His purse was no less open than his heart,
He would not flatter, but he healed their smart.
With tear-dimmed eyes upon his tomb we write,
"Here lies a scholar true and truer knight."

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

As it is now generally known that the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford has been offered to Mr. Boucicault, in consideration of his recent distinguished services to literature, and more especially in acknowledgment of his truthful picture of the high moral effect of University training, as given in his great classical work *Formosa*, we need have no compunction in affording publicity to his reply. It is in his best style, and furnishes another proof of his thorough acquaintance with College life and all its belongings:—

Drury Lane, Nov. 5, 1869.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seniors, fellows, bull dogs, undergraduates, and boating men.

I shall have much pleasure in accepting the distinguished honour you have forced upon me. For this reason, I am *the* very one man fit to fill the place. I shall do my best to deserve the confidence of the public—I mean of the heads of your great houses (we have great houses at Drury Lane too), and hope to commence my career by a thorough reorganisation of your ancient institutions. There will be no more lectures, but moral philosophy will be taught all day long at the Sheldonian. I shall put in a new stage, reconstruct the auditorium, re-write some of your Greek plays, touch up your best dramatic authors such as Cicero, Delectus, Ossian, and Nepos, and take a half share of the profits. Places can be secured, of course, a month in advance at all the leading London libraries. But I am wandering from the point. To return to my projected reforms. The new undergraduate dress shall be taken direct from *Formosa*, and I mean to do away with training. I have done away with it at Drury Lane, and the public like it. *I* know what the public like; nothing like pleasing the public.

There, I can't say more than this. If I do not make the thing run 500 nights, my name is not

D. BOUCICAULT.

P.S.—If my programme doesn't draw—well, we can soon fill the Colleges with paper. I have tried paper once or twice.

No. XI., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for NOVEMBER,
NOW READY.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

THE WEEK.

OUR dear friend, Lord Mayor Lawrence (the alderman who asked for a guard of honour at Liège our readers will recollect), has appeared in a new character—that of a weird wag. In the course of the disgraceful squabble at Guildhall about the late Earl of Derby's merits as a statesman, "his lordship" alluded to the members of the Court of Common Council as an "assembly of gentlemen!"

OUR genial old crony Dean Close is as vigorous as ever. He has taken the first opportunity of disowning any alliance with Dr. Pusey and his party. Of course the festive Dean is bitterly opposed to Dr. Temple's appointment; but it is satisfactory to know that his enlightened orthodoxy has not permitted him to be tempted into any act of charity, or toleration, however trivial, towards those of his fellow-churchmen who differ from him.

THE Honourable Mrs. Norton indignantly denies the authorship of the article in the *Times* on Mrs. Stowe's libel, which is attributed to her by Mr. Hotten in a collection of articles on the Byron Scandal published by him. We can hardly be surprised at Mrs. Norton showing some warmth, considering the nature of the article. Besides, she might plead that she was "*hottened*," a process which has made more than one author very warm already.

AT one of the many seditious meetings, which have lately been held in Ireland, great stress was laid, by one of the speakers, on the bitter indignity inflicted on the Fenian prisoners by bringing them into contact with murderers and felons. Considering the toleration, not to say partiality, exhibited by the disaffected portion of the Irish nation towards all murderers, we should think that these Fenian prisoners ought to find such companionship very genial.

A REV. MR. BURTON (a gentleman who, in spite of his name, evidently does not consider himself "small beer") said at a recent meeting of the Diocese of Carlisle that he "would not appoint Dr. Temple as his curate if he (Dr. Temple) applied for the appointment." We should think not! Why, the rack has been abolished for years in England, and this would be *much* worse than the rack. Fancy having to listen every Sunday to Burton's after-dinner sermons!

WE have no great admiration for the Spanish nation, but we question if it is either politic, or polite, to send such a man as Mr. Layard as ambassador to Madrid. Perhaps, however, in that land of bull-fights the Nineveh Bull will find himself at home. Let us hope that he may not be tempted to show his prowess in the arena. The following appointments are likely to follow—Mr. Whalley, M.P., to the Court of Rome; Mr. G. H. Moore, M.P., to the Embassy at Washington; and Sir George Bowyer to the Court at Florence.

PROFESSOR RISLEY has written to the papers a most pathetic letter, of which the following is an extract:—

"The accusation of 'unlawfully taking hold' of a young child fell on me like a thunderbolt. It has caused me mental agony indescribable; and the manner in which my name has been held up before the public has been a dreadful and humiliating punishment for a crime not only never committed, but never for a moment contemplated. I may add that I never meant to compromise the matter, but invited the fullest investigation, despite the exposure. The result has been complete exoneration; and it only remains for me to tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks to those friends who so nobly came forward in my hour of need."

The Professor is too sensitive. The British public did not doubt his innocence (we feel certain) for a single moment, and when Mr. E. T. Smith spoke to his good character—why, the matter was ended.

THE *Daily News* appears to have fallen into bad hands. Since its descent from the Olympus of the threepenny journals to the vulgar plains of the penny papers it has gradually sunk lower and lower in credit. It need not have dropped decency and truth when it dropped the twopence. An article has appeared in its columns exalting Leigh Hunt at the expense of Thomas Hood—we mean the great Thomas Hood. Both are honoured names in literature, and it is a poor compliment to Leigh Hunt to attempt to praise him by denying the fame of his far greater contemporary. Few poets are justly so loved and honoured as Hood. His life was as noble a legacy as any author could ever wish to bequeath. He did not leave behind him wealth bought at the cost of independence—of decency—of honour; but he left to his children and to all writers a richer legacy far, in the example of a spotless life of heroic devotion to duty and self-denial, which can never be wasted.

ARCHDEACON FREEMAN (whoever he may be) hates newspapers and magazines. Newspapers tell him things that he does not want to know. We can quite believe that, for newspapers are apt to tell the truth about such matters as the narrowmindedness and idleness of some of the clergy, which is the last thing such individuals as Archdeacon Freeman want to know. A magazine, to this holy man, is "a rubbish hole, in which a large quantity of goods are stored up, but out of which you can't find anything that you want." Goods are not generally stored up in rubbish holes, and if they are goods they are generally worth preserving. It must be a man's own fault if he cannot find what he wants in a magazine, considering that each one has an index. There certainly is a good deal of rubbish in magazines, but if we were to suppress them on that ground, sermons might be the next form of literature to suffer extinction. The amiable Archdeacon makes another mistake, he declares that St. Paul would have hated newspapers had they been published in his (the Saint's) day. We think not. May we hint, with all possible respect, that St. Paul was unquestionably a "man of letters," as the Ephesians and Corinthians of the first century could fully have testified if called upon so to do? Now, no "man of letters" could hate (for instance) the *Daily Telegraph*. The idea is too absurd.

REVIEWS
Mark Morgan

THE MODERN GUY FAUX!

A DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT, OR, TO BLOW UP A BISHOP

THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

XIV.

THE attractions of Mr. Tackler's system did not increase upon acquaintance, and Mr. Pulp found himself day by day losing all enthusiasm in the matter of attending upon paupers. As for Mr. Tackler's private patients, they were a very eccentric body, and they possessed this charming and encouraging characteristic, they never paid. They gave an infinity of trouble, they always came at night, their maladies always went through dangerous complications, and when they were thoroughly recovered they ignored payment altogether. It necessarily followed that Mr. Tackler, although an experienced practitioner, was not a rich man; on the contrary, he had, from devoting himself so extensively to the performance of kind and generous actions,—attending this case gratuitously, forgiving that case its debt, and generally neglecting his own personal finances for the sake of "the profession,"—found himself at last wretchedly hard up; and it was only by the utmost ingenuity exercised by Mrs. Tackler in the matter of management that they succeeded in making both ends meet, and very poor ends they were when they did meet. "Go to Mr. Tackler," would be the recommendation given by one of his regular patients to a suffering acquaintance; "he's a capital doctor, and he is very cheap, and he is a highly respectable man, for he never enforces payment of his fees." And "the suffering acquaintance" came, and was treated by Mr. Tackler, and was put upon the books, and Mr. Pulp made up his or her physic, and the boy took it out, and "the suffering acquaintance" got well, and at Christmas the account was sent in, and then it was found that "the suffering acquaintance" had been sold up in the interval, or had gone through the Bankruptcy Court in consequence of his illness, or had gone abroad for change of climate, or disputed the items, or performed one of the thousand tricks it is lamentable to state are usually adopted by dishonest patients towards that hard-working, badly-paid body of gentlemen—the general practitioners of London. There was one feature, however, in Mr. Tackler's system which just redeemed him from absolute starvation. It was in taking everything out, in kind. Fortunately, the baker who supplied him with his daily bread was very asthmatic; and Mr. Tackler, assisted by Mr. Pulp, attended him for his complaint. The bread went against the attendance and the physic. The butcher, too, who had furnished the Tackler establishment for some considerable period, and had then ineffectually demanded payment, having suddenly required the attendance of an accoucheur, had thought of Mr. Tackler in order to work out the outstanding bill; and Mr. Tackler having attended and done his duty in first-rate style, producing a plumping boy, he had been retained as the butcher's regular medical attendant; and Mrs. Butcher being of a prolific tendency and generally ailing in the intervals, Mr. Tackler found himself working out his butcher's bills in a very agreeable and satisfactory manner. Whenever Mrs. Butcher's time was coming on, and a new chip of the old block was expected, he went in for sirloins of beef and shoulders of mutton to an extravagant extent. His coal merchant he attended for a chronic gout. He was knocked up at least three times a week to visit his wine and spirit merchant, who kept the "Goose and Gridiron," in the adjoining street, to treat him for delirium tremens; and even the milkman's bill was worked out by his attending one of the milkman's children, who was suffering from water on the brain. All the tradesmen he dealt with appeared to have a certain amount of sickness in their house from one year's end to the other; and it was a curious discussion that took place at Christmas over Mr. Tackler's books in striking the balance of accounts as between himself and his various tradesmen patients.

Whether there had been enough asthma on the part of the baker to cover the bread bill, or enough activity on the part of the butcher's wife to pay the meat account, or enough gout to discharge the coal liability, were subjects which were anxiously discussed; but fortunately it generally ended in Mr. Tackler's turning the corner into another year without being immediately compelled to seek the aid of the Bankruptcy Court.

There was only one person, however, who was apparently free from all diseases that flesh is heir to, and that obstinate individual was the landlord of Mr. Tackler's house. It was in vain that Mr. Tackler had often and often endeavoured to convince him that a little medical treatment would do him an infinity of good. He didn't see it. He wanted his rent. He didn't want physic. The consequence of this obstinacy being that nearly every half-year an execution came into Mr. Tackler's house, and was only got out by some sort of superhuman process, which consisted in Mr. Tackler raising the necessary money some way or the other, probably by a partial sale of his furniture, or a desperate appeal to his trade patients, or borrowing the money from a brother doctor he had met at consultation, or, what was generally the case, mortgaging the magnificent stipend he received from the parish.

XV.

"One minute, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler one day after the prescription book had been filled up, and the various private patients had been disposed of, and Mr. Pulp was about to descend to the Surgery to make up the various medicines. It would have astonished the Apothecaries' Hall to have examined Mr. Tackler's pharmacopœia, for the Surgery being very deficient in important drugs, in consequence of a perpetual disbelief in Mr. Tackler's solvency on the part of that gentleman's wholesale druggists, the necessary medicines were made up by ingenious combinations. "One minute, Mr. Pulp—sit down. I am perfectly tired of this sort of business. I will not conceal from you that it is getting worse and worse. Nothing can be gained from devoting one's energies to paupers, except experience of a certain sort. It does not make one think better of one's fellow-creatures. It disgusts one with a noble profession. The wretched way in which I am paid—the work expected from me—the attacks made upon me in the event of any inattention shown on my part, all convince me that no man could embark upon a more ungrateful and hazardous enterprise. I will stand it no longer."

"You are right, Mr. Tackler," said Mr. Pulp. "From what I have seen in your establishment, I am convinced that what you say is true. I engaged myself to you to see what could be done. I had a strong desire to practise my profession in such a way that I should receive the blessings and gratitude of those I attended. Naturally, I thought the poor the first objects of my solicitude. I renounce that idea entirely. I will, if you like, join you in another course."

"Join me!" cried Mr. Tackler, starting. "To carry out my scheme, I want money."

"Money you shall have," said Mr. Pulp. "The gov'nor will advance me any moderate sum I may require."

"Will he?" said Mr. Tackler. "How much? Two hundred?"

"Five hundred, if I wish," said Mr. Pulp.

"Five hundred!" said Mr. Tackler, almost losing his breath. "Why, we can make a fortune, Mr. Pulp. We will go into partnership. We will make a fortune. I have struggled long and hopelessly in this career, and I have seen others rise over my head by unblushing quackery and imposture. We will go into partnership, Mr. Pulp. You shall be the head partner as you bring the money. I have a wife and child dependent upon me, and I will work hard. I will give up this wretched parish, and this miserable life of poverty and starvation. We will have a magnificent house in a square. We will have our carriage, our liveried servant; and we will soon see if that system does not prove a better one than that I have hitherto followed."

"Agreed!" said Mr. Pulp, enthusiastically.

"And now," said Mr. Tackler, "put down the prescription-book, there are scarcely any drugs in the Surgery to use in making up the medicines. The brokers will be in to-morrow. Old Tonkin of the 'Goose and Gridiron' has been going it lately with D. T., so we can afford some champagne. Let's have it, let us call in Mrs. T., and let us drink to the prosperity of the future firm of 'Pulp and Tackler.'"

XVI.

They kept it up till cock-crow. They arranged their schemes. Old Pulp was to produce the money. The situation to be selected for the house was discussed. The arrangements to be made for the conduct of the practice were argued. They drank to their future fortune, which was certain. They drank to the confusion of all parishes who starve their doctors, and to all patients who never paid. They were very merry, and when Mr. Tackler was taken upstairs by Mrs. Tackler, he defied all paupers with increased vehemence, he defied the brokers, he defied the druggists, he defied the bottle-merchants, and he defied the parish!

They did make a fortune. Our readers may learn how some day.

THE MISCHIEF OF CHATTER.

THE *Birmingham Gazette* states that the "Warwickshire Scandal" will shortly come before the Divorce Court. The same paper goes on to inform its readers that the *noble* respondent has completely recovered, and will file her answer in the usual way. We are indeed sorry if the first item of this news be true; for we had hoped that we had heard the last of the unfortunate business; but since we are to be let into the secrets of two or more highly respectable families, we may as well offer our congratulations to the *noble* respondent on her recovery. At the same time we must take the *Birmingham Gazette* to task for speaking of the lady as the *noble* respondent. Beyond belonging to a good family, and being a baronet's wife, she has no claim to nobility, so far as the laws of the Peerage are concerned. In every other sense, we have every faith that the respondent will deserve the title our contemporary has given her. Scandals in general are bad things, and should be avoided; but if the Warwickshire case is "going on," and if it ends, as we surely believe it will, in the acquittal of the accused, with the condemnation of those idle tongues which have made so much of what may be so little, we trust that it will have made its mark on the follies of our social constitution.

TIN AND TINSEL.

THE procession on Lord Mayor's Day, we are officially informed, will be in all respects "suitable to the importance of the occasion, but will not be of an extravagant character." From this announcement it would appear that the new Lord Mayor has some original ideas respecting his show, and intends to carry them out. We suppose the order of procession has already been carefully compiled, and watermen, banner-bearers, volunteer bands, and aldermen have been assigned their respective places; but if it is not too late to offer a suggestion, we would hint that it is, at the least, unadvisable to bar the Strand and Fleet street for four or five hours during the busiest time of the day. Hitherto it has been the rule for large bodies of policemen to disport themselves in single file along the several miles of curbstone between Westminster and the City at about eleven o'clock in the morning of the ninth of November, and generally to obstruct the legitimate traffic of the thoroughfares between the two points for several hours before the space is really wanted. Of course this is an immense inconvenience to everybody except the pickpockets; and we cannot be surprised that the Lord Mayor is more often than not hooted when his gold coach eventually makes its appearance. But we question much if this stoppage of the streets is really necessary. When a regiment of Guards parades Pall Mall, or the Queen goes from Buckingham Palace to the Horticultural Gardens, it is not usual to stop up the streets; so we cannot see why the Lord Mayor should be particularly privileged. His lordship's procession has never for years past been of a character which could not wend its way down the Strand with any greater inconvenience than attends the passage of a Brompton omnibus through that locality, and it is ridiculous to accord it the right to be mischievously obstructive. If the Lord Mayor would compensate the tradesmen who have to close their shops as he comes by, and make good the watches which change hands in the crowd which is jammed into the pavement to make way for him, we might feel inclined to leave him to play the fool unmolested; but, as we are much inclined to think he is prepared to do neither one thing nor the other, we protest against the Lord Mayor's Show of the present day as being a vulgar, unselfish display of buffoonery.

A SAD SEA WAVE.

WE are sorry to hear that Lord Granville has been ill; the more so as his illness is stated to have been caused by a cold caught while watching for the high tide recently expected at Dover. Really, the learned people who got up the excitement about the great wave have much to answer for. We do not mean to say that they were not very clever to find out how many additional inches the sea might be expected to rise on a given date; but they must have known that unless the wind happened to be in a particular quarter, and it blew half a gale as well, nothing very unusual would occur. As a matter of fact, the wind was not in the particular quarter; there was very little of it, and nothing very unusual did occur. Yet we should like to know how many people have caught severe colds in watching for the imaginary inundation. Practical jokes are at their best silly things, and this last "sell," planned by the philosophers, is not only silly, but, as events have proved, mischievous, to judge from the long doctors' bills which the tidal wave has been the means of running up. The physical sciences are something to be carefully avoided.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

AT this time of the year, every one in the circle of the green-room is talking of the pantomimes. Without pretending to prophesy (we are not a theatrical paper), we have reason for believing that the following will be the names of some of the entertainments provided for the British public on Boxing-night:

At Drury Lane—*Jane Shore; or, Harlequin Fair Rosamond, Aspasia, and the Eight little Shopkeepers of Wych Street*, to take the place of *Formosa*.

At Covent Garden—*Gye Forks; or, Harlequin Amalgamation, the Magic Ballet, the Stall Spoons, and Mr. Manager Mapleson*, to follow the "Short Opera Season."

At the Haymarket—*The Magic Taylor; or, Harlequin Ollendorff, the Fairy Dictionary, and the Six French Authors who wrote for the Boulevards*, to follow a comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor.

At the Princess's—*Prince Upatree; or, Harlequin Winslow, the Sensation Smash, and the Fairy Bowers of Basinghall*, to follow *Escaped from Portland*.

BEYOND A JOKE.

COMMERCIAL people who are in the habit of advertising largely should attach an author to their establishments to prepare their announcements for the press. The literature of advertising is at present shockingly below par, and it would certainly be an advantage, both to the advertisers themselves, as well as to the public, if advertisements were made more readable. A glance down the advertising columns of the *Times* will at once show how much room there is for improvement in the composition of ordinary announcements; but when the advertisers take it into their heads to be jocose, the question really assumes a serious aspect. Here are a few headings of advertisements which appeared consecutively in the *Times* one day last week:—

The most laughable thing on earth!
All the rage!
You must laugh!
Great fun!
You cannot help laughing it tickles you so!
Roars of laughter!

Although all these announcements refer to the same object—a new toy—they do not emanate from the same source. On the contrary, half-a-dozen tradesmen vie with each other to express the great degree of hilarity which their merchandise will cause. If these are their individual ideas of fun, we fear that the great joke which they all have in common must be indeed a mournful pleasantry.

"IN TRAIN."

TRAMWAYS are once more on the carpet. A company, called the "Tramway Company (Limited)," has completed its organization, and is ready to take into consideration applications from different parts of the country where tramways are required, and where local support seems likely to be given them. It is strange that so useful an invention as the tramway undoubtedly is should have been so long taking root on English soil. Both in America and in nearly every important city of the Continent, the tramway is utilised; but we here in England have hitherto refused to adopt it. It is difficult to say whether this is due to our dulness or to our prejudice. Mr. Train made an attempt to supply our streets with the useful innovation some years back; but his scheme failed, and the association of that gentleman's name with tramways in general may very probably be the real

secret of the lukewarmness of the public in constructing them. This points to our want of spirit in the matter being rather the fruit of prejudice than stupidity. Perhaps both causes have been at work. At all events, now we have another chance of "bettering ourselves," and we wish the Tramway Company, not "limited," but "unlimited" success.

READING COUPLETS.

NOW that the Stage is so much devoted to the worship of that hybrid muse who may be best characterized by the well-known line of Horace :—

"Desinit in piscem mulier *formosa* superne,"

which we may translate (freely) :—

"Fishy indeed must be the Drama's tail,
When at its head *Formosa* we must hail,"

it is gratifying to see actors trying, in spite of managers, to redeem their art from utter contempt. Messrs. Irving and Montague have begun a series of readings which promise to introduce these young actors to the public in a more favourable light than one of them, at least, can hope to be seen in on the stage. It is gratifying to think that other authors are studied by people on the stage than Boucicault and Robertson. The cultivation of true poetry cannot but elevate those who undertake it; and we may be thankful when artists do not abuse their popularity by pandering to the lowest tastes of their audience, but rather seek to draw out higher and more intellectual instincts.

The chief feature of the first reading was the introduction of a scene out of Talfourd's *Ion*,—one of the few noble tragedies that this century has produced. There are so many dramatic poets whose works are virtually excluded from the stage that we may hope that Messrs. Irving and Montague and those artists who tread in their steps will remind the public of those many dramatic geniuses whose works lie neglected on the study shelf. Every library has a Ben Jonson, and a Beaumont and Fletcher; but how many people have ever read a line of these authors? And it is with these as with all the dramatists of the Elizabethan age; few would have the patience alone to hunt for those beauties which lie scattered about in the midst of so much rubbish.

As for the reading which we heard, we must say that on the whole it was very creditable to both performers. Mr. Irving has a habit of stamping when excited, which he must cure. He also is apt to clip his words with his teeth, which will make him difficult to be heard in a large room. In speaking, as in singing, the chest, throat, and mouth, should all three be opened—no restrictive action of the muscles should be permitted; all the air passages must be well filled. Mr. Irving has great earnestness and intensity; his love of poetry seems with him a passion. In "Adrastus" he realized admirably the sullen obstinacy of the nature embittered by cruel treatment in youth, and half-brutalized by savage self-indulgence in later life. Mr. Montague was tame and colourless as Ion; he had not devoted sufficient *mental* exertion to the conception; he was infected with that *laissez-aller* tepid style, which may suit the characters of Mr. Robertson's manufacture, but is very prejudicial to the creations of an earnest and vigorous genius. Mr. Montague's reading of "Joe the Crossing Sweeper," out of "Bleak House," deserves high praise; it showed much delicate feeling, but greater study will improve this performance. The humorous piece which he read in the character of an Irishman was very well given. Mr. Calverley's "Gemini and Virgo," which Mr. Irving chose as his lightest effort, belongs to a higher class of literature. It is an admirable example of quiet refined pleasantry. In scenes from Sheridan's *Rivals*, both gentlemen were excellent. Mr. Montague's "Captain Absolute" is by far the best which we have heard. He succeeded in giving the utmost point to the quiet retorts of the son without any apparent effort, and with a gentlemanly bearing which softened down the want of filial respect in the Captain, so as not to offend the most rigid stickler for parental authority. We wish to both these young actors the utmost success in their future readings.

WHAT THE IRISH PEASANTS REALLY DO WANT.—A little more rope.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

THE snow has put in an appearance unusually early this year, and we are threatened with what we call a severe winter. To us this means sharp healthy weather, good appetite, and bright clear fires. To some, however, a severe winter means want and starvation. We do not wish to accuse the London public of any want of charity or of good intention; but we affirm that they are ever behindhand in their acts of almsgiving. It is not until the newspapers teem with descriptions of the sufferings of the poor classes, with tales of how whole families have been without food for days together, and have then been frozen to death, that hearts thaw and purse-strings are loosed. Good people will be horrified and surprised when they hear of such things; but surely events such as these will happen as the winter goes on, and this year they will probably commence even earlier than usual.

The charitable persons who take upon themselves the office of getting up subscriptions to supply warmth and food to the suffering poor are already actively engaged in their good work; but we fear that their appeals will be of little avail until they have a text to preach upon, a horrible case to quote, and then, perhaps, the money will come in; but not till then. Can anything be done to remove this lukewarmness on the part of the public? Surely if people could only take up a file of the *Times* ten months old, they would soon have read enough to soften their hearts. The history of want and misery repeats itself, not once in a century, but regularly every winter; and if the public could only be brought to understand that the same pitiful cases will recur unless timely aid be proffered, surely subscriptions would flow in copiously enough. It is as easy to give now as in a few weeks' time, and it should be remembered that if it is praiseworthy to cure, it is doubly praiseworthy to prevent. We hope we may not have written in vain.

THE TENDER CONSCIENCE OF VESTRYMEN.

THE Vestry Clerks of St. James's and Marylebone have, it seems, applied for summonses against persons defacing, with printed advertisements, the pavements in their respective parishes. No doubt it is very kind of them thus to have rushed forward in the interests of high art, and to have endeavoured to wipe out from beneath the feet of man the records of Formosa's success, or the ubiquity of Nabob's Pickles. Still, we think they might have been far better employed. If vestrymen, as a rule, would direct their attention to the carriage-road and leave the footway alone, we can assure them the public would have far greater reason to be thankful to them. It has been frequently pointed out, that their one joke of pulling up the carriage-road, flinging down sharp granite, and then leaving the pounding-in process to the feet of thoroughbred horses, and the wheels of fashionable equipages, is, if a thoroughly practical one, at least, a great mistake. To cavil, therefore, at the rather entertaining habit that has lately grown up among advertisers, is, indeed, a sin of the camel-swallowing sort. There is a certain sort of recreation in tripping over a theatrical advertisement. Indeed, in these days of the national drama's decay, there may even be to the play-going public a savage pleasure in treading the sensational titles of modern five-act pieces under foot. There can, however, be nothing delightful in laming a valuable horse, or smashing a comfortable carriage. The vestrymen are certainly beginning at the wrong end of the business. Moreover, at present, there has been no serious complaint against the pavement notices. In a double sense, the advertisers, as yet, may be said to be on a perfectly good *understanding* with the public.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

B alsa M
R epriev E
I dio M
B om B
E as E
R egiste R

ANSWERS have been received from Bravo Ned, Pimlico Tom Cat, and Cabona Chica.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE ROYAL MUSHROOM AND UNITED ARTFUL DODGERS LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated according to Law, 60 Geo. IV., cap. 500, 40 William IV., cap. 2, and 50 Vic., cap. 8.

CAPITAL, £,000,000,000,000,
In 1,000,000,000 Shares, half paid up.

HEAD OFFICE.
Fungus place, Royal Exchange.

WEST END OFFICE.
Blank street, Round square.

BRANCH OFFICES.
Everywhere.

DIRECTORS.
The Right Hon. Lord Swinne de la Doddge.
Sir Patrick Cutpurse, C.B.
Admiral Sir Peter Scuttle, K.C.B.
Count Pitchantossh, late Colonel Polish Legion.
The Chevalier Liefbeizwitz, Attaché to the Russian Minister of Police.
The Rev. Dr. Diddell, Rector of Prig-cum-Filch.
T. Chishle Sharper, Esq., Director of the Grand Oceanic and Polynesian Railway Ferry Company (Limited).
John Sheppard, Esq., Tyburn.
Wigown Longwind, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of the Old Bailey and Knavies Inn.
Spencer Fleeceham, Esq., Craft House, Clapham.

MANAGER.
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CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.
C. Quick Passham, Esq., M.D.

CONSULTING SURGEON.
Timothy Needy, Esq., M.R.C.S.

BANKERS.
Spider, Webb, and Co., Ayr Bank, Isle of Skye.

ACTUARY.
Decimus Fraction, Esq.

SECRETARY.
P. S. Ready Scrawl, Esq.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Royal Mushroom and United Artful Dodgers Life Assurance Association has been projected to supply a want long felt by the community.

For many years the insecurity of Life Offices has been felt and acknowledged, and the failure of several which gave the highest promise of success and stability, has shaken public confidence in more than one existing institution. In order that adequate provision, on a sure and certain foundation, may be made to meet the requirements of an evergrowing population, the promoters of the Royal Mushroom have caused to be prepared a series of tables by one of the most eminent actuaries of the day. Upon the data set forth they rely with calm confidence, and of the integrity of the calculator they are forbidden to entertain a doubt.

Determined to ensure stability, and anxious not to excite cupidity on the part of assurers, they have resolved that the payments shall be commensurate with the demands which, sooner or later, the office must be called upon to meet. The proportion, therefore, which persons insuring their lives will be called upon to pay per annum, for every hundred pounds, has been fixed at a rate which may be briefly illustrated. Thus: A man at twenty, will pay 10s. per year; at thirty, 12s. 6d; at forty, 15s.; at fifty, 17s. 6d.; at sixty, £1; at seventy, £1 3s.; at eighty, £1 6s.; and at ninety (after which age, unless specially agreed for, no policy of assurance can be effected), £1 10s. These rates will at once afford a guarantee of stability, and compare favourably with those of other offices.

The Company guarantee payment within thirty days after death, and in the case of suicide, half the money will invariably be paid. The advantage of the last-named resolution will be obvious. Persons desirous of enhancing the interest of their friends may, by assuring, say for one thousand pounds, secure to their legatee or legatees the sum of five hundred, minus only 5 per cent. for expenses, by self-immolation at the Shrine of Friendship.

One of the most beautiful traits of our common nature is a desire to make provision for those we love; and as husbands and wives are naturally anxious to effect mutual policies, determinable upon the decease of one of the contracting parties, facilities will be afforded them to gratify so commendable a purpose, at low rates. In the event of the wife leaving her husband, or *vice versâ*, the policy will hold good; and should either kill the other, then, as in the case of suicide, half the amount assured for will be paid to the survivor.

As a means of obtaining collateral security life assurance has always been deemed invaluable. Policies may be effected with this special object in view, on moderate terms. To persons in difficulty this branch of the business will, it is hoped, have considerable attraction. Needless and frivolous questions will not be asked, and impertinent enquiries will be strongly reprobated by the directors.

In too many instances agents and medical men conspire together to induce persons to insure their lives irrespective of their state of health—frequently fraudulently misrepresented—and merely for the sake of commission on the premiums and the medical fee, which is divided between them. The directors of the Royal Mushroom, with a view to put a stop to practices alike nefarious and prejudicial to the interests of the community, have taken means to protect the public against the designs of pettifogging solicitors, truculent tradesmen, and unscrupulous practitioners. Their agents are required to produce testimonials as to character, and only respectable doctors, able at least to keep a gig, are eligible as medical examiners.

The subject of annuities, having considerable interest for the community generally, and professional men in particular, has been well considered by the directors, and they are prepared to grant policies, terminable or otherwise, on terms likely to be profitable to all parties. A man may secure an annuity for himself of £100 a year, to commence at the age of fifty, by paying ten shillings per annum from the age of twenty-one; or he may secure a similar income for his wife at the same rate. The conditions of connubial bliss are not emphatically insisted upon; for, although the directors are extremely anxious to inculcate moral precepts, it will be evident to the most casual observer that disturbances which tend to shorten life must result in an accession of profit under this particular head to the office.

As amalgamation is the order of the day, arrangements have been made to swallow up all rival societies, the directors and managers of which are inclined to accept shares in the Royal Mushroom, fully paid up for them. In such cases the agents of amalgamated societies will receive a substantial bonus, will be eligible for the premium which the Company will give annually to the agent who obtains the largest number of insurers, and will receive tickets of invitation to the various dinners and entertainments given as encouragement to merit in the course of the year, and paid for out of the funds of the society.

The full value will be given for policies surrendered, and in the case of transfer or assignment, the charge will be only such as the solicitor to the Company will consent to receive.

The Royal Mushroom guarantees the honesty of persons in want of security in order to obtain appointments of trust. As, however, there is a tendency in the present age to commit forgery, embezzle, and rob employers—a circumstance which the directors regard with unfeigned horror, and deprecate accordingly—the terms will necessarily be high. Considerable caution will be exercised in this department, the directors being anxious to maintain an unspotted reputation, and to uphold the commercial integrity of the country. A rigorous enquiry will, therefore, be made into the antecedents of applicants under this head.

At a period when foreign travel excites universal attention and when international intercourse is in vogue, the risk of insuring lives against the various vicissitudes of railway collisions, burning alive with petroleum, disasters at sea, street accidents, bowie knives, revolvers, and banditti, has been carefully weighed. Tables have been prepared, from which enquirers may learn how large and numerous are the advantages which arise from association with the society in this respect.

For forms of application, tables of rates, and full particulars, apply to the Secretary; or to

JOHANNES ASTLEIUS, *Principal Promoter.*

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 132.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER* 13, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

"DOWN WITH THE POULTRY!"

FELLOW CITIZENS,—I greet ye. I, even I, the Child of the Prairie, the Son of Nature, the Offspring of the Great Forest, the Lover of the Grand Blue Sky, of the Good Spirit, the dweller in the wigwam, hold out the hand of friendship to ye of the warehouse, ye of the crowded street, ye of the teeming city. I greet ye as brothers—for are ye not indeed my brothers—my adopted brothers? Have I not dwelt among ye for more than the space of forty moons? Have ye not paid the weekly tribute of twopence for more than three years? Have ye not learned to love me, and to buy my words by the tens of thousands? Yea, verily ye have, and—ye are all the better for it!

When I first came to London I found it, oh, so unlike my own dear forest, where the green leaves make soft sweet music, as Kabibsnokka, the north wind, gently stirs the branches, where Shaw-shaw, the white bird, dwells in Peboan the winter. For the rustling of branches I found the noise of cabs; rain and fog for my own Minushaha, my darling laughing water, for love and truth and good—why, only smoke. But I dwelt among ye, and gave ye fine words, in the Moon of Bright-nights, or, as ye call it, April; sage words in the Moon of the Falling Leaves, or September; and praise-words in the Moon of Snow-shoes, or dull November. Why fine words? Because ye were sad and needed love—needed love now that trade was dead. Why sage words? Because ye were perplexed, and treason stalked abroad, and ye needed counsel. Why praise-words? Because ye were clever, and had built up glorious wigwams and lovely bridges, and had made London (even as I dwelt among ye) a town of palaces—the city of the world! And now I drop the Indian's speech, and talk the words of the white man—the glorious words of England—England home of freedom, England called the wise land.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Ye have done well. The Thames Embankment is fine, the Holborn Viaduct graceful, the new Bridge beautiful, the new streets useful. But ye have not done enough. The picture contains a blot—a large black blot—the map of London is rendered ridiculous by a mistake—a great, stupid mistake. Ye must know what I mean. Have ye walked down Cheapside? Yes. Then what has struck you as out of place—spoiling by its presence a noble thoroughfare? Why, the Poultry. Have ye driven to the Mansion House? Yes. Where have ye found a dead block—a dead block making locomotion impossible? Why, in the Poultry! Where has the business of the whole civilized world been brought to a dead stop? Why, in the Poultry! Is the Poultry beautiful? No! Is it disgustingly ugly? Yes! Is it useful? No! Is it an obstruction to business of every kind? Yes.

Then what follows as a matter of course? Ye shake your heads and don't know! What, must TOMAHAWK tell ye? Are ye so dense that ye cannot suggest a remedy for this nuisance—this grievous nuisance? So it would appear from your supineness. Well, then, TOMAHAWK will enlighten ye, in large capitals too, so that ye may the better understand him.

THE POULTRY MUST COME DOWN!

Come down, and immediately! There must be no shilly-shallying. For once and away the authorities must wake up and attend to business. They may sleep (as usual) for the rest of the year, and sweet dreams wait upon their slumbers, say I. But now—now is the time for action. We cannot afford to wait. A grand attempt has been made to render London (in an architectural point of view) worthy of her commercial fames as the first city in the world. A great deal has been done, but emphatically not enough. The new Blackfriars Bridge is something to be proud of; the Holborn Viaduct is something to be proud of; the Mansion House street is something to be proud of; but the Poultry is a disgrace to civilization!

Look at my Cartoon. What do ye see in it? The Fairy of Improvement waves her wand, and a City of noble proportions rises at her command. And yet she has left one spot untouched! The beautiful picture is spoilt by one disfiguring blot, the all but perfect gem is rendered nearly valueless by one fatal flaw! Yes, the ugly useless Poultry—pernicious and foul—is there in all its native deformity! Denounced by the Press as an eyesore, execrated by the commercial public as a disastrous impediment to business,—still it stands like some hideous stronghold of the middle-ages, defying the attacks of its invaders! Have we no knights who will do battle against it—have we no trusty swords, no gallant lances?

This subject shall not end here. The Child of Nature is uncouth in speech, but strong in purpose. He has seen the blemish of his adopted city, and that blemish must be removed. Yes, the Poultry MUST come down. The Indian has said it—and his own words (although sweet and wholesome, and very good) are not to be eaten!

And now the Child of Nature congratulates his fellow-citizens upon the beauty of the London improvements, and withdraws into his wigwam, that he may there smoke his pipe of peace while he sharpens the blade of his war knife.

(Signed) TOMAHAWK.

The Moon of Snow-shoes, 1869.

STAGE TRUTH.

SOMEBODY in the *Salut de Lyons* has been making fun of the British drama, and taxing it, as all honest men must admit most unjustly, with its disregard for the realities of daily life. Without giving a long list of English stage triumphs, comprising such literary gems as *Formosa*, *Lost at Sea*, and a *Life Chase*, —works by themselves powerful enough to vindicate the national dramatic honour, where a charge of improbability is concerned,— every candid spectator must allow that the mirror that is held up to the public now-a-days is of the very best British plate. We therefore are in a position that enables us freely and fearlessly to throw stones at our neighbours. Under these circumstances, we shall have much pleasure in supplying our readers with the text of a piece said at this moment to be in active rehearsal at the *Gymnase*. M. Victorien Sardou's success with history in the matter of *Patrie*, has, it is said, induced him to turn his attention to an English historical subject. With much tact he has selected a dark period of our annals, and chosen from the turbulent times of James I., a true hero. Guy Faux has attracted the great French dramatist. It is a melancholy fact that only French dramatists really know how to handle history effectively, and we record the circumstance with great regret.

The truthful picture of the great English conspiracy which we subjoin could only have fallen from a French pen. Here it is :—

MONSIEUR LE GUI FOXE.

A Drama-Comedie in two acts and various tableaux, par M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.

PERSONAGES.

LE FRIAR BACON (*Chancellor of England, possessed of the secrets of the gunpowder*).
JAME-FIRST (*Fils de Henri VIII., surnamed* LE MONSTRE).
MONSIEUR LE GUI FOXE (*rightful heir to the throne of England, inventor of the bath-chaire, and son of Henri VIII., surnamed also "le gallant," by Jeane-Shore*).

LE CATSBY
DUC-WELLINGTON
DUC-CAMBRIDGE (*a notaire*)
SIM-REEVE (*the betrothed to Gu-queen Bess*)
CHARLES I. (*fils de Henri VIII.*)
EARL CHATHAM (*et Douvres*)
TITE OAT (*fils de Henri VIII.*)
MISTER PUSEY (*un Medecin*)
BRYANT-MAY (*a lucifer man*) [*Catsby*)
LE PRINCE CHRISTIAN (*confesseur to Le*
ROBIN 'OOD (*supposed fils de Henri VIII.*)
MONSIEUR E. T. SMEETH (*a Spaniard*)
CHARLES II. (*his son*)
FORTNUM-MASON (*fils de Henri VIII.*)
} *Conspirateurs, gentlemens, and Popes men.*

MI LADY BACON (*Queen of Scotchmen*).
GU-QUEEN-BESS (*Madame la Gui-Foxe*).

CATHARINE
ANNA
FIFINE
BETSY
LA FICHONNE
CORA
MEES TOM
} (*Several Wives of Henry VIII.*)

MEES FOXE (*secretly married to Jame-First*).

Conspirators, Pale-alesmen, Beefteck-eaters, Clergymens, Lor Maires, Meeses, Ducs, Polismans, &c., &c., &c.

COSTUME—*Reign de Charles VI.*

PERIOD—921.

ACT 1.

House of Jame-First in le Haymarket.

Enter JAME-FIRST, MEES FOXE, *and suite.*

JAME-FIRST.—I am not Scotchmans. O yes. I am Anglische. I spiks Anglische. Dam. Pale ale. Railway teekets. Cremorne.

COURTIERS.—He is the King!

MEES FOXE.—Then why not you gentlemans proclaim him?

COURTIERS.—Because it is Sonday! 'Oorah! (*They shout the "heep" for some hours.*)

JAME-FIRST.—Dam

MEES FOXE.—What do you make such compliments to me, Jame-First? I will summons *M. mon père.*

Enter MONSIEUR GUI FOXE, *in one arm chair, surrounded by his leetle sons.*

CHORUS OF LEETLE SONS.

Ayez le bonté de vous souviendrè
Le cinque de Novembrè,
Traihison de poudre de canon, et plot de poudre de ditto ;
Nous ne voyons pas de raison
Pourquoi le traihison de poudre de canon
Serait jamais pas rappelé.

MONS. GUI FOXE (*avec energie*).—Hollère, garcons! hollère garcons! Dieu protège la Reine!

JAME-FIRST (*throwing one halfpenny to the leetle sons*).—I am the King. This is for your Monsieur Gui. Teekets! You see! I spiks Anglische!

COURTIERS (*aside*).—O dear me! away to Peekadilly. 'Oorah!

MEES FOXE.—You have not singed the refrain. It is here—

Gui, gui!
Lui stické dans l'œil.

JAME-FIRST.—O yes! That is very good.

M. GUI FOXE.—I will be revengé. Wait one leetle moment. (*Enters a Hansom cab with his sons and chair.*) Cabsman. To the 'ous of Parliament, in Wesminsterre! O yes!

ACT 2.

The apartments of M. Gui Foxe under the 'ous. Jame-First, Robin 'Ood, the Lor Maire, M. Gladstone, Statesmen, Noblemans, Meesses, Mi ladis and Fortnum-Mason discovered in Council. In the salon of M. Gui Foxe is himself, Duc-Cambridge, Duc-Wellington, Charles I., Mister Pusey and the other Conspirateurs.

DUC-CAMBRIDGE.—I am one German, but I am one Anglischemans. I wish blow up Jame-First.

MISTER PUSEY.—'Oorah!

M. GUI.—Silence! 'Ow can gentlemans blow up other gentlemans wisout le poudre? Hein? Tell me, M. Le Prince Christian?

LE PRINCE.—You must get it—on teek! It is the custom of my country.

M. GUI.—Silence! M. le Prince. You are young, ardent, and generous! It is your young blood which would speak words of honour and generosity. *Mais*, I cannot get the credit.

Enter the FRIAR BACON.

ALL (*presenting daggers*).—M. le Friar, would you have the *complaisance* to mention to us ze parsword.

LE FRIAR.—O yes! (*Smiling.*) It is *Lestarré Square!*

CHARLES I.—It is my 'ous!

CHARLES II.—No, Sar! I keeps my 'orse there!

M. GUI.—Silence! You have le poudre de cannon in your leetle pocket!

LE FRIAR.—Voici! (*Tite Oat, Henry VIII., M. Smeethe, Sim Reeve, and gentlemens of le Judge and Jury bring in some tons.*)

M. GUI.—It is well. Here goes. O yes! (*Lights it, an explosion terrific occurs. The 'ouses of Parliament is destroyed.*)

JAME-FIRST.—Mon Dieu! I do think I smells ze smoke!

M. GLADSTONE.—Yes, Sar!

LE LOR MAIRE (*to Jame-First, avec emotion*).—It is no use, then, that I conceals it any longer from you. You are mon fils!

HENRI VIII.—That is one lie, M. Lor Maire. He is the son of me.

MEES FOXE.—Fie for shames, Sir. Here is *M. mon père!*

(*Enter* M. GUI FOXE, *his chair, his leetle sons,* DUC CAMBRIDGE, FIFINE, *and other personages of distinction.*)

M. GUI FOXE (*embracing* M. LE LOR MAIRE).—Mon fils, mon fils!

JAME-FIRST.—'Ow is this gentlemans? Speeks, you sar!

M. GUI FOXE.—I have several wife! Corbleu! Sacrrr—'oorah!

JAME-FIRST.—Dam. Pale ale. Foxeton, Bromton, Peeka

peekadilly. I am Anglische gentlemans. I will marry myself to Mees Foxe!

ALL.—Heep! heep! 'oorah!

M. GUI FOXE.—There, my leetle sons; once more the sweet *chanson* of me.

(*Chorus of leetle sons as the curtain makes its descent.*)

Ayez la bonté de vous souviendrè,
Le cinque de Novembrè,
Traihison de poudre de canon, et plot de poudre de ditto,
Nous ne voyons pas de raison,
Pourquoi le traihison de poudre de canon
Serait jamais pas rappelé.

JAME-FIRST.—C'est ravissante! Take me to the Cole 'ole.

TABLEAU.

BUFFOONERY ON THE BENCH.

IT has lately become the fashion amongst the more junior of the Metropolitan magistrates to avail themselves of the police reports as the means of thrusting their jokes before the public. From what we have read we cannot say much for their Worships' wit, and still less for their good taste; but we have hitherto consoled ourselves that the pernicious custom of cracking jokes in a court of justice was indulged in only by magistrates new to their office, and that the seniors took no share in the unbecoming frivolity. We are sorry to see, however, that the much-respected Mr. Selfe is falling into evil courses. At all events, from the following paragraph which appeared in the police reports last week, it would seem that that gentleman can play the wag when opportunity offers:—

"Frederick Popjoy, described as 'a quiet-looking boy,' was charged with being drunk and incapable. Mr. Selfe said: So you are only fifteen years of age, Master Popjoy? Prisoner: That's right, your Worship. Mr. Selfe: I don't think it is, Master Popjoy, or you would not be here. You seem to be 'popping' into bad habits very early. What have you got to say to the charge? Defendant: My mates made me drunk; it wasn't my fault. Mr. Selfe: How long have you been indulging in habits of this description, Master Popjoy? Defendant: I was never drunk before this time. Mr. Selfe: Have you been sick? Defendant: No. Mr. Selfe: Generally at the beginning I have heard it makes the person sick; do you relish it so much that you mean to do it again? Defendant: No, I don't. Mr. Selfe: I hope not. It is a very early beginning. You are fined 2s. 6d."

Really, this beats even Sir Robert Carden. The play upon the name "Popjoy" is in the Alderman's best style, and the question "Have you been sick?" for its quaintness and piquancy, throws Sir Robert's ponderous pleasantries into the shade. We do not know whether Mr. Selfe's speech that he had heard that drunkenness in the beginning generally made people ill was meant seriously. We can hardly believe his Worship capable of making so grave an assertion on hearsay evidence, and we can only suppose that this allusion to the beastly effects of intoxication was meant for the crowning bit of the magistrate's fun.

PARDONABLE IMPATIENCE.

IT would seem that we are not to expect to see anything of Dr. Livingstone for some time to come, for amongst the articles which the great traveller requested might be supplied to him in his letter to the British Consul at Zanzibar, dated August, 1868, was a "Nautical Almanac for 1870." It seems a pity that while the Doctor had a chance of availing himself of the Central African Postal Service, he did not write more explicitly as to his intended movements. Now that our anxiety concerning him is relieved, and we have reason to believe that he is safe and well, we can afford to take him to task for not gratifying our curiosity a little more fully. We can quite sympathise with the feelings of the mother in the song of the "Lost Child," who was heart-broken when it strayed but beat it soundly when it came home. We do not wish to treat Dr. Livingstone in this fashion, but at all events, in one sense of the word his reception will be "warm" when he sets foot on English soil.

THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

WITH a heavy heart we record the death of the noblest man and the greatest Christian that our age has known, George Peabody. If any man's fame is to be envied, it is his. He almost sanctified money-getting by the use which he made of his enormous wealth. What drags most men down in the getting and in the spending, what debases the souls of most men, elevated and ennobled him. No widows' tears and orphans' curses dimmed the brightness of his gold, or turned his joy into bitterness. He held his wealth but in trust for God and for the poor. It was not so much the amount of money which he gave away, as the thoughtful care and wise discrimination with which he gave it. He taught the lesson that benevolence, to be of any value, must be the work of the mind as well as of the heart. He is mourned by all who love what is good; the tears shed on his grave are shed by eyes whose weeping he has often turned to rejoicing; the many sorrows he has lightened are all revived in the great grief which his death creates. But not for long: the good that such men do dies not with them; and to think of one whose path through life was bright with so pure a light, the only shadows across which were cast not by his own misdeeds but by other's sorrows, is in itself a joy such as men rarely know.

A VERY OPEN BOROUGH.

THE Southwark election contest has already commenced, and as the polling cannot take place till January, the candidates have plenty of time before them to make their arrangements. Mr. Odger is already in the field, but as he announced at a meeting the other evening that he expected to be returned free, gratis, and for nothing, it is not improbable that a portion of the advanced Liberal electors will look elsewhere for a representative. A requisition, numerously signed, was presented last week to Mr. Milner Gibson, begging him to come forward, but the right honourable gentleman refused altogether to entertain the application, very naturally objecting to subject himself to the waste of time and money which a three months' canvass must necessarily entail. Of course, this objection equally applies to others who may be asked to stand for the borough (always excepting Mr. Odger), and it is, therefore, not improbable that the electors will have some difficulty in finding candidates to their taste. Really, it is most inconsiderate conduct on Mr. Layard's part to have gone off to Spain just when his resignation will cause the greatest amount of inconvenience. However, let us be just, and, if report speak truly, Mr. Layard is not the most to blame. Our special and confidential reporter at the Treasury has hinted to us that Mr. Ayrton was to be got rid of at once, and at any cost, for two grave reasons; first, because he was hopelessly obstructive, and, secondly, because the Premier's son was anxious to secure his seat on the Treasury Bench. The Commissionership of Works was deemed, it seems, the only position for which Mr. Ayrton was fit, and the vacant office of Minister at Madrid had to be thrown as a sop to the Nineveh Cerberus. Of course, all these little facts are of no interest to the Southwark electors, but they certainly show an utter want of regard to the convenience of the candidates. This, however, is a matter of no consequence whatever—at Whitehall.

JOKE BY THE LAST NEW BARONET!!!!—What did ex-Lord Mayor Lawrence say when he heard of the present Lord Mayor's election? Besley!

No. XI., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for NOVEMBER,
NOW READY.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE travelling sedition spout, G. H. Moore, is very angry at the chance of any measure being passed which would remove all abuses in the land laws of Ireland. He is afraid that when the people have no just cause of complaint, he and his fellows may not have such a good time of it. This *Moor* does not wish to be like Othello—"his occupation gone."

WE gladly draw attention to an admirable article on the Irish question in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday last. It is called "The Truth about Irish Improvements and Evictions." It is evidently written by one who knows Ireland and the Irish well, and we are proud to find that the writer uses very much the same words as we have used in former articles and notes on this subject. Notwithstanding our hearty sympathy with the Irish in their endeavours to reform abuses, we are glad to see such a confirmation of our statement that cases of cruelty and unjustifiable eviction are very rare in Ireland, in spite of all the furious cry to the contrary.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is really a very ill-used man. He wants to pray for Dr. Temple, and that target for orthodox archers will not let him. The Archdeacon wished to publish the Bishop-designate's reply to his gushing letter, but, unfortunately, Dr. Temple marked it "private." However, the discharger of Archidiaconal functions (one of which functions, by the way, seems to be writing to the newspapers) was not going to be disappointed, and he published his missive of conditional absolution without the reply. It is dreadful to think of what the consequences may be when Dr. Temple is established in his See, and Archdeacon Denison cannot pray for him, but can only abuse him. We don't quite know which would do the object of them most good,—the abuse or the prayers. Perhaps the former.

THE unfortunate Countess D'Alteyrac, whom our readers will remember as the recipient of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby's lavish bounty, was again before the Commissioner in Bankruptcy the other day. It was stated that the annuity awarded to her could not be realised on account of her "obstinate refusal to disclose her age." Poor lady! she need not be afraid to tell "how old sorrow has made her." It appears that should she persist in her refusal, she may be "committed for contempt of court." This shows that the law does not favour the fair sex; for though Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, in attempting to elude the just claim of this lady, instructed his counsel to use a plea which the lawyer did not dare to utter without an apology, and which the Judge pronounced to be an insult and disgrace to the Court which had to listen to it, the noble Hereditary Grand Chamberlain was not committed for contempt.

A NOTE BY THE WAY.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers with the unique heading, "Barbarity by a Gentleman;" but we are sorry to say it does not repay perusal. The "gentleman" in question (very much in question) is one Mr. Charles Gibbs, a farrier of Willersley, and was charged at the Petty Sessions with shocking cruelty to a horse. It appeared that the "gentleman" was drunk, and the horse he was driving became restive, and ultimately fell. Upon this the "gentleman" descended from the trap, and began an unremitting attack upon the poor brute, repeatedly stabbing it about the neck and breast, until he was interrupted by a passer-by. The poor horse was removed, and suffered intense agony for a long time, but ultimately recovered. Whether this last fact was regarded as an extenuating circumstance by the Bench of Magistrates, or whether they considered horse-stabbing as a legitimate proceeding, it is impossible to decide; but the result of the trial was that the "gentleman" was only fined £5, with an additional £2 for costs. All we can do is to state once more that the name of the "gentleman" who, when diabolically drunk, brutally knived his horse, is

MR. CHARLES GIBBS, farrier, of Willesley.

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

WE do not often interest ourselves in the money articles of the newspapers, but the following announcement is sufficiently unique to be worth quoting:—

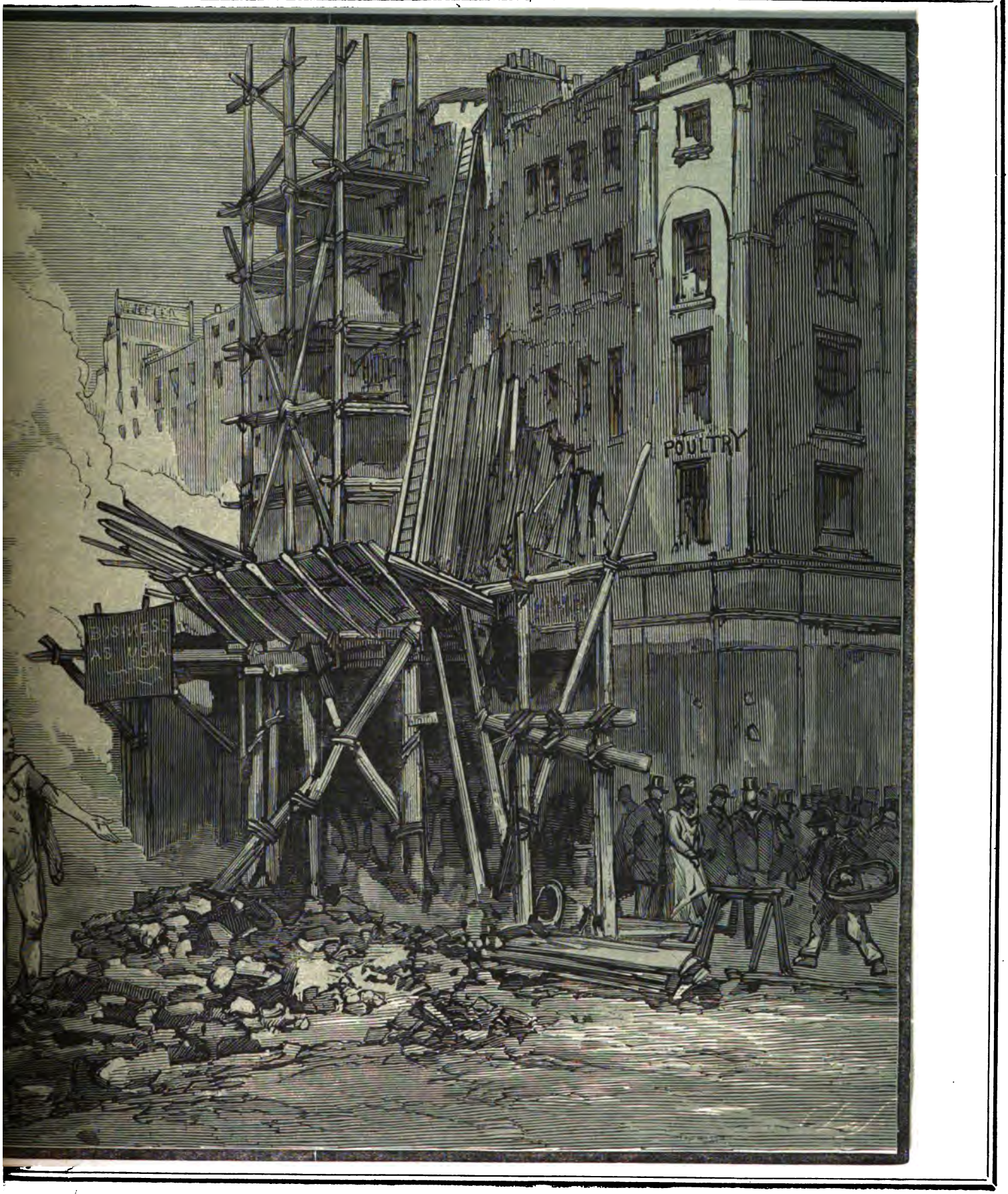
"At a meeting of the India Freehold Land Colonization Trust and Agency Association (Limited), the report of the liquidators was presented. It recommended a return of fourpence each share, and resolutions were passed to dissolve the Company as soon as the balance in hand should have been appropriated."

This is the first (and probably the last) we have heard of the India Freehold Land Colonization Trust and Agency Association, and it certainly seems to have been a complete venture. It often occurs that companies eat up every penny of their capital, or what they leave the Chancery Court devours; but here is an association solvent to the last. Whatever disagreeable things may have been said of other concerns which have wound themselves up, the wags cannot suggest "No Money Returned" as a fit motto for the I. F. L. C. T. and A. Association, Limited. They must find another.

DOWN WITH THE BEGGARS!

WE notice with great pleasure that a "Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity" has been established, of which Lord Lichfield is the "Chairman of Executive Council." The plan will be found very similar to that proposed in *Britannia* of this month, in connection with a new system of Poor Relief by the State. We strongly urge all householders and residents in London to attach themselves to this Society; and all the public to observe this request:—"NEVER TO GIVE DIRECT RELIEF; *but to give the applicant for charity a ticket.*" These tickets will secure to the holder a full inquiry into his or her case, and adequate relief in some shape or other. The only fault of this Society is that it proposes to do what the State ought to do out of the Poor Rates; and that owing to the present condition of the law the power of committing confirmed vagrants, and of refusing them relief, *unless in return for useful labour*, is denied to the magistrate and Poor Law officer alike. However, we regard the establishment of this Society as a move in the right direction; we only protest against individuals being compelled to do, at their own expense, what they pay such enormous sums to the officials to do for them. One of the great evils that lies at the root of the disgraceful pauperism of England is that private charity is always doing, and doing imperfectly, what Government ought to do completely.

"OUT, DAM



SPOT!"

(MACBETH, Act V., Scene 1.)

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH JUPITER RESOLVES TO RESIGN.

IT was after dinner, and Jupiter was sitting in Juno's boudoir,—a room which she used very often, but which her divine husband rarely honoured with his presence,—sipping his coffee and smoking. It was against rules, but then he was a god.

Mercury was playing Bezique with the Queen of Heaven. The King was reading his letters and telegraphic despatches, which Mercury had just brought in his natty little courier's bag.

Evidently the letters were, like most letters, unpleasant.

"It's all very well to call this Heaven," exclaimed the ruffled divinity, in a sulky voice; "but it never can be that while you are here, Master Mercury."

The Olympian Commissionaire looked up from his game. "Why, my gracious liege, I thought I had helped sometimes to minister to your Majesty's pleasures."

This was downright cruel, considering Juno was there. Jove saw what the patron of commerce and thieves meant; but he dared not resent the sarcasm.

"You are the greatest plague I have, not excepting even—"

"Me, I suppose," put in his handsome spouse.

"My dear, no such rudeness trembled on the tip of my tongue. My unlawful, not my lawful, loves cost me the most trouble; but, as I was going to say, Mercury, the only proper place for you is inside a barometer, there your lively disposition finds proper restraint."

"I am always ready, Sire, to give up my liberty for the privilege of being the only true prophet attached to your omniscient establishment."

"You're an impudent scamp," rejoined the offended Thunderer. "Hold your tongue!"

"Certainly, your Majesty; faithful to the laws of Court etiquette, I never speak except when I am spoken to."

Juno pressed his foot under the table, to show how she appreciated the joke—Jove went on grumbling.

"My idea of Heaven is a place where there is no post or telegraph."

"And no marriage, Sir, you would like to add, if you dared."

"My dear, you are quite wrong. I resemble our esteemed friend in—the other place, Henry the Eighth of England, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c. I have a passion for marrying."

"I regret that I have been the victim of that passion." This time she stamped her foot so hard that she really hurt Mercury's corns very much.

"You forget, divine Madam, that my feet are, like my heart, tender," he whispered.

"Yes, and for the same reason, because both have done so much travelling."

This was arch, and she accompanied it with such a look out of her great eyes that the wings on Mercury's feet trembled with passion.

Meantime, Jupiter had gone on reading his letters and despatches.

"I'll be —— Pluto, if I stand it any longer," he shouted, as he dashed his foot on the table, upsetting the coffee all over the blue and silver tablecloth.

"My dear, what's the matter?" cried Juno, withdrawing her face from Mercury's, which she had been examining rather closely—only to see if his corns really were so painful.

The Thunderer was pacing up and down the small room with a step which made the whole house shake.

He weighed nineteen stone; and every step was a thunderclap.

"My pet," said Juno, throwing her magnificent arm round his neck. She always called him 'pet' when he was out of temper.

Mercury squeezed her vacant hand—just to give her a little confidence.

"I will *not* stand it any longer. It's getting positively unbearable."

"What is it, my love?" She thought he had had another letter from Danae, asking for some more money.

"I know it's *very* provoking, darling, especially just now when we have got so many dinner parties to give; and your trip to Paphos must have cost something, though I know it did you *so much good;* and then that new thunder-machine, I daresay it will be cheaper in the end, but it's a great deal of money: and my crown is really very old fashioned. Tell her, dear, that you positively can't spare any money at present."

"What the Tartarus are you talking about? It's no money matter that bothers me. You ought to know by this time that I *never* pay my debts—my person is sacred—they can't make me a bankrupt."

"But they could put in an execution, could not they?"

"I should like to see the Sheriff's officer that would live in this atmosphere."

"Well, it is rather high up; but you know, my dear, executions have been served on Kings before now."

"Juno, I'm ashamed of you. You seem to forget I am immortal!"

"You think so; but Mercury tells me—"

"What does that vagrant rascal say?"

"Why, he says nothing himself; but he tells me there is a mortal, called Doctor Cumming, who says—"

"I know the fellow—I've cut him—I've sworn I'll never see him again ever since he took me in so about dear little Semele, telling me there was not the slightest danger."

"He had his reasons for that," replied Juno with great unction; "however, he says that, with your constitution, you cannot last more than five years, and many mortals believe him."

"Then why the Styx can't they let me alone for the five years I have to live, instead of pestering me with their perpetual complaints?"

Mercury here interposed, "The fact is, Sire, they *will* talk about Saturn."

"That's like their beastly ingratitude. When that respectable old God was in power, all the intellectual young men were crying out for Reform, for Progress, for Enlightenment! I put myself at the head of the movement. I banished Saturn; but only when I found that he would not fall into my views. And now, after doing all this, after putting an end to the old *régime*, instead of gratitude, I find nothing but constant grumblings and growlings, seditious rumours and treasonous cries. I'm getting quite tired of it."

"I told you that for every Titan you destroyed you would create fifty. Ah! they were such fine handsome men! but you never listen to me."

"Why should I? Your prophecies and warnings always come after the event. Besides, don't I know everything?"

"I suppose you do; but are you any the wiser for it?"

"I wish you goddesses would not interfere with affairs of State. The next thing will be, I shall be sent to earth by you and that old frump Minerva."

"Well, you have generally managed to enjoy yourself pretty well on earth—that would not be much punishment. We should imprison you here if we wanted to punish you."

Mercury laughed.

"Laugh away, you goose-footed courier! I can tell you, Madam, I mean to enjoy myself where I can be free from the constant grumblings and importunities of those mortals. As for you Olympian folk, you may all go to Pluto, or anywhere else, so long as you don't bother me."

"*We* shall not intrude on your solitude; so comfort yourself on that point, my Thundering Husband. You will make a very interesting hermit; and in retirement you will have leisure to repent of your peccadilloes."

"Peccadilloes, Madam! What do you mean?"

"Perhaps it is *ra-ther* a mild word to use."

"Your insolence, Madam, passes all bounds—to talk of the King of Heaven and peccadilloes in the same breath! Don't you know that mortals have a monopoly of sin?"

"That might have been so a long time ago. But, remember, now you have established free trade."

"Mercury, leave the room," shouted Jove, now half mad with passion; "this conversation is not fit for your ears."

"Mercury, stay here," said Juno, with most dignified and aggravating composure; "I may want a witness."

Mercury had just begun to fly, and he stood poised in the air. The situation was so puzzling he nearly broke one of his wings in his confusion. But he obeyed the lady.

"If I wanted anything to decide me this would do it. I resign my throne, to-morrow, in favour of—"

"Me, dear?" whispered the smiling Queen.

"Not of you, nor of any immortal. I am omnipotent, and you are not; so I will first depose all of you, and then depose myself. The mortals can then carry on the world as they like. I shall receive a deputation from the committee of the 'Heaven and Earth Reform Association' to-morrow, and to them I shall delegate my royal authority."

Not all the thunderclaps that Jove had ever given could have startled his spouse as this announcement did.

She tried to speak, but fainted in the arms of Mercury.

Jove chuckled with malignant satisfaction, while Mercury was too much occupied even to think of the lovely burden which he now held.

"How lucky," he reflected, "that I have feathered my nest!"

(To be continued.)

DINNERS AND DINNERS.

THIS is a week of feasting. The newspapers are full of descriptions of the banquets which are part and parcel of the ceremony attending the accession to office of a new Lord Mayor. It is generally the custom, we believe, for the leading papers to publish the bill of fare of the Guildhall dinner of the 9th of November, in extenso. We see no reason that the time-honoured custom should be departed from, but in our case, owing to some unaccountable carelessness on the part of the civil authorities, as we have not received our copy of the menu for Lord Mayor's Day, we cannot gratify our readers by presenting it to them. Happily, however, the feast at Guildhall is not the only gathering within the City of London which calls for notice; so, in the absence of the more important document, we append the following bill of fare of a dinner given by one of the leading shipwrights at the East end, who, having no occupation at present, is able to give his whole attention to the entertainment of his family:—

Limehouse, 9th November, 1869.

MENU FOR TEN PERSONS.*

Potage.
A l'eau.

Poisson.
Red Herring.

Entrées.
The Wolf.
The Broker.

Roti.
Very dry bread (half a loaf).

Sweets.
Twopenn'orth of gin.

Dessert.
Mendions.

Here is another billl of fare, equally interesting, for the same date:—

Newgate, 9th November, 1869.

MENU FOR 239 PERSONS.

Potage.
Bouillon.

Roti.
Mutton.

Legumes.
Potatoes.

Sweets.
Rice pudding.

Of course this latter dinner is less pretentious than the Limehouse feast, but for our part, not being epicures, we prefer it, especially as we think it our duty to set our face against gormandism whenever we come across it; and we hear, on good authority, that such meals as the first described are partaken of daily by thousands of the inhabitants of the East End of London. As luxurious extravagance amongst the lower classes should be discouraged as much as possible, we recommend the question to the serious consideration of the new Lord Mayor.

FALSTAFF OUT OF PLACE.

WE read that the lessee of the Exeter Theatre, last week, applied to the city magistrates to prohibit the appearance of Mr. Mark Lemon as *Falstaff* in a building not licensed for dramatic representations. The Bench stated, through their clerk, that they could not issue an injunction to Mr. Lemon, but his entertainment would unquestionably be illegal, and they advised the lessee of the theatre to give him notice that he would be prosecuted after his first appearance. We do not know how far Mr. Lemon, legally speaking, may have put himself in the wrong, but we quite sympathize with him in wishing to avoid theatrical associations. The fact is, Mr. Lemon has got out of his element, and in his desire to assimilate a high literary position with the vocation of a strolling player, is drifting into trouble. He has taken to the stage too late in life to adopt it as a profession, and as an amateur he has no business to interfere with the legitimate drama. At the same time, we think that the Exeter manager and the bench of magistrates might have had the good taste to have stood aloof, and allowed Mr. Lemon to choose his own ground for exhibiting himself.

* Two adults and eight children.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

THEATRICAL advertisements have of late years become offensively silly in their construction; but it is not often that such a production as the following announcement regarding Astley's Theatre is allowed to creep its way into print:—

ASTLEY'S THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith has succeeded for the management in engaging Mdlle. LILLIAN, who will appear on MONDAY, in the favourite Drama of MAZEPPA, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. There is great curiosity to see this lady in the part, so ably sustained by the late Miss Menken, Astley's great favourite; report states that she is much like Menken in person and acting. This lady, unlike the men that have allowed a dummy to ascend the fearful precipice, will do it herself, and fight her combats. The press, in speaking of the lady's performance, alludes to the grace with which she enacted the part, and the daring on the infuriated steed in his wild career up precipices which appeared impassable.

What can be in more mercilessly bad taste than the allusion to poor Adah Menken? It may be remembered how, a year or two back, her death created almost a painful sensation, and how her apologists pleaded for respect for her memory. It is therefore wantonly inconsiderate of the managers of Astley's Theatre to drag up her name only for the purpose of reminding the public of her Mazeppa performances. It was never pretended that there was anything in Miss Menken's Mazeppa to admire, although it was something "to go and see;" and the public would willingly forget all about her. Now, however, Madlle. Lillian seems determined to assume the dead woman's mantle,—little enough, perhaps, but what there is should be let alone.

A NEW DRAMATIST.

NEW dramas are plentiful, but not new dramatists. Boucicault, Burnand, Byron, and Robertson meet one at every turn, and one gets tired even of these protean geniuses. Mr. Wybert Reeve, a gentleman by birth and education, who has been managing the theatre at Scarborough for some time, is now playing in a drama, of which he is the author, at the Charing Cross Theatre. *Won at Last* is not a good play, but it is better than many we have seen lately. The dialogue is fresh, but not quite pointed enough; it savours more of Yorkshire bluntness. Mr. Reeve looks, what very few actors succeed in looking on the stage, a thorough gentleman. His voice is naturally very pleasant; but he mars its charm by tricks of stagy elocution, which he should unlearn. He shows that he wishes to be natural, and can be so sometimes; he should be so always.

A certain Mr. Beckett did all he could to secure the failure of the piece. Not content with being imperfect in his part, he had not even the sense to take up the prompt, but let the actress who was on the stage with him run to the prompter and bring back the words. The Press has been rather severe on Mr. Wybert Reeve, for he is a stranger to London, and not connected in any way with that constellation of literary and artistic luminaries which sheds its brightness over those semi-pothouses dignified with the name of Clubs. We are glad to see that critics are beginning to criticise according to their own judgment, and not as their worthy employers dictate to them. But we should like to see their terrible weapons turned against old offenders, and not sharpened against those only who have no clique to extol them, and no fellow-tipplers to anoint them with immortality.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 133.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER* 20, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

STARS AND GARTERS!

IT is very beautiful to see humble virtue triumphant, and true merit properly rewarded. It is sweet to notice that the dandelion no longer "wastes its fragrance on the desert air," but finds itself placed in a gorgeous vase in the drawing-room. This is as it should be. The dandelion is a charming flower. Ex-Lord Mayor Lawrence is a wonderful man. It is delightful to observe the dandelion promoted to the palaces of the splendid—it is exhilarating to learn of a baronetcy being conferred upon Alderman Lawrence!

Mr. Gladstone is the recognizer and rewarder of the dande—we beg pardon—of the Lawrence's most admirable services. This gentleman is also the rewarder and recognizer of several other worthies' services—services only a degree less admirable than the services of the Ex-Lord Mayor. As it always is pleasant to praise, TOMAHAWK finds much delight in introducing the various worthies to the British Public. The introduction is quite necessary—without it the British Public would probably know nothing—absolutely nothing—of the coming men.

Places aux—Aldermen!—Lawrence, the new baronet, is a builder by trade. If, O reader, you want your chimney seen to, go to Lawrence. If, O reader, you desire your back garden wall restored, why, go to Lawrence. Obtain an estimate, of course (business is business), but go to Lawrence! When TOMAHAWK informs the British Public that the new baronet is a builder, the British Public will be satisfied that the new baronet is the right man in the right place; all baronets should be builders or butchers, or sweeps or something in the rag-and-bone business! Is not one man as good as another, and—better (as Orator Stubbings would add)? Are not the prince and the peasant, the king and the cobbler, made of the same flesh and blood, having in common heart, brains, and education? Quite so. Then why not make the weary crossing-sweeper an earl?—the pleasant house-builder a baronet? But Alderman Lawrence has further claims to the title; he is not only a builder, but has been a Lord Mayor! Some day (if he advances at this rate) he may actually become the Captain of a Volunteer Corps! Before that happy hour TOMAHAWK trusts that the worthy Alderman will learn how to let off a gun (he tried to fire off a rifle at half cock at Spa!) and study a little humility (he asked for a guard of honour at Liège!!!). When the builder-baronet does anything *particularly* worthy of note he (the builder-baronet) may rest assured that TOMAHAWK will find an odd corner in his paper for an account of his performances. And now, having been told by the cook that the kitchen boiler is all right, and that the garden wall is in excellent repair, and that neither require the builder's attention, TOMAHAWK bids the knightly tradesman adieu—for the present!

The next gentleman singled out for decoration by Mr. Gladstone is the Rev. — Mackarness, who has been made Bishop of Oxford. The Rev. — Mackarness, it is understood, is a clergyman. In his early days he went to school, and afterwards to a University—it is believed either Oxford or Cambridge or, possibly, Durham. The Rev. — Mackarness is either an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Irishman, or a European. It is reported that he can walk, talk, eat, and drink. From all this it will be seen that the Rev. — Mackarness is just the man to succeed that very obscure individual, Bishop Wilberforce, translated to Winchester.

The next appointment recently made by Mr. W. E Gladstone is that of the new Third Lord of the Treasury. Mr. W. H. Gladstone is the son of Mr. W. E. Gladstone—no other reason need, nor indeed can, be given for his appointment.

Then, Mr. Layard has been sent to Madrid, because, of course, he was rather useful at the Board of Works; and Mr. Ayrton to Whitehall, because he would have been more popular had he been despatched to Spain, or China, or, better still, to Jericho!

TOMAHAWK has done. The recent appointments could not have been made in more excellent taste or with greater discrimination. Novelty is the order of the day. Until now we have had baronets taken from the ranks of the squirearchy, not from the shops of tradesmen; bishops selected from distinguished scholars, not from provincial nobodies; ambassadors chosen for their moderation and urbanity, not for their quick temper and lack of the art of conciliation. The change has come: we must accept it. To be logical, however, we had better get a crossing-sweeper for our next baronet, an undergraduate for our next bishop, and for our next ambassador, any cousin or acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.—We understand that the spirited competition which has been going on between the *Times* and *Telegraph* for the honourable post of Trumpeter to the Emperor of France has at last been decided in favour of the former. The spirited owner and the editor of this versatile leader of public opinion will go over to Paris shortly in order to receive the just reward of their exertions. We understand that, considering the amount of dirt they have eaten, both gentlemen are as well as can be expected.

WAGGERY AT WHITEHALL.

WHAT has become of the hundred thousand geraniums which have done duty in the Parks this year? A short time back a great fuss was made by the Board of Works with reference to their munificent intention of giving the old plants away to any people who thought them worth the asking for; but although the preliminary announcement promised that full particulars should be duly published, we have neither seen nor heard anything further about the matter. We can only presume that some question relating to the removal of the roots is still under discussion, and that the final determination of the authorities, how best to proceed, has not yet been arrived at. The Board of Works, however, may spare themselves any further trouble, for the geraniums which have been left in the open air pending a decision as to how they should be dealt with, are all now frozen and dead. Perhaps the Board will begin a few weeks earlier next year. Practical jokes always spoil in repetition.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Ismailia, November 11, 1869.

YOU see from *where* I date. I have positively got here at last, together with Bonham and Spagmore. We were joined by a French Count at Alexandria, who said he would get us all introduced to the Khedive, and in the most friendly way borrowed a five-pound note of Bonham, but he left us at some place beginning with K to return to his mother, who was dying. I am sorry to say that in the sudden grief and hurry of his departure, he forgot to return me my telescope, razors, a three-lb. pot of Liebig's Extract, and my cheque-book, which I had lent him for the purpose of conducting an experiment to demonstrate the power of the sun's refracted rays at noon. This is a great misfortune, especially as regards the Extract; for Spagmore says they eat nothing but Irish stew between this and the Red Sea, and I never could bear gravy with onions in it. The razors do not matter, as I shall let my beard grow here. Spagmore means to let his. He says nobody will believe I have been to Egypt if I go home without a beard. I wish I had known this earlier, for I might have had a fortnight's start before I left, as I am quite sure starting *now* there will not be anything to show when I get back. Guide books ought to mention these things. But to resume. Ismailia is, as your readers are doubtless well aware, exactly midway between Lake Billah and the Bitter Lakes, upon the latter of which, Bonham says, it would be a capital thing to start a Bitter Beer Company. You would have everything ready for the beer, but the bottles, malt, and hops. A short calculation will show at once what a paying concern it would be. Say at the lowest estimate there would be seventy ships going through the Canal daily, all, of course, being East Indiamen, and conveying on an average, crews and all, about 800 souls each. You have, therefore, *at once* 56,000 people daily, who would consume the beer, and as the heat is stifling the whole way, it would be fair to average them at at least three bottles a head. That is a demand for 1,126,000 imperial pints per week, or, in round numbers, about seven millions a year, which, throwing in an extra half-dozen a day for the local agent who has to uncork them, brings up the grand total to 7,000,182 dozen. Bonham says, if he had not got all his money tied up in debentures, he would put every halfpenny he had into the concern, and he has been speaking seriously about it, through me, in French, to an Egyptian gentleman, who, as far as I can make out, seems to see it. There was some difficulty suggested as to what the beer could be made in; but Bonham says a dredging-machine would do capitally. I am going to see the Egyptian gentleman again to-night, and talk it over quietly.

1 *p.m.*

I have just been out to look at the Canal, which, opposite this place, makes its way through Lake Titmarsh. I was introduced by Spagmore to a London contractor, who explained the whole thing minutely to us. It appears that it cannot possibly pay, being far too shallow. I think he said the greatest depth anywhere was 26 inches, though, on second thoughts, I fancy he must have meant feet or yards, or perhaps fathoms. As sailors generally denote depth by fathoms, I suppose it must be 26 fathoms he meant, though I do not well see how a first-class East Indiaman is to be got through with that amount of water under her. Spagmore says I ought to be accurate on the point, and wants me to go out with a clothes-line and take "soundings" at once. If the evening is fine, I think I shall.

4 *p.m.*

Have had a most entertaining talk with the contractor, who told me in confidence he proposed the whole scheme to the Egyptian Government in '49, only they would not hear of it. He also hinted he had done a great deal in the gas-pipe way in Fulham. As he seems to be just the sort of man I want to know, and full of scientific information, I have asked him to dinner at 6.

5 *p.m.*

Have been trying to order dinner with Spagmore in French, but the waiter, who is a Nubian, doesn't understand my accent. Spagmore says of course he only understands Egyptian, and that as we cannot speak the language, we must write down what we want in hieroglyphics. He says the sort of things that are on the walls of the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace will do capitally, and that he will show me the proper hieroglyphic for dinner, if I will give him a pen, ink, and paper, and ring for the waiter.

5.15 *p.m.*

Spagmore has drawn a picture of Rameses the Second, walking fast and holding up a large bun sideways on a fan. He has shown this to the waiter, and pointed to my mouth several times, making me open and shut it rapidly, as if in the act of mastication. We have tried this for a quarter of an hour, but without any result. He says the bun ought to have been blue, and that the ancient Egyptians never had their hieroglyphics plain, but always coloured. The waiter, after mumbling something in a sullen voice, has gone out to fetch the *maître d'hotel*, who, I am thankful to say, is a Frenchman.

5.30 *p.m.*

The letters are being collected, so I must close this.

I add a line to say the Egyptian gentleman has just looked in, evidently to talk over the beer scheme before sunset. Spagmore says of course I must ask him to dinner too. I have.

THE LATEST FROM CENTRAL ASIA.

THE science of telegraphy is certainly making great advances. Here is a telegram sent from London to India *vid* the new Russian route, which appeared in the *Bombay Gazette* a short time back, and which shows what the wire is capable of producing :—

LONDON, 17th.—Alderman salomon titus salt baromds crawfords refused corranclay another agriablan assination ireland carecton butury catholic archbishop Armach.

22nd.—letter popp Rumming Kumming contat allap non—Catholics auter encommedial Concil for discussion from already contend abitury generally chained hoals ford times braves suppes deserved with drawtoc to presented spot his government saying excepted instructions and Washington government disavowes, procdirm a amors King Portugal accepting throne shrit abdicating favour Creditary prince secretary governor tarasend—assassinted republican mob for attempting put down revolutionary flows bank hole Canbreisen discute runoured large withdrawal to-morrow snecly telegraphed Washington Spain resolved not negociate for sales Empereur Napoleon have given audience to Lord Clarendon prince prussian Coning Constantinople afterchetir suez brashop excited.

29th.—spisow clarundas al ounheral association lord been an continent head opportunity collectired opinions seen persons who exercise influence on bestiwos Europe and believe at no time since prussians austrians paer existed faviar paus pant moate montement blessing peace.

Of course, to unintellectual people the above lines will, at first sight, appear the least bit incomprehensible; but it is to the more enlightened members of the community that this new branch of science appeals. A telegram like the above might, with proper manipulation, be made to mean anything or everything; and what a real boon the new system will prove to the more advanced members of the Stock Exchange! The new Russian route to India will assuredly supply an urgent want, and, at the same time, exercise a healthy influence on the commercial morality of the nineteenth century.

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

THE *Times* the other day, at a loss, it is to be presumed, for light material, attempted to be very funny at the expense of the Œcumenical Council. It devoted a leader to the racy and pungent hypothesis of a confusion of tongues, resulting from the inability of many of the assembled prelates either to speak or even to understand Latin. Now, as it is well known that every Roman Catholic priest is exceedingly well up in a certain sort of ecclesiastical Latin, and that every Bishop of that communion is well able to carry on a conversation in the "Church's universal tongue," the *Times* simply stultified itself. This, however, is not a novel or pleasing fact, and it does not, therefore, call for any special comment. The idea of a Babel at Rome, nevertheless, is worth something. It suggests the terrible straits in which some less educated divines, whom it would not be difficult to name, might find themselves, unless properly provided beforehand with the requisite means of interpreting themselves. It is needless to say that we are alluding to our own countrymen, so distinguished always for their conversational powers in Latin, among whom it would only be fair to include the writer of the article in the *Times* to which we have referred. After the fashion of an excellent example we have drawn up a little simple conversation pocket-pook that will meet the requirements of the most superficial classical student. But a brief extract will suffice to show the scope of the little volume, and its admirable fitness both to the place and to the occasion.

We turn at random to page 291, and begin at

CONTROVERSIAL CONVERSATION WITH A ROMISH BISHOP ON MEETING HIM IN THE STREET.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.
PEREGRINUS ANGLICANUS. Quod sit mare tuum?	ENGLISH STRANGER. What might be your see?
EPISCOPUS RELIGIONI PAPALI ADDICTUS. Farina cum lacte mare.	ROMISH BISHOP. Battersea.
PEREGRINUS (*ironice*). Hoc me capiet ad ferramentorum fabri agrum?	STRANGER (*with irony*). Will this take me to Smithfield?
EPISCOPUS. Non. Sed te capiet ad inquisitionem.	BISHOP. No. But it will take you to the inquisition.
PEREGRINUS. Non volo ire ad inquisitionem.	STRANGER. I do not wish to go to the inquisition.
EPISCOPUS. Eamus ad inquisitionem?	BISHOP. Let us go to the inquisition?
PEREGRINUS. Non si ego illam cognoscam.	STRANGER. Not if I know it.
EPISCOPUS. Me herdle! Positivissimus es.	BISHOP. Dear me! You are very positive.
PEREGRINUS. Ego te credo, puer venerabilis.	STRANGER. I believe you, old boy.
EPISCOPUS. Vis me te ad Papam introducere?	BISHOP. Do you wish me to introduce you to the Pope?
PEREGRINUS. Non. Sed me introducere tibi liceat ad Cardinalem, vel Oculeclesiasticum, aut etiam Matutinum Christianum.	STRANGER. No. But you may introduce me to a Cardinal, or a High Churchman, or even to an early Christian.
EPISCOPUS. Me verberat esse quiddam canis in tuo Latino.	BISHOP. It strikes me that you talk rather dog Latin.
PEREGRINUS. Ego facio. Ad prandium eamus apud Pyramides et Stagnum?	STRANGER. I do. Let us dine at Spiers and Pond's?
EPISCOPUS. Non flocci te æstimo, scis?	BISHOP. I don't think much of you, you know.
PEREGRINUS. Verumtamen tu non nunc? Alter es tu. Ibi!	STRANGER. Don't you really now? You're another. There!
EPISCOPUS. Pax vobiscum!	BISHOP. If I were not a saint I'd knock your head off!

But there is no occasion to quote more copiously. From the brief extract we have given it will be seen that a master hand has been at work on the compilation. Any corrections or suggestions will be thankfully received at Crown Court.

FROM OUR OWN LUNATIC.—The Baron de Lesseps is going to be married after the opening of the Canal. His enemies call his conduct *Suez*-idal.

THROWING A LIGHT UPON THE SUBJECT.—Where we would like to carry Monsieur Henri Rochefort: A la Lanterne! A la Lanterne!

PROMOTION VERSUS *PREFERMENT.*

MR. LAYARD'S appointment to the Court of Madrid has not unnaturally created a vast amount of discontent amongst the Corps Diplomatique. The members of that body urge that as in their profession the prizes are few, the promotion is slow, the work is heavy, and the pay is light, it is not fair to bring in an outsider to fill a place for which at least a dozen of their body would be perfectly fit. The answer to this complaint is that Mr. Layard is not an outsider; that he was once an *attaché*, and therefore a member of the profession; and that his selection as Sir John Crampton's successor is simply a nomination of an ordinary description. We have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Clarendon between them have talked themselves into believing in their argument, and it may therefore be as well to point out to them what their decision in Mr. Layard's case may lead to. We should be sorry to believe two great statesmen capable of committing an inconsistency; so if a proper amount of pressure is brought to bear by those interested, we may shortly expect to find the following appointments in the *Gazette* as vacancies occur:—

Lord Carrington, a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, to be *Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Army.*

The Duke of Newcastle, of Basinghall street, to be *Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.*

Sir Robert Carden, Churchwarden of his parish church, to be *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Small claims go a long way now-a-days, especially when they have impudence to back them; so if the above appointments and others like them are carried out, we shall have no right to feel surprised.

CHAIN THEM UP.

IT is satisfactory to notice the reception that has, at last, been given to the Red Republican candidates by the better part of the French Liberal press. It has, almost without an exception, treated them with contempt. This is as it should be. Possibly such an answer to the fervid and dangerous balderdash of the few illiterate Frenchmen, who represent principles opposed radically to the order and security established by the Empire, has not a little astonished their British admirers on this side of the Channel. It has been so long the custom with a vast majority of Englishmen to hound on revolution in any shape on the Continent, that a check administered to a batch of unscrupulous politicians is regarded in some quarters as a national calamity. We have not read the comments of the cheaper radical press, but we will venture to say that they have all, more or less, experienced the warmest sympathy with MM. Rochefort, Ledru Rollin and Co. Now, nothing can be more miserable than the programme of these men, who, together with their doings, really would not merit a single paragraph in any journal of influence were they not backed up by some rather malignant and desperate spirits in the French Capital. There is not one of them who has the remotest claim to the title of politician, and were France ripe, which it certainly is not, for the most complete Constitutional changes, these are not the men for the occasion. Could we imagine several celebrated Fenian outlaws rushing up to London to address their constituents, and spouting the rankest treason for the edification of a Whitechapel rabble, we should have something like a mild approach to what has been going on in nooks and corners of Paris for the last few days. To this must be added the influence of the *Rappel*, a journal which may be said to be a species of political Peter Spy, lacking, however, the innocent liveliness of that defunct little sheet. The Emperor has been accused by his enemies of having made many mistakes in the course of his career, and he might certainly have spared his reputation this last act of clemency. The proper place for "politicians" who propose to upset the State is somewhere well beyond its limits. We have no sympathy, as our readers well know, with men of the stamp of M. Rochefort and his colleagues, and we can only trust that, morally, they will hang themselves with the ample rope that has been supplied to them by a really liberal and most lenient Government.

No. XI., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for NOVEMBER,
NOW READY.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that some of the coffee-room waiters at White's are to be made baronets in honour of the Prince of Wales' visits to that distinguished Club.

EX-LORD MAYOR LAWRENCE is now Sir James Clark Lawrence, Baronet; Mr. Ayrton has been appointed First Commissioner of Public Works: it is hard to say on which event the nation ought to be congratulated the most.

MR. AYRTON has uttered a long panegyric on himself. In this he exercises a wise monopoly, though on general matters he is in favour of Free Trade. Mr. Ayrton thinks himself the best man for his place. On this point we venture to differ from him. He also says that he knows nothing about his duties. On this point we venture to agree with him.

LET us be thankful that the threatened duel between The O'Donoghue and Mr. Moore did not come off. Had these two heroes met in mortal combat, who knows what might have been the result? The struggle between the celebrated Kilkenny Cats would have been nothing to it. Had either been killed could England have prospered any longer? We doubt it. [NOTE.—This is not chaff.]

SIR EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY may be at a loss for some pursuit to which to turn his attention, and on which to bestow his leisure time, of which he will necessarily have a good deal now. We beg to suggest to this immaculate gentleman that if he were to write a novel, giving an account of his life, and disclosing the secret, which he evidently possesses, of breaking prison bars without violence, he might realize a handsome fortune. Let him offer it to Messrs. Macmillan, let us say, and, if he is in want of a title, let him call it "Gideon's Fleece," or "Bigamy made Easy."

THE Lord Mayor's Feast passed off most brilliantly. Mr. Gladstone was solemn and conscientious, Mr. Bruce was perky and foolish, Mr. Lowe was a brilliant buffoon, and Sir James Clark Lawrence was received with cheers. One cannot help speculating as to what would be the result if all the speeches were given before instead of after dinner. Would men, unless previously fortified with some stimulant, be able to go through the amount of long-winded platitudes and well-worded hypocrisies that they do now? Fancy the state of good-humoured repletion a man must be in to congratulate the late Lord Mayor on anything—except his being late!

OUR senile contemporary *Punch* is really very clever at one thing,—advertising himself. The idea of applying for an injunction against a certain "comic" paper makes one suspect that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans must have some interest in the mild print in question. But it was worth the humiliation of such an action to obtain *from a Judge* in his judicial capacity such a capital advertisement as they did. Of course, the panegyric is quoted in our poor old friend's last number, and put into the mouth of the Queen,—Mr. Punch "never wrote a word unworthy to be read by the good." We hope this may be taken for granted, and that the good are not obliged to read every word of the broken-down jester of Fleet street; if they are, we should decidedly prefer to be classed with the wicked.

CANARDS AUX OLIVES.

POOR M. de Lesseps is just now paying the penalty of his popularity. The French papers are full of him, and, having exhausted discussion on the subject of the Canal, have, during the last few days, taken to personalities, pure and simple. The last item of intelligence concerning M. de Lesseps comes to us in the form of a contradiction, and as such is quite worth publishing. The *Figaro* states:—"It is not true that Madlle. de Bragard, to whom M. de Lesseps is to be married on the 25th inst., is twenty-three years old, as has been reported." "C'est une fleur de la vingtième année;" and it is not true that her sister is about to marry M. de Lesseps' son.

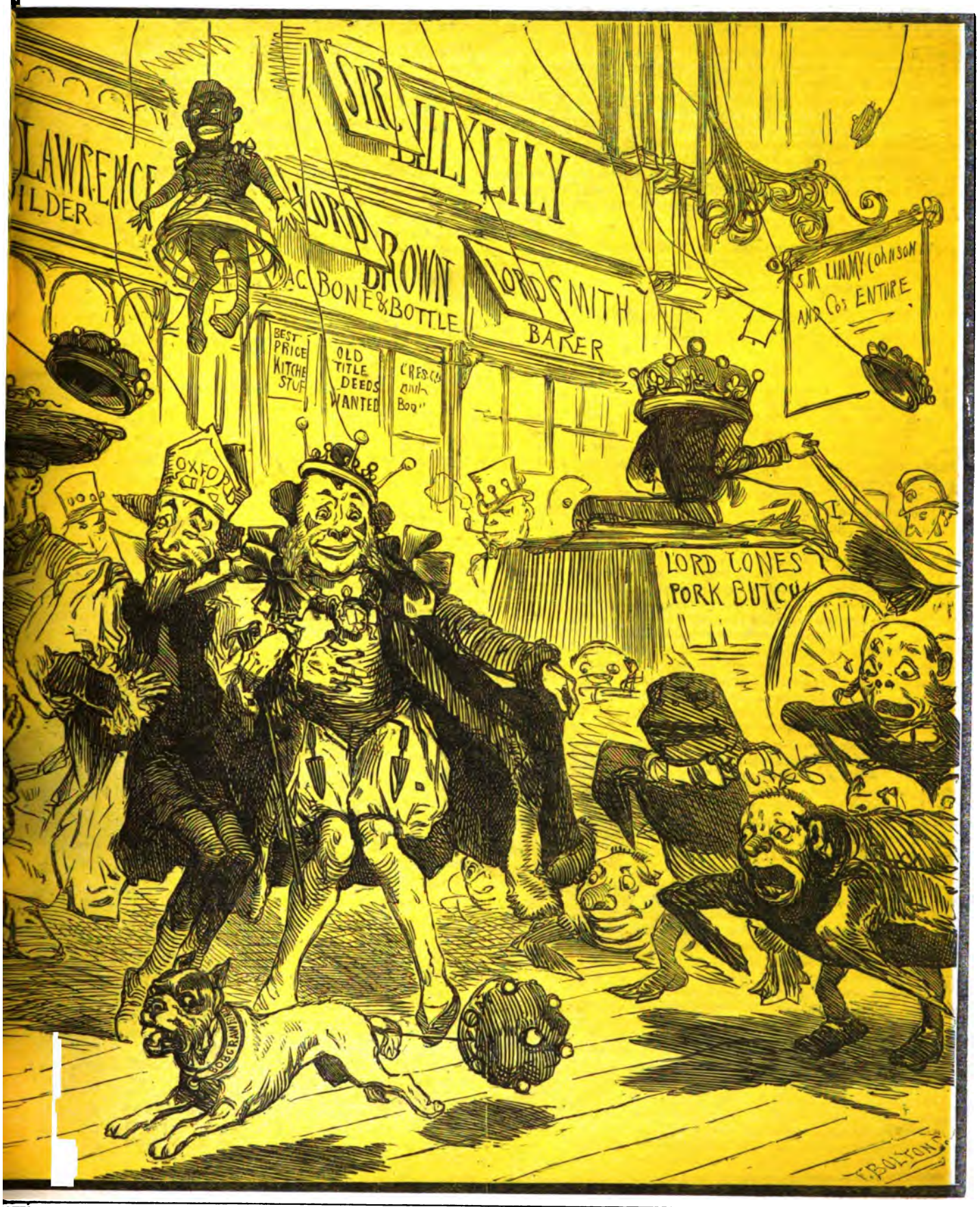
Really, although we take the warmest interest in the great work on which M. de Lesseps has been engaged, we cannot see why that gentleman's private affairs should be dragged before the public to be discussed in an inquisitorial and impertinent spirit. Surely M. de Lesseps has the right to marry a lady of any age that will suit him, and so has his son. It is quite unnecessary that half Christendom should take upon itself the part of the heavy father, and forbid the banns. If the marriage turns out happily—as, let us hope, it will—so much the better; and if the contrary, so much the worse for M. and Mdme. de Lesseps—but for no one else.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

WE suppose that we may now consider that the monster gooseberry season is over for this year; and it has certainly been a peculiarly unproductive period. With the exception of a series of letters on House Hunting, a good deal of meaningless chatter about the Tidal Wave, and a fine crop of Murders, there has been, literally, nothing in the papers for the last three months. Now, however, the world is waking up again, and the morning journals contain their fair share of interesting matter. Now that the dull season is over, and we are once more busy, it certainly seems a pity that we should have made so little good use of spare time. There are, surely, a hundred and one special grievances in urgent need of ventilation in the newspapers; yet no encouragement has been given by the press to the worthy people who severally seek to remove them. Who is to blame for this? Certainly, not the public; for the waste-paper baskets of the editors sufficiently show the mass of correspondents who seek redress at the hands of the fourth estate of the realm. We fear, therefore, that the editors must be the guilty parties. It is too much the custom amongst literary men to reject the productions of the outside public without deeming them worthy of being looked through; and, owing to this bad habit, no doubt, very many important matters are denied the chance of a fair hearing. Of course, we know that a heavy percentage of what is sent for insertion in the papers is "rubbish;" but still the wheat should be sifted from the chaff, those, especially, at the season of the year, which is just over, when we are at our wits' end to find subjects worthy of being discussed.

GLADSTONE'S M

HOW TO MAKE A SILK PI



AGIC CHANGE!

SE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

MEDICAL STUDENTS have never possessed an enviable reputation, and their conduct the other night at Highbury will hardly add to the estimation in which they are held. We read that :—

"On Friday night last, the 5th inst., a mob of from 150 to 300 young men, said to be medical students, after visiting Highbury Barn, where a wanton destruction of valuable property took place, formed, at about half-past one on Saturday morning, into a procession four deep, and proceeding down Highbury and through Upper Street, swept everything and everybody before them, police and all. Not content, however, with this display of manly prowess, all fanlights and unprotected panes of glass in the shops and warehouses of unoffending tradesmen were ruthlessly smashed, as well as several gas lamps."

Such conduct is undoubtedly excruciatingly "funny," and its enactors heroes. Cannot some means of distinction be found, by which we may be all able to recognize these ornaments of society? Say, the Victoria Cross, or, better still, Fool's Caps, and a little gentle recreation might be found for them in the shape of the pillory.

AWFUL CRIME!—THE ST. PANCRAS MURDERS!!—DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERERS!!!

WE have all shuddered at the Pantin Massacre, but now we have the chance, nearer home, of shuddering at the "St. Pancras Murders," not quite so sensational, perhaps, but, when we come to examine them, quite as horrible.

Seven bodies in this case, as in the Pantin case, attest the vast scale on which the criminal conducted his operations. The victims were all paupers, a circumstance which will reassure the delicate sensibility of many natures.

The victims of this crime were nearly all persons in such a condition of health as generally ensures for the sufferer the greatest consideration and gentleness.

The inquiry has been concluded in three of the cases, and in all death has been proved to have been accelerated, if not produced, by the foul state of the infirmary in which the sick persons were placed.

These persons, be it remembered, were not there from choice, but from necessity; they could not be removed if they wished it ever so much; they were in the charge of those who undertook to tend them in their sickness, and their expenses were paid by people who understood that in return for such payment the sick poor would be looked after, at any rate, as well as a sick horse or cow would.

What, then, was done? These sick helpless creatures were confined in a room, or a ward, with many others; the supply of fresh air was small, and what there was came from the water-closet.

The room, or ward, swarmed with rats; the atmosphere was so foul that two professional gentlemen, accustomed to see very foul places, declared it the worst they had ever been in; it was calculated to produce congestion of the brain; and in all these cases congestion of the brain, or serous effusion on the brain, was produced.

This state of things had existed, not for hours, or for days, but for weeks. The guardians had been frequently warned of the danger to the lives of the inmates.

An inspector from the Poor Law Board recently visited the St. Pancras Workhouse, and in his report "*expressed pleasure at the improvement* in the infirmary wards, but complained generally of the vitiated atmosphere of several of them, and expressed a belief that the drainage was defective." It would seem that Poor Law Inspectors are like children—a very little thing gives them pleasure.

The Coroner said that the infirmary was quite unfit for sick persons, and that "there was plenty of evidence to show that it was *in fact killing them*."

Seven sick helpless paupers done to death, and scores more suffering, Heaven only knows what tortures, from the foul air and disgraceful condition of this place. Who is guilty of this cowardly crime? We unhesitatingly assert that the author of these slow murders, the inflicter of these fearful tortures on the sick and the helpless, this infamous betrayer of his trust, this selfish apathetic fiend who delights in witnessing the loathsome agonies of his poor fellow-creatures, this wretch who supplies old men suffering from bronchitis and consumptive women with fresh air from water-closets, who coops up human beings in a place where he would not dare to put a horse, or a cow, or a pig, is that same creature who already is literally drenched in the blood of his many victims, whose delight is to torture, to starve, to poison, in short, to inflict pain and death on his fellow-creatures in all the most horrible forms, is, in fact, that arch scoundrel and assassin,

NOBODY!

Hurrah for merry England, the home of the brave, and the free, and—the pauper!

ONCE MORE SIR EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY, YET ONCE MORE!

THIS amiable young bigamist is once more among us, free, and *without a stain on his character*. Our readers will remember that this ornament of the Baronetage was arrested a short time ago on the charge of writing some other person's name to a cheque for five pounds; but on Wednesday the prosecutor announced, through his counsel, that he had lost quite enough already, and that he did not intend to pursue the charge any further. Sir Eardley was therefore discharged. It really was very ungrateful of the prosecutor to put it in the way he did. He might have said, "I have lost a paltry ten pounds or so, but have I not gained the acquaintanceship, nay, the friendship of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Baronet and Bigamist?" However, although wanting in delicacy of feeling, the heart of this prosecutor was in the right place. He might speak a little harshly, but at any rate he acted nobly; he preferred the imputation of compounding a felony to being the means of exposing to the annoyance of a criminal trial this virtuous Baronet, of delicate health and still more delicate morals.

There must be something about Sir Gideon very fascinating, that all his enemies are disarmed so soon in any attack upon him. This implacable Government of severe economists, of democratic Liberals, which sacrifices clerks and dock labourers in hecatombs on the altar of "Reduction;" which holds out its hand to the unwashed orator of the Reformer's Tree with more cordiality even than to a Duke pleading for Tenant Right in dulcet accents; which docks a Lord of the Treasury's salary of £1,000 without flinching,—even this Government has tenderness and compassion for Sir Gideon Culling Eardley. For him the prison doors are opened—for him a sojourn in the South of France is paternally suggested, and when, the paternal suggestion unheeded, he returns to bless, with his sacred presence, his native land, when he gives way to his imagination, and, indulging in freaks of metempsychosis, fancies himself somebody else as he writes a cheque, which the friend, who has sheltered him and treated him to champagne and other delicacies on a rather short acquaintance, secures at no very extravagant price for his collection of curious autographs, no policeman's savage eye is on him, no ugly questions are asked as to how his delicate health has been so speedily established; he is arrested indeed, and confined for a short time, owing to a temporary fit of spleen on the part of his friend—but he is soon released, and free to exercise his fascinations on the gentle sex if he will, if not on the ruder but no less profitable males.

Fortunate Sir Gideon! How different would have been his fate had he been plain Bill Sykes! Then we fear that even Mr. Bruce would not have listened to the cry for release from the bigamist in delicate health. Certainly, Mr. Bruce is very merciful. Sir Gideon may well feel proud that several brutal murderers of low extraction have shared with him the leniency of the Home Secretary, in a degree proportionate to their social status. They have not received free pardons, but they have had the capital sentence commuted to one of penal servitude for life. They were not urged to seek the South of France, but the South of England, for change of air. At Dartmoor or Portland they may hope to invigorate their delicate health. But then they had not the intrinsic virtues of Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley—

"He is free to roam from flower to flower,
And with his fancy cheques improve each shining hour."

No doubt, if his elegant eccentricity leads him to rob a person on the highway, or to knock some confiding acquaintance on the head, his powers of fascination will carry him safe through any little troubles resulting therefrom, and the arm of the law will again be paralyzed in presence of this charming specimen of persecuted virtue.

One reflection is suggested by the career of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Baronet. If there had been a Public Prosecutor would he have been released this second time? Of course we know that neither his rank, nor his title, nor his connexions and relations, nor his apparently boundless wealth, have anything to do with his release in either case. But malicious and corrupt persons like Bill Sykes and his friends may choose to think so—they may ask, with a nasty vulgar sneer, if "all men are really equal in the eye of the Law?" Mischievous demagogues, and wicked republican journals—like the *Standard*, for instance—may suggest that they are not. It would be as well if the Government would authorize a publication of the virtues of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., which no doubt will fully account for the leniency shown him. The prosecutor in the late case might add asupplement, initiating us into the fascinating ways and alluring graces of this Fortunatus; at present, alas! we only know the blemishes of this excellent man, and it is too hard that we should be denied the knowledge of qualities of heart and mind which need only to be known, in order that they may excite the admiration, and, perhaps, the imitation, which they deserve.

A BARONETCY AND ITS CLAIMANTS.

As it has now become almost an established matter of course that, at the opening of a Corn Exchange, inauguration of a bridge, or widening of a street, that the first official whom circumstances may hustle under the feet of Royalty should be honoured in himself and his heirs for ever, there is nothing alarming in the fact that Lord Mayor Lawrence has been turned suddenly into a baronet. The Queen is the fountain and source of honour, and it is right and desirable that from time to time she should bestow an occasional title, no less for the purpose of rewarding a deserving subject than of maintaining the high dignity of the Crown. It is a pity, however, that the person and place are not more carefully selected. Lord Mayor Lawrence is, doubtless, a most worthy gentleman; but, in the name of all that is rational, what has he done to merit perpetual emblazonment? Knighthood has long since degenerated into a sort of comic and vulgar farce, but a baronetcy is yet a prize. Still, the honour attaching to any dignity is intimately bound up with the judgment with which it is bestowed. When there are some hundreds of distinguished members of parliament, judges, barristers, and medical and literary men, who are, through themselves and their means, fully equal to the position and deserving of the honour attaching to it, it is, to say the least, a mistake to thrust it on to a helpless City functionary. Of course, people who call themselves moderate will remark that we go too far, and that, taking all things into consideration, it was only reasonable on such an occasion to have thus honoured the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. We may be wrong, but we think not. The City improvements were a great feature, and the Queen's visit was an auspicious event: but we still cannot see why Lord Mayor Lawrence and his heirs for ever were to be specially benefited by this happy concurrence.

WANTED, A WAR MINISTER.

MR. CARDWELL seems to be too fully taken up with his schemes for reduction and retrenchment in the administration of the Army to be able to pay any attention to the real interests of the service itself. How many clerks are to be dismissed—how many comfortable places made for the lucky ones who possess interest—and how much injustice to be meted out to the unfortunates, who are not likely to find means of making a resistance, are just now more the points under debate in Pall Mall than any large questions of practical importance; and the result is, to use a very military phrase, that "the service is going to the devil." At all events, there, it may go, for all Mr. Cardwell knows or cares. So long as he can make a show of a reduced sum total in next year's Army Estimates, matters may take their course—and a bad course it is that they are taking. One point alone, which is just now being shamefully neglected, is calculated to do the Army a vast amount of harm. The supply of recruits hitherto has been and always should be a matter to be carefully attended to. Yet, notwithstanding that the recruiting season is coming in, the authorities have taken no step towards attempting to secure a better class of men than usually offer themselves for engagement during the summer months. In point of fact, we believe that recruiting is almost entirely suspended, although it is a certainty that a few months later (when the cold weather is over, and the better class of men who are out of work in the winter, and are then only too glad to take the shilling, have found employment), the authorities will be at their wits' ends to find volunteers; they will then have to content themselves with the summer class of recruits, who, it is well known, are the very refuse of the population. Would it not be a good plan just now, when Mr. Cardwell, Lord Northbrook, and their subordinate officers are so intent on retrenchment schemes as to be unable to attend to any other matters, to have an officer appointed to the War Office who would conduct the military business of the nation? When General Peel was in Pall Mall, every subject connected with the Army was accorded its due share of attention; and in Lord Herbert's time the Secretary of State was not above busying himself personally in questions relating to hospitals, and matters appertaining to the well-being of the troops; but now all this is changed. Mr. Cardwell would as soon think of himself attending to a purely military question as the Editor of the *Times* would contemplate personally printing his journal; and therefore such matters as the supply of the rank and file are voted completely beneath the notice of the heads of the Office. Really, if the present Secretary of State honestly wishes to leave his mark on the history of our military administration, he should not ignore what he is pleased to consider matters of detail, but which, in truth, compose the veritable business he is paid five thousand a year to transact.

A MUTUAL FRIEND.

THE Press is fast becoming not only theoretically, but practically, an estate of the several realms which have accorded it its freedom. The Duchess of Genoa has just written to the *Opinione*, stating that she is strongly opposed to the acceptance by her son of the Crown of Spain. Advanced as we are here in England, we have not yet arrived at this ultra-official recognition of the newspapers. We do not see, though, why the Duchess of Genoa's example should not be more generally adopted. An easy channel of communication between Royalty and the public is one of the wants of the age; and the columns of the *Times* might well be made the means to a desirable end. The old English superstition, that writing to the papers is *infra dig.*, still exists, but it is fast wearing out. Evidently in Italy such communications are now recognised as the "correct thing."

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

ALTHOUGH London has recently been making a boast of being the First City in the World—a boast which Mr. Gladstone endorsed at the Lord Mayor's dinner—we question very much if it even deserves the title of the First City in England. Liverpool is not so big, perhaps, but it is certainly beforehand with the metropolis in the introduction of useful improvement. Hansom cabs, convenient omnibuses, cheap dinners, and tramways, were all common in Liverpool before they existed in town; and now Liverpool has taken the initiative in instituting penny railway fares for working men. It seems that a new line has just been opened to Boodle, West Derby, Walton, and other suburbs of Liverpool, and it has been decided to have penny trains to enable the poor population (which has been chased away from the centre of the town by recent improvement), to live in healthy quarters, yet within easy reach of their work. We fear that in the "First City in the World," philanthropy, at all events, is at a discount. The inhabitants of Liverpool are proverbially busy people, yet they find time to look after their poorer neighbours' interests. In London the working man is left entirely to his own devices, so we ought not to be surprised if he sometimes misbehaves himself.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 134.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

GEORGE PEABODY.

BORN FEBRUARY, 1798. *DIED NOVEMBER, 1869.*

HOME to the happy land which gave him birth
Bear ye the man whose only fame is this—
That he had means to do great good, and did it.
Great men, no few, who with the pen, or tongue,
Or sword, wrought wonders, rest beneath these aisles:
He stays not long among them—for his body
His native village claims—his memory
Is ours; it lives enshrined in all our hearts,
And in our children's, for this legacy
He left to all—to love and honour him.
But who among the greatest men, whose lives
The marble chronicles, will sneer at him?
He was not eloquent, nor skilled in war;
He was no poet, yet his works will live
Although unwritten; often be rehearsed
By loving lips which he had taught to smile.
None of the dead within the Abbey walls
Bear an escutcheon blotted more by tears—
Tears shed by friends who never saw their friend,
Tears full of love and hope, not bitterness
Nor drear despair, such as have oft been shed
For those whose giant intellects were soiled
By passion's stains—those weep for him who felt
His helping hand; the hand is numb and cold,
But not the help; his wealth lives after him—
Wealth got by honesty and spent in love
Not of himself, but others;—blessed gold,
Whose brightness never in his noble hands
Grew dim, but shone more splendid and more pure.
The hand that stiffened in the clasp of Death,
True to its nature still was strong to give,
Freely and wisely. May like wisdom guide
Those who received the charge!
For never, surely, will his spirit rest
If with a profligate or niggard hand
They waste or save this noble legacy—
The poor are heirs, that seldom in this world
Enjoy their heritage; for greed of gain,
Or love of splendour, swallow up the dole
Which to the poor were plenty.

Well may we weep to think that he has gone
Who, drinking deep of Fortune's magic cup,
Never forgot the poor. For him no luxury
Could palsy thought—nor needed he to feel
Privation, ere he learnt to pity want.
Yes, we must weep for him, he leaves but few
Disciples, and they halt behind their lord
With tardy steps, while misery's pallid host
Grows vaster day by day.
Many there are who, lolling at their ease,
With silken curtains hide the light of day;
Soft fall the dim voluptuous beams on them,
And soothe them into slumber,—but without
What is it that they fear? They fear to look
On grim starvation, grisly-faced disease,
On brutal ignorance with beetling brows,
On vice's spawn that from such parents springs,—
These are their own creations, and they fear
To look on them.
Blind fools! They may shut out the searching light,
They cannot quench it—and the time will come
When all the monsters which that light reveals
Shall ask, with horrid cry—"Who made us?" "God!"
They try to answer, but the coward lie
Sticks in their throat; for with ten thousand tongues,
Filled with the echoes of the Judgment trump,
Conscience, awakened from her lethargy,
Exclaims, 'not God, but man, irreverend wretch,
Nurtured these monsters with his selfish lusts.'
Oh happy we, if not too late to hear
The message which his spirit from above
By angels—long its faithful ministers—
Tarries awhile to speak: "If aught my life
"Can teach to others, may it teach them this,—
"Nor wealth, nor happiness, nor fame, can make
"Us aught but poor and wretched and obscure,
"While other men are so. Their griefs are ours;
"The less we feel them now, the heavier far
"They lie on us hereafter. This is heaven—
"To have the power of doing all the good
"We yearn to do on earth."

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH JUPITER KEEPS HIS RESOLUTION.

IT was the day after the conversation recorded in our last chapter, and there was a great stir in Olympus; Gods and Goddesses were seen hurrying to and fro, evidently intent on the business of packing up, while others stood about in small groups, eagerly discussing the news.

Mars was talking to Æsculapius, who, with spectacles on nose, and in his most pompous manner, was laying down the law.

"I tell you," said the great Doctor, "that it's impossible; no mortal could live up here. The lungs of man are so constructed that the excess of oxygen would produce a corresponding excess of caloric, and the carbon of the tissues would at once be consumed, causing giddiness, nausea, vertigo, musca-volans, epigastric neuralgia, vomiting, and finally indigestion and death."

"Well!" said Mars, "I don't understand your crack-jaw words: I daresay they'll be jolly sick crossing the milky way; but old Jove's sworn he'll get them up here, and he's not a man to go from his word."

"How does your good lady take it?" asked Æsculapius, leering out of his small pink eyes.

"Oh, she does not care; she says, Earth is a much livelier place than this—besides, she's used to it. She says she's only sorry for my sake; we can't go to Italy, because that old ass Vulcan is there."

"And how do you like it, most noble General?"

"Well, I think it will be rather slow; they've given up fighting, except in those outlandish savage places like New Zealand; besides, all those new-fangled inventions spoil my game. I like getting well up to my man and hitting him a sounding crack on the head. I don't care about skulking behind a bank, and picking him off at a couple of miles distance; I call that mean."

"I was not thinking of your favourite occupation. I daresay you will find plenty of that going on before long. I only was thinking you might be a little jealous of your fair lady *on earth;*" and the Doctor gave a chuckle, which made its way with difficulty through the layers of fat which formed his throat.

"Smarm your impudence!" rejoined Mars,—"I should like to see any of those finicking puppets speak to the little woman before me."

"No, but behind your back?"

"I'll put my foot behind your back if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, you pill-chewing porpoise, you!"

The conversation was getting warm. Bacchus came slouching up just at this moment.

"Well, my boys, how are you getting along? Do you like the prospect of being out of office?"

"How do you like it?" asked Mars sulkily.

"Oh, delightful! I hate nectar, it's so d—d heady. Give me Chateau Lafitte, or Rœderer's Carte Blanche. I've got a stunning little place in the South of France. I've just bought a château—splendid wine—lovely women. Come and stay with me—bring Venus. The Doctor can come too; though he won't have much to do—except to drink; by Jove, he's nearly as good at that as I am. He recommends abstemiousness, but he's too wise to practise it,—Eh? old Salts-and-Senna!" and he gave Æsculapius such a playful dig in the ribs as effectually disposed of the very little breath in him.

Mercury came up now in a great hurry, as usual. "They've come!"

"Who?"

"Why the deputation from the Heaven and Earth Reform Association. Here they are. Oh, it is such fun!" and he drew Bacchus and Mars aside as the deputation came in sight.

It must be owned that they did look rather undignified. They were all, more or less, upset by their journey, which had been done in a car propelled by atmospheric pressure. Besides, the light dazzled their eyes, and the air made them half drunk, so that they reeled about.

"Styx me," cried Bacchus, "if they aren't all as sprung as a parcel of Fauns on one of my fête days."

They came by looking as solemn as they could. There was Marcus Antonius Smith, Cato Brown, Tiberius Thompson, Tullius Wiggins, Septimus Severus Priggins, Publius Pryor, and Decimus Brutus Potts.

Pryor was peering about everywhere, and finding fault with everything.

He whispered to Wiggins that the roadway was very much out of repair and wanted macadamizing. "And, look at that sky, Wiggins, it's far too bright—it wants toning down with a little smoke."

"There's that lazy, plundering scoundrel Mars; he ought to be abolished," growled Brown.

"Yes, and that red-faced blood-sucker Bacchus, 'e's no good, 'e's always 'aving the blood of the people; we'll pass the Mayne Liquor Law and put 'im on water-gruel, that's what we'll do." It was Priggins who snuffled out these severe criticisms.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Mercury, coming forward, "this way, please, to the presence chamber of the great Jove."

They followed the nimble postman of Olympus.

"Shall you take off your 'at?" said Wiggins to Thompson.

"Certainly not, I never takes off my 'at, except to the Sovereign people."

They had now reached the door of the presence chamber of Jove. Spite of their blustering, all turned very pale as they entered.

The Thunderer sat on his throne, looking his best. His hair was curled and scented, and his beard shone with oil,—his lips wore a sarcastic smile.

Juno was by his side—looking *very* blue.

The Deputation stood stock still.

"Now then," said Jove in his grandest voice, "what have you got to say?"

No answer.

"You have all been pestering me for the last five years with your letters, and prayers, and petitions, and now you are here you can say nothing."

Brown here shoved his way to the front. "Well, you see, Sir—"

"Don't call me 'Sir,'" thundered the indignant God.

"Well, your Majesty, I beg your pardon—the fact is—"

"'Ere, let me speak," shouted Wiggins, "you ain't no good, Brown."

He then continued, addressing Jove.

"Look 'ere, your Majesty, or whatever you call yourself, I'm as good as you, and the Sovereign people don't mean to be put on; things ain't a-going on as we should like to see 'em a-going on. We 'as too much to do, and we don't get enough pay, and we wants to reform everything, and—" Here the speaker came to a full stop.

"You need not trouble yourself to go any further," said Jove very calmly; "you all know so much better what ought to be done than I do, that I have resolved to let you try and do it. I have deposed all my colleagues, and now I depose myself. You may govern the world yourselves."

"What!" said Brown; "you habdicates?"

"I do! and now get out of this place."

"But stop a minute; 'ow are we to govern the world, we ain't omnipotent?"

"Oh, I thought you were," said Jove with a sneer.

"Well, of course, we're the Sovereign people; but still there are some things as we can't do,—there's the Sun, for instance, we don't understand 'ow 'e works.

"Make yourelf easy on that point; I give you all my omnipotence—you can exercise it between you. Choose your governing body, and begin as soon as you like."

And with that Jupiter swept his robes round him, offered his arm to Juno, and walked out of the private door, leaving the deputation alone with Mercury.

"Well," said Wiggins, "this is a lark! we must go back and tell the League—it will be grand news."

Pryor was bustling about already, full of authority. "I hope," he said to Mercury, "that you'll not put yourselves out—don't hurry, you know, we can give you three days to pack up."

"Thank you, your highness, but we Gods don't carry much baggage.

"But the ladies," said Priggins; "I 'ope they won't desert us. I 'ope Mrs. Venus will take up 'er residence among us."

"I'll acquaint her with your kind offer; meanwhile, gentlemen, it's time for you to return."

And the deputation returned in high glee to Earth.

(To be continued.)

THE SUEZ CANAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Port Saïd, November 16, 1869.

I POSTED my last on the eve of my sitting down to dinner at Ismailia with the contractor, Spagmore, and the Egyptian gentleman. I regret to say the dinner was *not* a great success. I think it was a mistake to ask a perfect stranger and an Oriental off-hand in that manner, for you never can tell what a man is made of till you dine with him. Spagmore says that is just the very thing I wanted to find out. I certainly did find out a good deal I never suspected before, but on the whole it was a disappointing business. For instance, I believed the contractor to be a thoroughly scientific and highly-educated man, but before we came to the cheese he insisted on drinking my health in champagne "to celebrate the event," as he expressed it. He did not say clearly what the event was, but he got through a twelve-franc bottle all to himself over it, and then suggested that we should all propose a toast each, and have some more "fizz" to wash it down in. After we had washed down several dozen toasts, all in "fizz," he got very vulgar, and told me a great deal confidentially about his bankruptcy in '52. Later in the evening he drew a plan of a one-span bridge to cross the Straits of Gibraltar with a fork on the tablecloth, proposed the health of the landlord, in three times three (the landlord did not like it), broke a decanter, sang four comic songs, and offered to hop the Egyptian gentleman up the great Pyramid and down again for a five-pound note. The latter, by the way, did not seem to understand our European fashion of dining, and put us all rather out of temper by taking seven times of soup, eating with his fingers, and looking gloomy. He, however, did not go in for wine, in which respect he presented a pleasing contrast to Spagmore and the contractor. Before we broke up, I ought to mention that we brought on the question of the Bitter Beer Company, but when we came fully to explain the matter it appeared that the Egyptian gentleman never from the first understood in the least what we said, but thought we wanted to buy some Turkish boots, several pairs of which he had brought in a bag, and produced with the coffee. The beer scheme therefore came to nothing. Besides, I heard this morning that the water in the bitter lakes is *not* in the least bitter, but extremely salt. Spagmore suggested that the "Suez Saline Beer Company" would read just as well, and I am inclined to agree with him, but if the public were *not* to take it up, it would of course be a serious matter, and a heavy loss to somebody. But to revert to *the* topic of the hour, the opening of the Canal. That is to take place to-morrow. You will obviously have received all the general details by telegraph long before the arrival of this letter, but still a perfectly impartial account of the whole thing from a thoroughly unprejudiced spectator may interest your readers. To-morrow, the 17th, the great event is to take place, and the procession of vessels is to start early from Port Saïd. I have a special invitation from Hobeesh Pasha, who, I believe, is something very influential in the coffee way, to join his party, and I hear I shall have an excellent opportunity of seeing *everything*. The weather this evening is magnificent.

Port Saïd, November 17, 1869.

4 *a.m.*

Magnificent morning! The vessels are all assembled. Preparations are being made for the departure, and there is stir and bustle on all sides. Bonham and Spagmore are both here, and are bothering me to take them on board *at once*, I having promised to get them included in my invitation from Hobeesh Pasha, whom they persist in alluding to as the "Nabob." They want me to find him out, and explain that my bringing them is "all right." I cannot find the Pasha anywhere. Every other Turk I meet is exactly like him in face and trousers, and I feel I shall not know him when I *do* see him. When he asked me to come on board his yacht it was at a restaurant in Leicester square, and it was easy to recollect his features then. Now the matter is quite altered, as he seems to have belonged to a tremendous family of Turkish twins. Spagmore says, "Why didn't I chalk him, and then I should have known him again?" Bonham, who says "he can't see the fun of missing the whole thing," insists on my writing "Hobeesh Pasha" in large Turkish round hand, on a piece of paper, and going to everyone we meet in a Fez cap and white trousers. I cannot write Turkish round hand. No more can Spagmore or Bonham; so they have decided that I am to stop everybody and repeat the name in a tone of earnest inquiry. I do not like the idea, but there seems no help for it.

5 *a.m.*

Have found him. He will be delighted to give Spagmore and Bonham places on his yacht. It is the "Ayeliäh," or "Alyiähey," or "Haylayï," or something with "hay" in it; but I could not quite catch the beginning or the end. The vessels start in five divisions. First, the Khedive and his royal guests; next, the foreign and diplomatic bodies; then, next, the two great steam companies; then comes something else; and then *our* division. I hope the four first divisions will not wash away the banks and impede the progress of the *Heyaïleyah*. The contractor said there would not be two feet of water anywhere after the first ship or two had passed up; but I have had doubts as to the accuracy of his scientific data since his bet about the great Pyramid.

5·30 *a.m.*

Great commotion near the port. Somebody says it is M. de Lesseps. Spagmore says he must have a look at *him*. We have got into a crowd of very dirty Orientals, and cannot make him out anywhere. Bonham sees him at last, and we all make for him. The crowd about him, naturally, is very thick, and I can only just catch a glimpse of his head, which is not prepossessing. As far as I can judge he appears to be rather a bloated-faced middle-aged man, with red whiskers. He has a bruised eye and a very bad hat; but, as Spagmore remarks, there is certainly a hidden something—a sort of "smothered genius" in his expression that marks him out at once as a great and energetic philanthropist. Bonham says he must say he has shaken hands with him, and so we elbow our way among the crowd. Lesseps is gesticulating wildly, and apparently selling something in packets to the surrounding "fellahs." Bonham says they are shares in the Canal, and shows wonderful energy and tact. We all agree it is "just like Lesseps."

5·45 *a.m.*

Have got up to him at last. He is accompanied by an attendant with a drum and a little donkey-cart full of packets. Spagmore says he does not think he would carry about shares in that fashion, and that the packets must be photographs of himself, or Turkey rhubarb, or some trifle of that sort, that he is selling in aid of the funds of the Canal. We have asked a Nubian bystander what they were about; but he shrugs his shoulders, and says he thinks it is some European religious service. He shows us a packet he has bought for a Nubian penny. It contains a gold ring, a bit of glass, a toothpick, an imitation sovereign, a thimble, four needles, a stick of sealing wax, a copy of a Whitechapel comic song, and a printed recipe for the cure of baldness. He says it is not Lesseps.

6 *a.m.*

Out of the crowd, having had a row with Spagmore. Spagmore said that I said that Bonham said it was Lesseps, which Bonham certainly did. Spagmore says any fool knows Lesseps, and that he has rich curly brown hair, and always wears a cocked hat on the Isthmus. Bonham again says, "he doesn't see the fun of coming all the way to Egypt to waste one's time in this fashion," and that we had better go and look for the sources of the Nile itself next. Spagmore does not see why we should not, when we have "done" the canal, and says he is game for it if I am, and I have promised to get the Pasha to make one of us.

8 *a.m.*

Had a very disagreeable row about the actual amount of the source of the Nile as yet discovered. Bonham would draw it all on the sand with an umbrella. Afraid he has made us late.

8.10 *a.m.*

I feared as much. The last division *is* off! We have missed the *Ayeïlah*, and had another recriminatory row of half-an-hour. Bonham is going back to Marseilles at once. Spagmore and I are going to run for it and catch the boats up. He says he could do it easily if we could pick up a couple of dromedaries. I am going out to see what I can do, and post this.

9 *a.m.*

P.S.—Opened this to say that I have got a camel, and he is to come round ready in ten minutes. You shall hear all about the opening in my next. The camel looks as if he *would* pick them up, and seems very fresh.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR "THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE."—The Pound.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE following notice has been posted up in the office of the Treasury, Downing street. "*To Government Contractors, and others.*—All jobs must be completed before Christmas."

WE hasten to contradict the report that Mr. Gladstone intends transferring the Bishop of Bond Street to the See of Oxford, in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. Mackarness (*who could not be found*). This is a silly fiction.

SOME people say that the Lord Mayor generally loses, pecuniarily at least, by his Mayoralty. Sir James Clark Lawrence, Bart., cannot say that this is his case, for he has made a baro-*net profit*. (This is really *Beesley*.—Ed. TOM.)

THE Government seem to be of opinion that "out of corruption springs incorruption." At least, we can account on no other grounds for the appointment of Messrs. Fenwick and Schneider, both convicted by Parliament of gross bribery and of debauching and corrupting a constituency, to the commission of the peace for the county of Northumberland.

ALREADY a cry of distress is rising from far and near at Mr. Lowe's infamous Budget. We invite all persons who earn their income by precarious labour to refuse to pay any Income-tax. They cannot be assessed, except on their own statement; and let them have the courage to maintain a dignified silence in the presence of the robbers whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer may send to try and pick their pockets. When all the humbugs of this Government begin to be found out, we prophesy that the Right Honourable Robert Lowe will occupy a prominent position in that interesting collection.

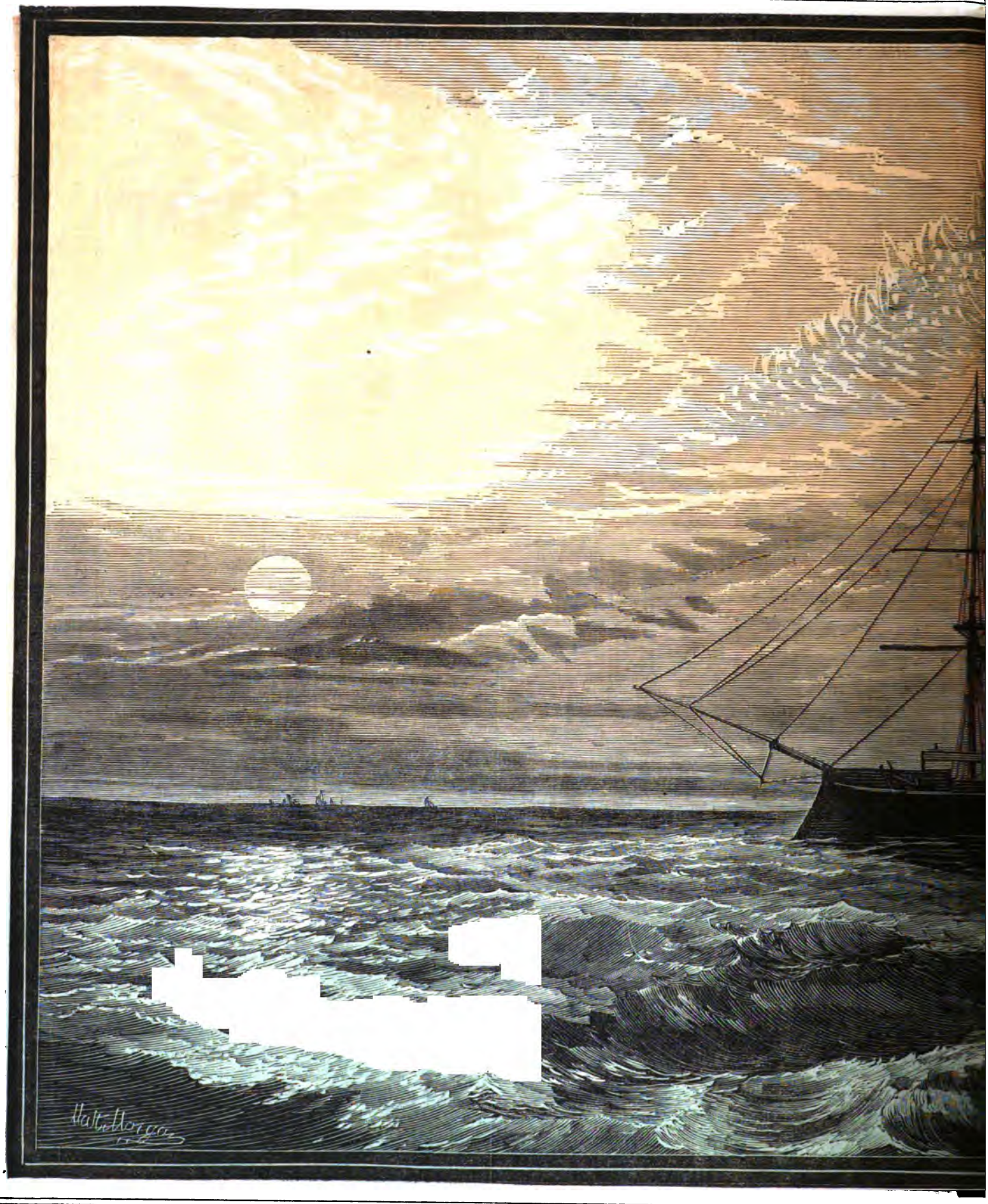
NOT a week passes without some case of juvenile depravity, undoubtedly caused by reading the mischievous literature sold to boys, for a halfpenny, in the form of a weekly paper. Surely, if there is a censorship of the drama there might be some restrictive power over periodical literature. We do not think that the Government ought to have the power of preventing any person establishing a newspaper; but on an affidavit that the contents of any publication were injurious to public morality, an inquiry might be held by a magistrate, and, if the offence was proved, a fine might be inflicted sufficiently heavy to make the repetition of the offence too expensive a luxury for anyone to indulge in.

PROBABLY all M. Rochefort's admirers have read his neat little speech about his own domestic concerns, and congratulated themselves on the fact that, as a man and a father, he has had the zeal and earnestness to announce to the world that he has a child of eight years old who has never been baptized, and who never, as far as he can help it, shall be. Apart from the utter vulgarity of the revelation, we should like to know what an average Englishman, of even advanced religious views, thinks of a man who makes this sort of manifesto to his political supporters. We do not hesitate to say that to English ears, at present, it has a disgusting sound. We may go to some lengths in this country, but we have not yet got to respect the candidate for Parliament who looks on rank irreligion as his trump card. The time may come when a member may find it expedient on the hustings to assure his party that his family have been hitherto, and shall continue to be, reared without any knowledge of God; but it has not come yet. We respectfully invite the attention of the Birmingham educationalists to the subject. It is a highly interesting, if not very cheerful one.

WE fully expected to hear that St. Pancras Workhouse and Infirmary were models of ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort. It is always so. People can very easily be found to go through such a place for a few minutes and declare that they neither see nor smell anything disagreeable. If they would only try twenty-four hours in it, their evidence would be of some importance. We confess, however, that we are very much disappointed to find the Vicar of St. Pancras supporting the Guardians through thick and thin. This estimable but obtuse gentleman marshalled a small band of ecstatic optimists through the Infirmary wards, and headed the list of names appended to the laudation of the establishment, which appeared in the papers the next day. On Thursday last the Vicar writes a letter to the *Standard*, in which he describes the Infirmary as a sort of Heaven on earth, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" he is of opinion that as a luxurious retreat for the aged pauper St. Pancras Workhouse Infirmary is unequalled. Are the clergy always to be on the side of ignorant obstructiveness and dogged obstinacy? One thing in the letter of this worthy defender of Guardians we fully believe,—viz., that the homes of many of the poor are worse than the Infirmary, which now literally stinks in the nostrils of the public.

WHY cannot the *Times*, that usually manages to supply its readers with the best information on all subjects, secure the services of some really reliable and intelligent writer for the purpose of dealing with the subject of the approaching Council at Rome? It is scarcely fair to the public, who are willing to pay threepence for good information, to treat them to the mere claptrap and schoolboy logic that falls, as a matter of course, from the pen of a third-rate man, like Dr. Cumming, for instance. The letter of his that appeared the other day, save as a bitter blow at his own little party, had no right to monopolize the important space vouchsafed to it in a first-class journal. At a season when all men who think at all are deeply interested in the profound and subtle questions at issue between the two great philosophical armies now ranged against each other, it is rather too bad to thrust forward the mere platform twaddle that twenty years ago alternately delighted and paralysed old women at tea meetings. Great minds are arrayed on both sides, and the music of the controversy, if terrible, is still grand. In these days of learned Reviews and thoughtful disquisitions, it is monstrous that an intellectual medium, such as the *Times* boasts itself to be, should content itself with the squeak of a penny tin trumpet. Why does not the *Times* take a lesson from that capital weekly sheet, the *Spectator*?

THE ONLY SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DISTRESS.—The Queen (and more of her).



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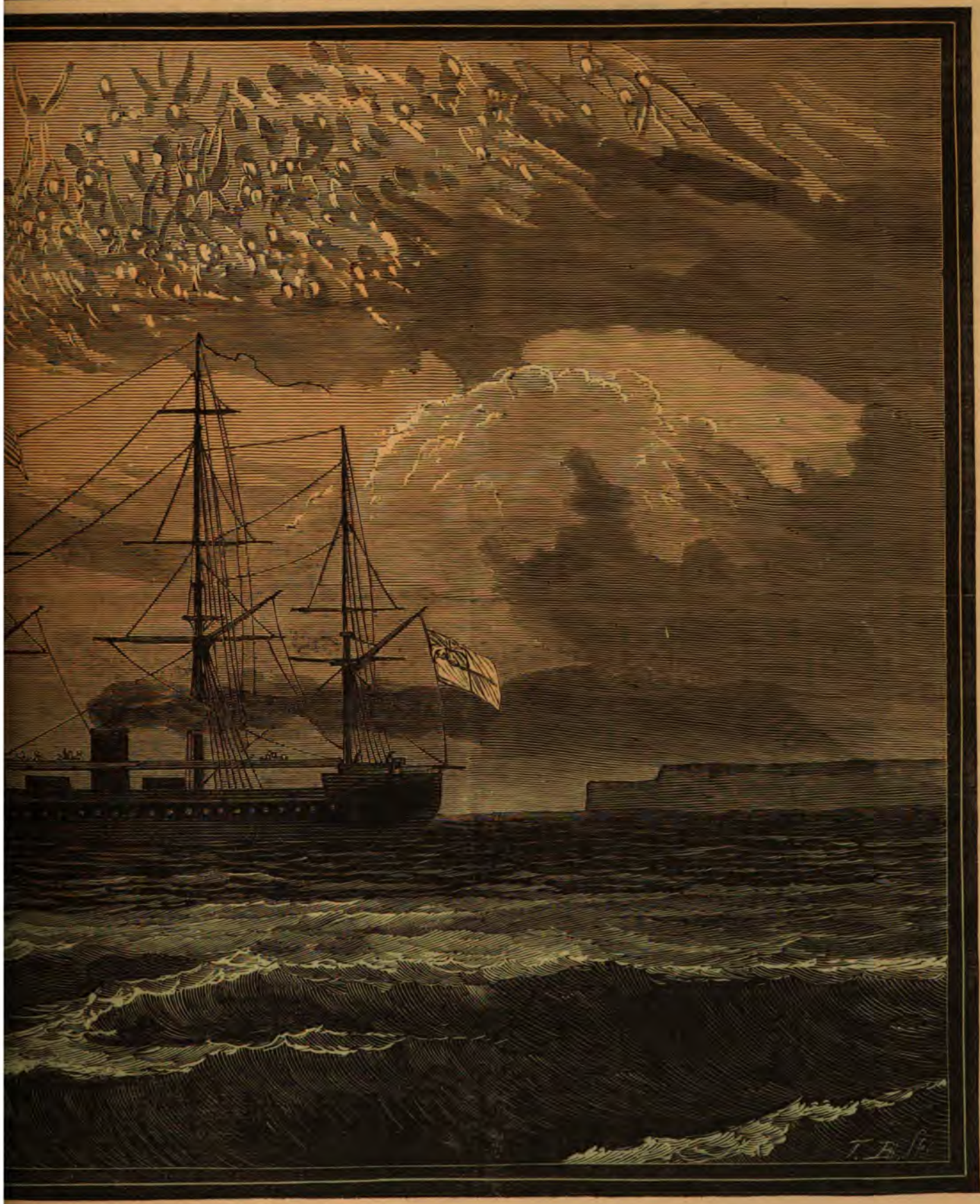


HOME!

(THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY, THE BENEFACTOR OF THE POOR.)

A WORD WITH "THE PROFESSION."

SOME one—we neither know nor care who—has thought fit to send to our office, addressed to one of "ours," some verses entitled "Gentleman Jack," which, with far greater trouble than the subject or the treatment of it deserved, we have managed to understand are meant to be an attack on Mr. John Clayton for a certain article written by him in one of those many sheets, which now are attempting to fly about with wings borrowed from "behind the scenes." We should not have made any allusion to the doggrel in question did we not feel that we have an opportunity of pointing out a very useful moral to the members of a profession which we try to respect, in spite of the vigorous efforts on the part of some of these same members to render such an effort utterly vain. We will speak plainly, as is our way; and we tell all actors and actresses that they will not elevate themselves, or their profession, by sneering at gentlemen or ladies (using the words in their conventional sense, *i.e.*, persons of birth, position, and education) who may choose to take to the stage. It can be no disgrace or injury to the world of actors that their somewhat dull circle should be invaded by those who are fitted by culture for any of the learned professions. A man of education and refinement who "goes on the stage" has much to contend against; as a rule he will find few congenial acquaintances or friends amongst his fellow artistes: he will have to submit to the rudeness, or, worse, the patronage, of "stars," who have soared so far above the earth as to have got beyond the regions of grammar, and to whom the letter H is a secret foe, lying in wait to catch them on the slip, when the bustle or passion of the scene ruffles, for a time, their stagnant self-possession. For one actor who treats his profession as an art, requiring the most indefatigable observation of nature, and the most intelligent study of poetry, he will find scores who know Shakespeare only through the acting edition, and who are as guiltless of any attempt to reproduce the natural characteristics of humanity, as the serenely self-confident artist who favours us monthly with a picture of "La Mode." Indeed, the actor is usually inferior to the painter of "Le Follet" because he does not take the trouble to dress his lay figure correctly. Perhaps he is conscious of the miserable nature of the internal furniture, and, with a dull sense of harmony and fitness, seeks to make the external no less brilliant and accurate. However this may be, let no actor think that dress is of no importance in his art: we resent incorrect costumes in a painting where the figures are still and speak not, we resent it more in a play where they convict themselves of indolence or ignorance out of their own mouths. Let "the Profession" consider this; abuse of those "gentlemen" who have made way against the many annoyances and obstacles which the stage presents to men who were not suckled by the beer-engine of a public-house, or baptized in the Green-room, will not advance "the Profession" in the eyes or minds of anybody whose respect is worth having. If all actors would claim to be "gentlemen," in the highest sense of the word, let them follow these precepts:—

(1.) Tell the truth, whether about the salary which you get, or the notices from the press which you obtain, or about the merits of any brother actor.

(2.) Don't, whenever you meet a friend or an acquaintance, or a perfect stranger, at once propose to adjourn to the bar of the nearest public-house, as if that was the only home you knew. If you can't afford to ask your friend, or acquaintance, or the perfect stranger, to your own room, try and contrive to carry on five minutes' conversation without the aid of bad beer or worse brandy.

(3.) Don't dress with a view to effect when off the stage. If you can afford diamonds, give them to your wife, if you have one, or keep the price of them for a rainy day.

(4.) Try and read something more intellectual and general in the way of literature than the *Era*, and the notices of yourself in other papers. If you do this you may find some other subject of conversation than your own success and the comparative failure of every other artist in any parts which you have attempted. If the anecdotes with which you regale your listeners had more decency, they might be excused the lack of any point.

(5.) If you must lead a disreputable life, do it as quietly as you can. Remember, that being always before the public in your professional character, and endeavouring to be no less so in your private character, it behoves you to conceive such a being as "the Lord Chamberlain" with regard to other licenses than those of plays.

(6.) If you choose to play the legitimate drama, learn to speak English before you try and recite blank verse. Do not believe that a knowledge of when Kean, or Kemble, crossed the stage, or raised his arm, or performed any other mechanical gesture, will naturally bring with it a share of his intellect, by aid of which he conceived the part and realised his conception. A slight acquaintance with the full text of Shakespeare and with the dramatic literature of the Elizabethan period will be found useful to candidates for the premiership of the tragic stage, long vacant.

By observing these simple directions, which are addressed only to those who need them, we venture to predict that actors will do more to elevate themselves and their art than by decrying advantages which they may covet, but to obtain which they do not make much effort. We might add, as a proof of the soundness of our counsel, that those few men, who have been great actors by profession, have all been men of immense intellectual power, improved by arduous and steady cultivation.

A DISTINCTION AT A DISCOUNT.

MR. EDWARD ELLICE, M.P. for the St. Andrew's Boroughs, has declined the Peerage Mr. Gladstone has offered him. We cannot say what may have been Mr. Ellice's exact motives for adopting this course, but Mr. Gladstone may safely regard the proceeding as a severe snub—a snub, too, that is well deserved. Really, when we have bricklayers for baronets, and money-lenders for marquises, we cannot wonder that gentlemen sometimes fight shy of the Peerage. No; Edward Ellice's spirited refusal to be associated with a parcel of *parvenus* does him honour; and Mr. Talbot, who has also declined a Peerage, deserves credit for following a good example. It is quite refreshing to find that even coronets may become a drug in the market.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.

THE Earl of Zetland is about to retire from the office of Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, a post which he has held for five-and-twenty years, and will probably be succeeded by Earl de Grey and Ripon. In answer to numerous inquiries, we should state that the Prince of Wales is not old enough in the craft to be selected for the Grand Mastership. Whatever the enemies of Freemasonry can have to say against it, toadyism is certainly not amongst its faults; and it is pleasant to see some limit put upon the system of preferment of princes, although in an unimportant matter. We wonder if Mr. Childers will take the hint that the Duke of Edinburgh is as yet too young to be made an Admiral of; and if it will occur to Mr. Cardwell that Prince Arthur is scarcely up to the duties of Major-Generalism? Time will show—probably a very short time, we fear.

A QUESTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

PRINCE ARTHUR seems to be enjoying himself in the far West. After having exhausted the exuberant loyalty of the colony by visiting the principal towns, he has now dropped the Prince and assumed the sportsman. The papers, however, take none the less interest in his Royal Highness's doings in Canada, and the other day the principal item of the evening's news was contained in a telegram stating that Prince Arthur had just gone on a hunting excursion in the Ottawa Valley. This is all very well, and there is no reason that a Prince should not enjoy himself; but we object to his doing so under false pretences. Will his Royal Highness inform us why a Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which should have returned home a year ago, was retained on the North American Station beyond the regulated period for its tour of foreign service? We, until now, might have been under the impression that the Horse Guards sanctioned the arrangement only to afford the officers and men of the Rifle Brigade the gratification of having

a live Prince in their ranks; but evidently this was not the reason for the delay, for Prince Arthur, since his arrival in Canada, has never been near the regiment. If report speaks truly, when, a few months back, it was intimated to the Riflemen that they would pass another winter in the colony, even the honour that they were led to expect would be conferred on them did not suffice to put a stop to the grumbling and dissatisfaction which the disappointment of the looked-for return home occasioned. Now, however, that the Prince has ignored their very existence, their grievance has gained in substance. Insult has been added to injury.

"SO 'UMBLE!"

BISHOP Gobat's secretary, the Rev. Mr. Veitch, of St. Saviour's, Paddington, may be congratulated on having been the instrument of bringing about a remarkable conversion.

The other day a grand *fête* was held at Hanworth Hall to celebrate Master Baby Windham becoming entitled to the Hanworth Estates, on which occasion the rev. gentleman, in proposing the child's health, said "that it had fallen to his lot to bring into Christ's Church the mother of the infant, and he had presented her to the Lord Bishop of London for confirmation. He believed and trusted that she now looked to her Almighty Father for that protection and guidance without which we were as lost sheep in the desert."

The quondam Mrs. Windham, now Mrs. Walker, in answer to a general call, made a speech, in which, alluding to the obligation she was under to Mr. Veitch for his spiritual services, she is stated to have expressed herself as follows :—

"I am afraid I have sorely taxed his patience, but to him I owe *that spirit of Christian humility and grace* to which I was a stranger before I knew him."

This profession of "Christian humility" is profoundly touching, and reminds us strongly of the gentle spirit of Uriah Heep.

"READ-Y, AYE READ-Y!"

SCOTLAND no longer stands where it did. It has at last invaded the last relic of English independence, and has reached the platform. We don't mean that of Exeter Hall or of the local institutions where the melodies of Caledonia are represented by a programme full of birks and braes and een; and somebody, with a dreadful effort to be true to the national accent, apostrophizes "Bony Annie Lorry;"—but to the reading platform. Somebody has had the audacity to propose a reading from Scottish poets and humorists in the Scotch language, and the strangest part of it all is that the somebody is a Scotchman. Well, now, to be frank, the really strange part of it is that he has thoroughly succeeded, not in "interpreting," but in conveying and intersympathising Burns, and the Gentle Shepherd, and even "Watty and Meg" with an English audience. The audience was a critical one, too, assembled at the City of London College, Leadenhall street, and the reader was Mr. Charles F. Ferrier, who is not an "entertainer" by profession, though we hope he will again become one in practice on some other occasion.

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY!

A FORTNIGHT ago we had something to say about Mr. Mark Lemon, in the character of Falstaff. It will be remembered, that while condemning the magistrates of Exeter for the narrowness of their views, we seized an opportunity of paying a well-deserved compliment to the Editor of *Punch*, who has indeed secured the highest of literary reputations. Still, as there may be some who may have misconstrued our words, we beg to add a few words to the remarks we have already made. Mr. Mark Lemon has edited *Punch* for the last quarter of a century with the greatest possible tact and talent. He has been the personal friend of every literary man of any note for as long a period, and he deserves, as he commands, the respect of all intellectual Englishmen. As an author he is caustic and brilliant, as an editor judicious and clever, as an actor refined and scholarly, and as a man genial, honest, gentle, and kind.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

MR. REUTER'S agent in Egypt has been pardonably enthusiastic over the inauguration of the Suez Canal; but the first despatch which was received in this country from Port Saïd, dated the 15th November, before the Canal was a *fait accompli*, was certainly a little dispiriting to Englishmen. It ran thus :—

Port Saïd, November 15, Evening.

The Emperor of Austria, the Khedive, and the Prince of Holland have arrived here, and the Empress is expected to-morrow.

A large number of splendid pavilions have been erected.

The Mediterranean Squadron is also here. Two of the British ironclads are aground off the harbour.

The weather is splendid.

The announcement of the probable loss of two of our finest men of war seems to have been regarded at Port Saïd as part of the "fun of the fair;" but if it had not happened that the ships in question were got off again without any serious damage, we doubt whether the grand inauguration ceremony would have had much English sympathy. As it is we are now loud in our praises of everything connected with the Canal—which is as it should be.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A MIGHTY wonder frowning o'er the sands,
Reared by forgotten toil;
And that fell beast, in sunny eastern lands,
Who trails his deadly coil.

1.
She sat upon a mystic throne,
Her looks were wild and weird;
Her words were vâgue, her counsels dark,
But, oh! her threats were feared.

2.
Two oxen groan beneath the load
Which patient still they bear:
So slaves endure the tyranny
Which patriots will not share.

3.
No home upon the land he owns,
His home is on the sea;
He knows no fear, no friend, no law,
Nor king nor God has he.

4.
A distant mountain lifts its peak,
Crowned with eternal snow;
Dread avalanches down its slopes
In frozen torrents flow.

5.
A sacred plant, and chosen oft
Round Venus' brow to bind,
With tender green it soothes the sight,
And perfumes every wind.

6.
When weary, at the close of day,
The traveller lingers late;
Here welcome, warmth, and generous cheer
His eager wish await.

7.
There is a thing can crush a man
As with a weight of lead;
It grows apace, in vain he strives,
He cannot raise his head.

WHY ARE THE IRRECONCILABLES LIKE GROUSE JUST SHOT?—Because they want hanging.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 135.] *LONDON, DECEMBER 4, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE ST. PANCRAS MARTYRS.

THERE is no doubt that St. Pancras Workhouse is a model institution. There is only one thing more certain, and that is that the St. Pancras Guardians are the most pure and authentic specimens of injured innocence extant. The Press has been hard at work reviling them for the last three weeks or so. Be it our task to vindicate them, and the excellent institution over which they preside, from the calumnies of such miserable scandal-mongers as Dr. Ellis; from such presumptuous officials as Dr. Lankester; from such pigheaded boobies as the juries who have dared to hint that the condition of the infirmary was other than it should be, of the vile public which has hounded on these assailants of pious conscientious men, whose only fault has been that, fearless of all consequences, they have done their duty.

With the facts of the case the public are already familiar. Several patients have died in the St. Pancras Infirmary, and inquests have been held—a most vexatious proceeding. In July last the medical officer reported more than once that the wards in the infirmary were quite unfit for the reception of sick people, or indeed of anyone else. There were foul smells from the sewers and from the sinks, and the ventilation was contrived so as to let in plenty of cold air, but not to let out much foul. The Poor-law Inspector also found that the number of cubic feet allowed to each patient was far below the amount recommended by the Poor-law Board. He also found that in many other respects these wards were very defective. Patients complained to the nurses, nurses and doctors complained to the Guardians; but they nobly disregarded all such complaints. So things went on till these inquests came. Since the death of these inmates on November 14th, a Dr. Bridges, "acting as a metropolitan medical inspector under the Poor-law Board for Dr. Markham," visited the wards. He found "very bad smells from the sinks." He thought that persons labouring under phthisis would "suffer in such wards, and would not be likely to recover." "He made his report to the Poor-law Board, but, estimable man (!)—"he did not recommend anything." The Coroner was brute enough to make some very strong observations on the fact that Dr. Bridges being a Government Inspector, finding the state of the atmosphere of these wards such as to have a tendency to accelerate death, had not reported his opinion as to what remedy should be applied. For our own part, we highly commend Dr. Bridges. He made a report—he took his pay—what could he do more? If he had recommended anything, what good would it have been? The Poor-law Board would have recommended it to the Guardians, the Guardians would have taken no notice of it, the patients would have gone on dying, and a great deal of unnecessary trouble and waste of time would have been the only result of Dr. Bridges' officious recommendation. If, since July last, the wards had been condemned as unfit for sick persons, and if the frequent remonstrances of the medical officer and of the Poor-law Board had met with silent contempt, what on earth was the use of taking any step in November, when the paupers were going off as rapidly as could be wished? Pah! This mischievous desire to do something lies at the root of all these infamous sensational inquiries, got up for the purpose of gratifying the personal vanity of some impertinent Paul Pry of a medical officer, and in order to give newspaper writers something to be indignant about. It is all humbug—gross humbug. The paupers are very comfortable in St. Pancras; now they are going to kill them by moving them to Highgate, where they will have no rats to hunt, no sewage to sniff at, no thick air to breathe; where they will have no windows close by their beds to let cold damp air in at night, where they will have no drains to cheer their lonely hours; where they will not be able to keep each other warm by their beds being close, or by lying in a nice bath, or on the soft voluptuous floor; where, it is much to be feared, they will have fresh air, and be attended to, and kept clean, and their stalls kept sweet, just as if they were horses or pigs, and not—paupers. It is horrible to think of.

We repeat, that the Guardians of St. Pancras are ill-used men. They are the victims of malignant persecution. They did their duty as far as they could see what their duty was. These sick paupers kept pouring in on them—they were very dear to keep; they could not be sent to any place where they were likely to recover; if they did recover they would be chargeable to the parish—the ratepayers were already complaining. Evidently the most prudent course to take was to kill them off as quickly as possible. When the horse is glandered, and old, and useless, or breaks his leg, don't we shoot him? There is an unfortunate prejudice against shooting human beings—much the most economical method of ending their pains—so they took a slower, but none the less sure, method of putting them down. Were they not right? What did these paupers know of life? Nothing but misery, penury, starvation. What were their homes? Very little better places, if at all, than the wards they were in—perhaps worse. Then, what jolly company they had there! Such a merry party of invalids—some with bronchitis, some with consumption, some with the itch, some with fever, some with more loathsome diseases, such a jolly lot! and then the rats—devilish good

company rats are—especially when they come from the drains, they are sweet playfellows, are your sewer rats! So full of life, so poetical, so loaded with perfumes of Arabia! It really makes us pity the poor Guardians to think that fortune should not have cast their lot in such pleasant places. What jovial nights those sick paupers must have passed, huddled together on the floor, coughing, sneezing, wheezing, gasping in chorus! How they must have looked forward to the nights, especially in the cold weather, when they could not open the windows, and the smells had it all their own way, and the air got fouler and fouler, till every breath they fetched was a triumph of nature, if not of art! It is such a charming picture that we can hardly tear ourselves away from it. When death came to join the party, struggling through the fetid air, with his hour-glass to his nose, what peals of laughter must have met him, what shouts of welcome! What well-to-do smug tradesman dozing in his arm-chair, half stupid from his ale or whiskey and water, would not envy the charming vicissitudes, the alluring varieties, the thrilling excitements, of such a life as this—or the perfect peace, the luxurious repose, of such a death?

Yes, this is the only true method of making the pauper happy. Why prolong his life? what will come of it? Will industry, will honest independence ever come to him? If this wretched man, whose cough is hacking him to pieces, were to recover, where can he go to? Home. Yes, home to the bare room to be shared by his wife and his son and his daughter and his baby! Home to the fire-side with no fire! Home to the table with no meal spread on it; to the cupboard with nothing but a half starved mouse or two in it. Or shall he stay in the workhouse? Will he get work there that can ever make him again a free man? No. Will he wear the badge of disgrace, of profitless drudgery? will he be exposed to contumely, insult, brutality? will he be grudged the scanty food that keeps the dull spark of life alight? Yes. Is this a future for hope to look forward to? Is this a life for which he would care to have passed through the valley of the shadow of death? No; let him go home to his real, his only home. The home where there is no Poor-law Board, where there are no guardians, no workhouses, no infirmaries, where there are no beadles. Let him go to his home from which no one can turn him out; let him go to his grave, to his home beyond the grave, where the suffering that he has known here may be held by a just but merciful Judge to have been enough, where he may know that perfect joy and peace, the faintest ray of which could never have come to him—No, not even in his dreams—upon this earth.

A MERRY CONCEIT.

THE Earl of Dartmouth has set himself up as a "funny man." At the annual soirée of the Meeke and Walkers Educational Institute at Hasthwaite the other day he delivered a speech, in which he maintained that no good had been done by disestablishing the Irish Church, and spoke in favour of religious education, remarking that a fourth R representing religion should be added to what are popularly known as the "three R's." In fact, the whole point of a very long-winded address was to lead up to his Lordship's little joke. Such exhibition should be put a stop to; for it is absolutely cruel that even the members of an Educational Institute should be inflicted with a couple of hours' gabble from a speaker whose only claim on the public attention is that he happens to be a Lord. If Lord Dartmouth, instead of holding forth on things in general, had explained to his audience the circumstances under which he thought himself justified in interfering with his tenants at the late elections, his discourse would have been far more edifying. Perhaps as his Lordship is such a confirmed wag, he meant the proceeding for a practical joke. If so, like all jokes, it will not bear repetition.

MUSICAL CLAY.

WE are glad to welcome Mr. Frederick Clay again among our active composers. He has been too long idle, in a musical point of view. He has written some delightful music for Mr. German Reed's small company Miss Fanny Holland is, both in voice and appearance, a charming addition to that cosy circle; and Mr. German Reed has returned fromhis tour in the country in capital form. Mrs. German Reed is indefatigable, and Mr. Arthur Cecil as funny, as original, as sweet voiced as ever. This is saying a good deal.

Mr. Clay deserves great credit for his pleasing music, labouring as it does under the disadvantage of being wedded to a rather feeble and inane libretto. We shall return to the subject in a future number. We have listened to the music three times, and want to hear it again. Can we say more?

BUMBLEDOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE sooner the Lord Mayor gives up shows and processions of state the better it will be for the Civic dignity. On Thursday last, when his Lordship, supported by some three hundred of his provincial brethren, went to Buckingham Palace to present an address to the King of the Belgians, his progress westward created the very mildest enthusiasm, notwithstanding that the line of route was carefully and quite unnecessarily preserved by a double row of policemen, who loitered the best part of a day away in the Strand and Pall Mall, while the thieves in Whitechapel and Islington were busily engaged in the practice of their profession. Indeed, in Pall Mall there were more policemen than spectators; and even at the bottom of St. James's street, where the provincial Mayors fell into line, a couple of ordinarily intelligent constables would have been amply sufficient for the duties to be performed. Although this would imply that, as a pageant, the Lord Mayor's procession of Thursday was a dismal failure, we frankly admit that it was quite worth seeing. In the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November the Mace Bearer always comes in for the heaviest amount of "chaff," as the meaninglessness, inutility, ugliness, and general cumbersomeness of the absurd bauble he supports at once is recognised and accepted as, *par excellence*, the most idiotic feature in the procession; but imagine some three hundred Mayors, who evidently had come to no definite conclusion as to what was regulation in the way of robes, each with a Mace Bearer and a Mace on the box of the fly which had been hired for the great event! Why these gentlemen (who deserve every credit for having come to town to pay their respects to the King of the Belgians), should have popped these ungainly weapons into the carpet bag which contained their nightshirt and toothbrush we cannot understand; but as they one and all seem to have agreed the Mace was *de rigueur* on the occasion, we can only assume that they know more about the matter than we do. Let us hope, however, that they did not carry their badges of office into the Royal presence, and that the baubles were left in the umbrella-stand in the hall. Seriously, although there may be no objection to a number of officials meeting together for a purpose such as that which called them together last week, they should forbear from making themselves the laughing-stock of the town, even if they happen to be Mayors. The Continental appreciation of the dignity and position of the Lord Mayor is certainly exaggerated and undefined enough without any fresh complication of ideas being forced upon foreign visitors. What will the Belgians think of England when their King goes home and tells them that he has actually received three hundred Lord Mayors at a time? The thought is too perplexing and distracting to dwell upon.

HISTORICAL.—On what occasion did George IV. give himself 'airs?—When he bought a wig.

THE BATTLE OF INKER-MAN.—Messrs. Parkins and Gotto have produced a new work of art, called the "Tomahawk Inkstand." It consists of a tomahawk, the handle of which holds the pens, while the blade contains the ink. Not inappropriate by any means—our hatchet is represented by a goose-quill—a powerful weapon—some say more powerful than the sword. To make our meaning plainer, we fight with cold steel, but we draw ink in preference to shedding blood.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND CAMEL RIDING.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SUEZ, *Nov.* 27, 1869.

I FEEL that all the excitement about the Canal, its depth, its prospects, and its shortcomings, must have long died out with you. Still I am your special correspondent, and though I have, I regret to say, missed a good deal of what has been going on in this neighbourhood, you have a right to such information as I have been able to procure for the benefit of your readers. I ought to add that I am to start in search of the sources of the Nile next week. But of this, more later. For the moment it will suffice to furnish you with my recent notes. You may remember I closed my last letter on the eve of my departure from *Port Said* with Spagmore on a camel. I think I mentioned that the camel was fresh. With this preface I beg to subjoin my notes just as they stand.

Nov. 19, 10 *a.m.*

We are off. I am on the camel's back, proper, and Spagmore is more forward on its neck. The movement of the creature is not unpleasant, now and then, but there is a monotony about it. *Port Said* is well left behind. Sun hot. We open one of our bottles of champagne and drink to "friends at home." Somehow we seem a long way from home. The camel certainly is a fine brute, and seems equal to a hundred miles if we liked.

10.30 *a.m.*

The camel seems to have a sort of cough. Spagmore says it is the sand from the desert in its nose. Its pace, however, still is excellent. Nothing to be seen for miles. We have both agreed camel riding is capital fun. Both of us delighted that we missed the yacht.

10.35 *a.m.*

Camel has suddenly stopped with a violent fit of coughing. Spagmore says we "haven't given him enough mouth," and that it will be all right presently, if he lets him have his way a bit.

11 *a.m.*

Have let the creature have his way for half an hour, but he is still very uneasy about the head. He keeps waving it from right to left. I have seen the camel in the Regent's park do this before he rolls over on his back, and I wish he would stop it. Spagmore says a camel never rolls in the desert,—at least he does not think so. Wants me to "jump off" and just look at his mouth, and see that it is all right.

11.25 *a.m.*

I can't "jump off." I wonder how the Arabs, or the Moors, or the Bedouins, or whoever are the people who like camel riding, manage to "look at his mouth," without getting off. Perhaps they climb along his neck, perhaps they slide down his side. Camel *very* restive, and inclined to waltz. Spagmore says I must "jump down" and look at his hocks. He says he had a gray cob who always began the staggers with a waltz, and that I must "look sharp if I don't want both of us to get an ugly spill." I suggest that Spagmore had better jump down, as *he* would know what was the matter with the camel's mouth if *he* looked at it. He says a camel is not a cob. This is unanswerable, and I feel I must get down.

11.45 *a.m.*

Am down. Managed it by sliding. Easy as anything. Can't see what the Bedouins have to brag about. Have looked up the camel's mouth. Can see nothing peculiar about it, except, perhaps, a rather too facetious expression. I, however, noticed much the same sort of thing about the mouth of the creature in Regent's park. Spagmore says, "Never mind his mouth, look at his hocks." I have caught hold of his hind off leg; it seems all right. All his legs seem all right. Perhaps a little bit too full about the knees. Spagmore says perhaps he is only "artful," and tells me to "jump up sharp."

1 *p.m.*

One hour trying to get on again! I can't. I wonder how the Empress of the French got on. She must have had a staircase, or something of the sort. Besides, I have no doubt her camel was *not* artful. Spagmore begs I "won't play the fool," and wants to know if I have never seen a fellow get on to a camel before. No, I never have, as far as I can remember, except once, fifteen years ago, at a circus. Besides, *that* camel was not like this camel. It knelt down, had tea with the clown, and let the riding-master sit on its head. And the man, too, who did get on its back, was dressed in spangles, and jumped through a newspaper moon. Spagmore says I have "no business to come to Egypt with a fellow unless I know how to mount a camel." He refuses to get off and try it himself. Another try for twenty minutes. The exertion has made me thirsty. Vote for another bottle of champagne. Carried.

1.30 *p.m.*

Capital champagne. Have drunk everybody's health, written our names in the bottle, and buried it in the sand. Spagmore bets me five to two in twenties that I won't mount the camel ten times in seven minutes. Taken him. Try number one. Nothing to catch hold of. Ought to have made for his neck. I will.

1.45 *p.m.*

The beast doesn't like it. Has snapped at me, and waltzed. Yee-ho-wo, come up, boy! He won't. Thought the camel came next to a horse in intelligence. Spagmore says it's the elephant. I say it's the camel. . . Spagmore says it's . . . th' elephant. . . I say . . . 't'snot. More champagne.

2 *p.m.*

Notes taken on the African—'Gyptian Desert.

Why . . . is camel . . with . . . Spagmore on's back . . . like . . . ha'p'orth lucif-matches . . ? Give-tup — — ? B'cos ——

* * * * * * * *

3 *m.p.*

H'llo . . caml'ssatdown —— ——

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.

APROPOS of duelling, the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its Occasional Notes, quotes the following story from a French newspaper:—

"Annon B. and Jeanneton L. had a difference respecting a sum of seventy-five centimes which had been lent by the former to the latter. Happening to meet on market-day, strong expressions were used on both sides—one calling the other a 'cheat,' and the other retorting by the term 'miser.' Annon, intent on paying herself, seized the handle of a basket of eggs which Jeanneton carried; a struggle ensued, the eggs began to fly furiously and fast, and both combatants were freely bespattered about the face and neck with yolk and shell. An elegantly-dressed young gentleman in the crowd made himself somewhat prominent by inappropriate mirth; this diverted the anger of Annon and Jeanneton from each other, and their concentrated wrath fell upon the head of him who mocked them. About two-thirds of the contents of Jeanneton's hamper had been consumed in the encounter; the remaining eggs were expended by the justly indignant women on the well-dressed offender, to the complete destruction of his irreproachable garments, and his utter confusion."

The story is stupid enough, and somewhat suggestive of a dearth of "evening news," but the moral the *Pall Mall Gazette* draws from it is at once unique, brilliant, and rational.

"There can be little doubt," adds our contemporary, "that the egg might with advantage be substituted for the sword in French duels."

Emphatically, *bosh*. If this is the sort of occasional note we are to expect from the *Pall Mall*, the more occasional such notes are the better for the public and for the paper itself.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE JENKINS AGAIN.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following paragraph, under the head "Court and Fashion:"—

"It is reported from Compiègne that the Prince Imperial has smoked his first cigar, and that the Emperor gave it to him."

The story, however, goes no further. It is not even stated what the cigar did to the Prince, who is as yet only a lad of thirteen, and a great deal too young to contract questionable habits. Probably, however, the fragrant weed had the same effect on his Royal Highness as the paragraph above quoted must have had on the enlightened reader—it made him sick.

LONDON, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

THE WEEK.

M. DE LESSEPS asks boldly for another 150 millions to complete his work. His enemies consider this demand *Suez-cidal.*

M. ROCHEFORT has been elected by the blackguards of Paris as their representative. We have not the slightest doubt that he will justify the signal mark of their confidence.

IT is stated that no less than four Parisian theatres have produced *Les Brigands* at once. This is the greatest public recognition of adaptation that has yet reached us from beyond the Channel.

LORD GRANVILLE evidently regards the Colonies as branches which encumber the parent stem, since he is for lopping them off. The Colonies, on the other hand, are wise enough not to take *cuttings* from an old tree.

IT would appear from the failure of *Forbidden Fruit* to attract, that the descendants of Adam and Eve are fewer than generally supposed. If the fascinations of *The Siren* should fall flat, there will be nothing left to try but *The Deluge*—only it must not be made of paper.

LORD GRANARD is distinguishing himself, in the only way open to him, by presiding at meetings where treasonous language is used. There are some people whom Fortune places in a high position, but in whom Nature reasserts herself by showing the mistake which Fortune has committed.

THE report that Mr. Ayrton has been studying Art at the South Kensington Museum, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Cole, is, we regret to say, without foundation. It is, we believe, true that the illustrious President of the Board of Works has gone so far as to buy a box of children's bricks in the Burlington Arcade, by the aid of which he is erecting a model which shall serve for all public buildings in London for the future.

UNDER the heading "A Remarkable Plough Handle" the *Glasgow Daily Herald* is responsible for the following astonishing anecdote :—

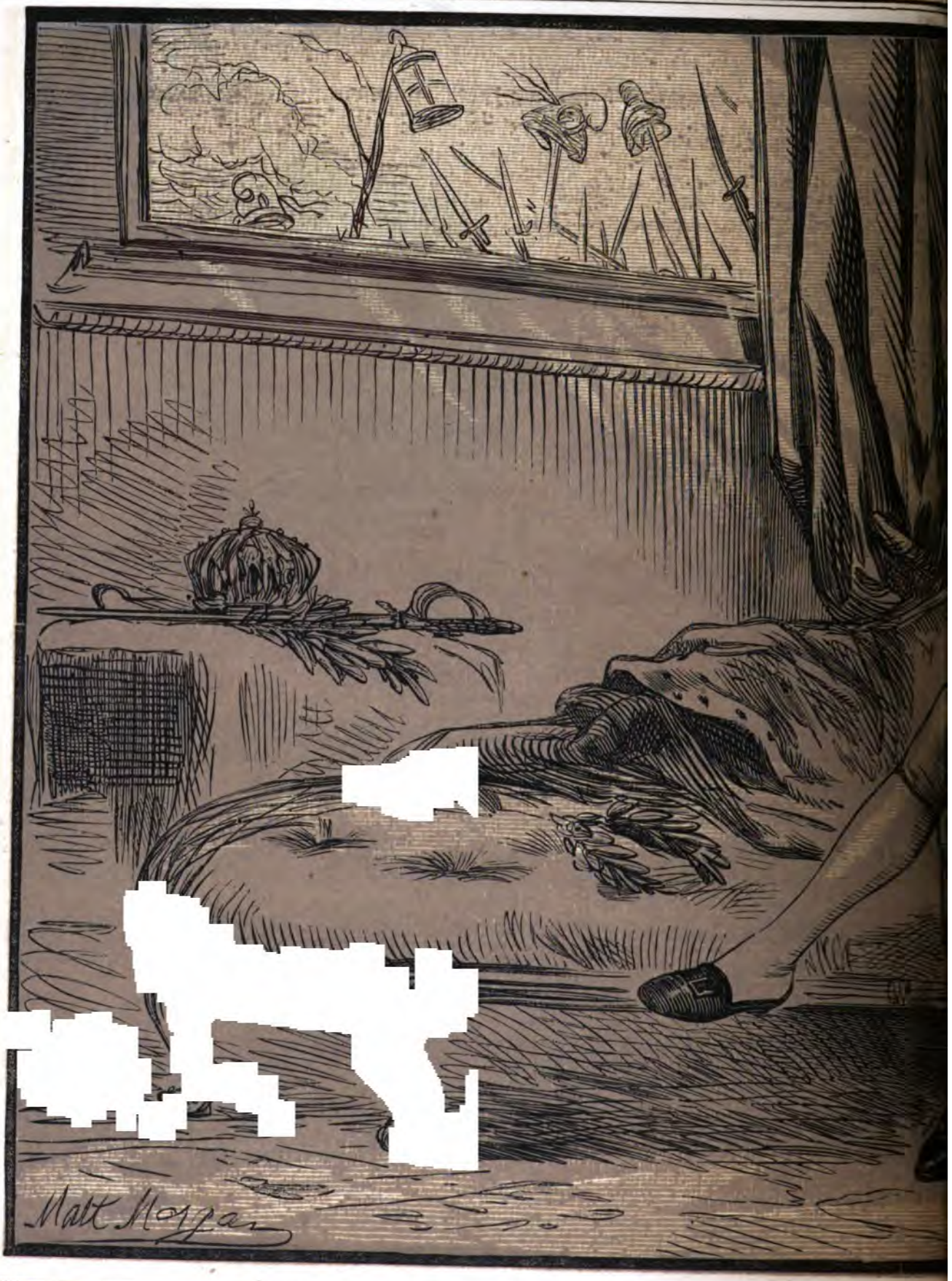
"As Mr. Lachlan M'Craig, of this town, was this morning crossing one of the fields on his father's farm he was very much astonished indeed to find a very fine black-cock transfixed upon the shaft of a plough which had been used in getting up the potatoes a day or two previously. It appears that the bird must have been proceeding with such rapidity, that, coming in contact with the handle of the plough at the 'crop,' it went clean through, and came out below the tail."

We have heard of such things as "ugly croppers," but we never really knew before what the phrase meant.

MR. BRUCE has another chance of distinguishing himself by reprieving Hinson, the Wood Green murderer. He will have no difficulty in finding an excuse for extending the mercy of the Crown to this distinguished criminal. Murders are not generally committed before an audience in broad daylight. Besides Mr. Bruce might fairly urge that he really could not allow the capital sentence to be carried out on Hinson, when all the other persons who "assisted" at these murders were allowed to go scot free. We never knew to what an extent self-preservation was the law of Nature till we read Mr. Edward Sawyer's and Mr. Henry Whitten's evidence. To let a man murder a woman before their eyes, beat her brains out, and then to stand by, while he went into the house of another person, with the avowed intention of murdering him, is an extent of self-possession to which few persons can attain. The two musicians, who at the sight of one man armed with a gun-barrel fled over a wall, are no doubt so fond of harmony that they have an insuperable dread of discord. The navvies to whom the gentlemen in the Civil Service appealed probably felt the spectacle too congenial to their natures to be interrupted. Seriously speaking, we never remember any case which exhibited human nature in a (shall we say?) *stranger* aspect.

IT appears, so the *Times* informs us, that there are upwards of one million of heathens in London. We are not surprised at the announcement. On the contrary, we believe the statement to be considerably under the mark. We, however, are not in the habit of sneering at religious enthusiasm, and of dealing cowardly blows at earnest men with whose convictions we cannot conscientiously agree; and, therefore, we can afford, while making all due allowance for the zeal of those who are at work, to denounce this state of things, in a country professing unctuously its Christianity, as a horrible scandal. The *Times*, it is true, does not express any extraordinary alarm, but it is, nevertheless, a little shocked,—about as much shocked as it might be by the discovery of an East-end bad meat sausage establishment. Yet, notwithstanding its announcement of the fact, perhaps there is not one single respectable journal that has such a decided *animus* against the only class who can deal with infidelity as the *Times*. Even now its pages are teeming with paragraphs, letters, and articles, calculated solely to damage the spread of religious dogmatism, which alone seems capable of any effort to stem the infidel tide by which the age bids fair to be inundated. We should like to know what these gallant writers and glorious thinkers have ever done in the remotest degree to compare, for instance, with this Mission work at which they are all jibbering and sneering in chorus? What have smart leaders and original doubts done for the spiritual condition of the million heathen of London? We do not, in any sense, profess to be a religious print, but we can, at least, throw bigotry away, and judge of serious issues like thinking, rational men. Therefore, we have no hesitation in saying that, whether these Missioners happen to be Evangelicals, Ritualists, Quakers, or Orientals, they are better men than their revilers. There may be different theories as to the best method of dragging a drowning man out of the water, but there can be but one judgment passed on him who sits on the bank—and does nothing. Such a man is a cur, and with this reflection we dismiss the subject.

A SWEETLY PRETTY PARAGRAPH.—Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide*, notwithstanding the interesting criticisms of the *Penny Thunderer* of Fleet Street and the *Star*, which being deprived of its Bright(ness) is now defunct, has drifted a good cargo into the treasury of the Queen's Theatre, will cease to run on Friday the 3rd inst., when Mr. E. J. Young, the manager, will take his benefit. Although the performances on this occasion will commence with *Milky White* it is certain that the amusement they will give will be of anything but a milk-and-watery character. That's our quaint *whey* (*milk whey*, Eh? ha! ha! ha!) of putting it.



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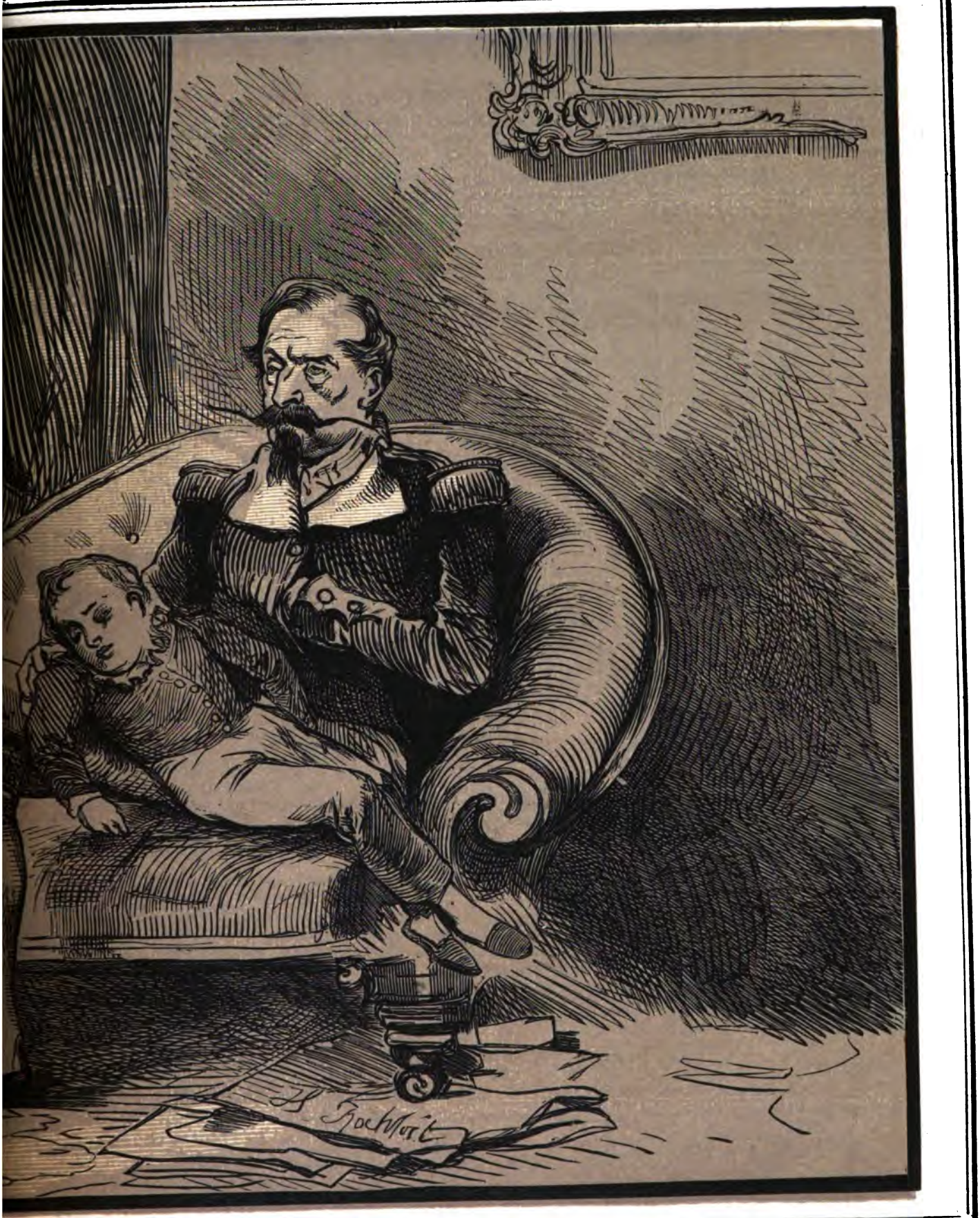
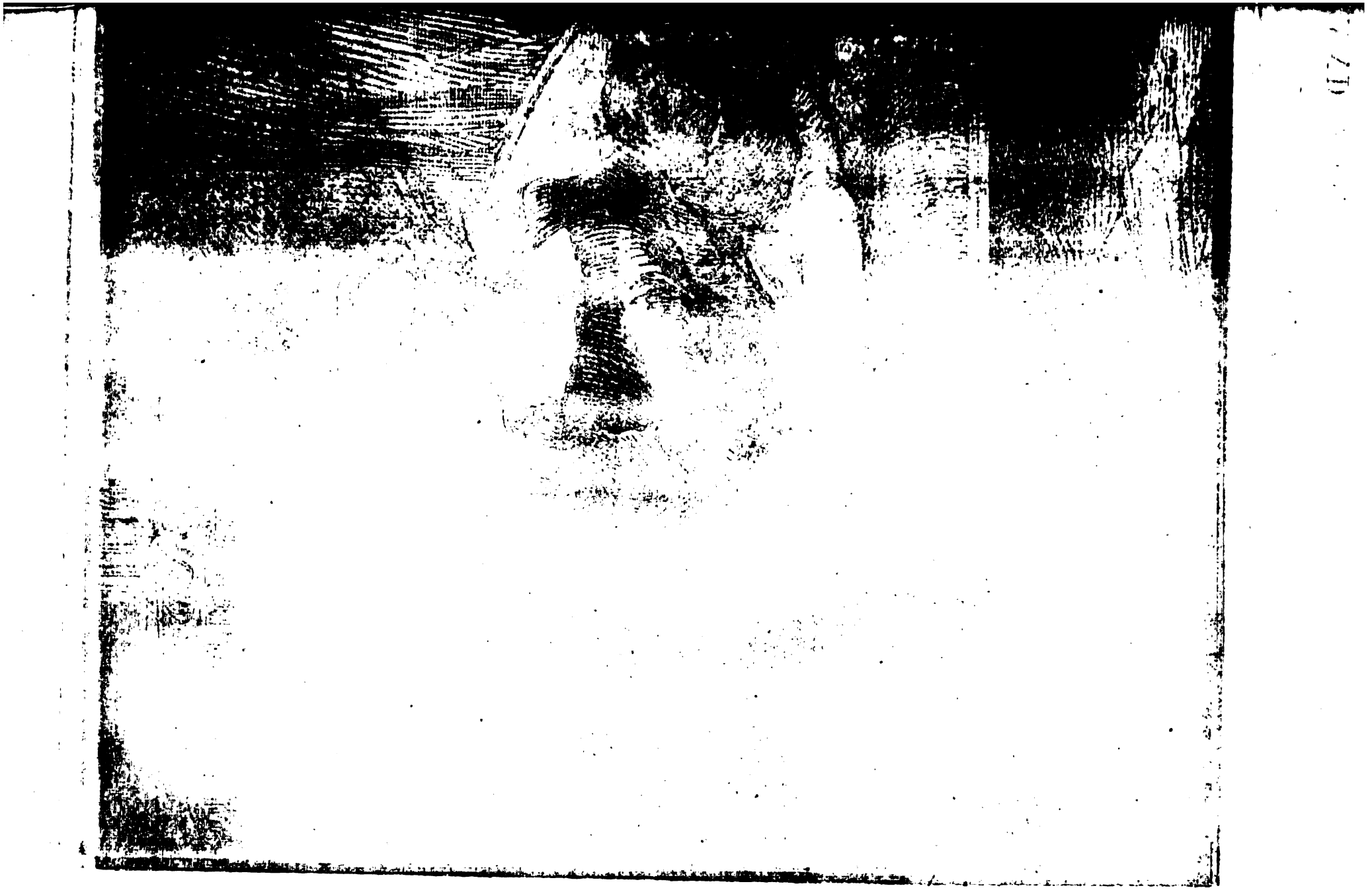


REIGN?"

AND SON.

(A HISTORICAL PICTURE REPRODUCED)



THE VOLUNTEERS AT THE PALACE.

[NOTE.—Be it clearly understood that this sketch in no way has reference to the crack metropolitan corps]

SCENE.—*The Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace. Gorgeous walls, gorgeous organ, gorgeous sofa benches, gorgeous footmen in Court dresses lining the staircases, an* OFFICIAL *sweeping up some dust in a corner.*

FIRST GORGEOUS FOOTMAN (*to* OFFICIAL SWEEPER).—What are you doing there?

OFFICIAL SWEEPER.—Oh, only sweeping up the "h's" dropped by the Corporation of London. I ought to have another fellow to help me to do it—it's too much for one man!

SECOND GORGEOUS FOOTMAN.—Look sharp, for here come the Volunteers. By jingo, they *are* a nice set of fellows! (*Sneers audibly.*)

(*Enter a number of* VOLUNTEER OFFICERS *in more or less gorgeous uniforms. They are attended by an* ENERGETIC COLONEL *in a grey uniform.*)

ENERGETIC COLONEL IN GREY.—Now then, look sharp, all of you. Here, you go there—and you there—and you there. Now let me get to the front. (*Pushes his way to another part of the room.*)

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER (*angrily to* SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER).—What right has *he* to go on like that? He's not the senior officer. I should like to have him as my client. Wouldn't I run up the costs for him! That I would, as sure as I'm an attorney—I mean a colonel.

SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER.—Yes, it's too bad! 'Ere I've come all the way from the country to be treated like this! Thursday, too, is always such a wery busy day in our shop. You'd be surprised at the lot o' cheese they buys on a Thursday!

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER.—Indeed, Colonel!

SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER.—Always my luck; now, if it 'ad only been a Saturday I shouldn't 'ave minded so much, altho' it would 'ave been wery inconvenient for my friend Snooks the Pawnbroker,—I mean the Colonel of the 194th Loamshire!

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER.—Hush, here's the King!

(*Enter the* KING OF THE BELGIANS. ENERGETIC COLONEL IN GREY *hurries about officiously.* VOLUNTEER OFFICERS *try to look like Soldiers and to forget the shop.*)

THIRD COMMANDING OFFICER (*to a* FRIEND).—Does he (*meaning* HIS MAJESTY) speak French? Eh? 'Cause I never learned French—they don't teach it at the Charity School—I mean—I don't speak it.

FRIEND.—Oh! 'e speaks every bit as good English as I does.

SATIRICAL OFFICER (*aside*).—The King's English (if this be the case) must, indeed, be excellent!

SEVERAL OFFICERS.—Hush!

OTHER OFFICERS.—'Ush!

COLONEL LORD ELCHO *reads the address with admirable effect.* VOLUNTEER OFFICERS (*for the first time in their lives*) *find a use for their swords—they strike the ground with them as if they had umbrellas, and were in the pit of a theatre. The* KING *replies in English. Delight of* OFFICERS *at finding themselves able to understand about every fourth word.*

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—Don't 'e speak English well, 'Arry?

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—It isn't English—it's French. Didn't you 'ear 'im say "wee"—that's French.

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—No, it isn't!.

(*The* KING *is introduced to* DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS.)

THE KING (*smiling affably*).—You are well, Sir?

ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFCERS.—Quite well, your Majesty. (*The* KING *shakes hands with him and passes on, intense delight of* ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS, *who tells the story for ever to his descendants and friends.*)

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICER.—294th Putneyshire Rifles, your Majesty.

THE KING.—Ah, Putneyshire! (*smiles affably, shakes hands, and passes on to another. Delirious delight of* ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICER.)

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—Oh, ain't 'e affable!

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—Well, I don't know; 'e didn't shake 'ands with *me*.

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—But you ain't a commanding officer!

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—No, but I should like to be!

(*Departure of the* KING. *Furious enthusiasm of* OFFICERS. *End of Ceremony.*)

CURTAIN.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE!

IN last Thursday's papers appeared a report of the trial trip of the Druid, 10 guns, 1,322 tons. We do not know what she will cost the country, but if the figure is high the following extracts from the account in question will greatly interest the British taxpayer. After a great many details, and a return on account of a "leaking of the valves," we are told that—

"She vibrated fore and aft in the most unlooked for manner."

"In the captain's cabin pails filled with water were half emptied of their contents."

"The rigging seemed as slack as if it had never been taut."

"The general opinion on board was that three months at sea, under such circumstances, would send the ship into dock shaken to such an extent as to require complete overhauling and repair."

"The compasses would not 'travel' at all."

We conclude this will be put all right; but fancy such a gallant craft in action! A few old Adelphi pirates and the thing would be complete.

STARS AND GARTERS.

MR. ONSLOW, the Rector of Sandringhan, who accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their tour in the East, has received from the Viceroy of Egypt the order of the Medjidie, and from the Sultan the order of the Osmanli. Not only this, but the Prince of Wales, in consideration of Mr. Onslow being his private chaplain, has graciously given him leave to sport his decoration in the Royal presence. It is certainly not usual for clergymen to emblazon themselves with orders, and Mr. Onslow cannot possibly wear his honours either in the pulpit or in the bye-lanes of his parish. We are, therefore, inclined to think that, although the Prince of Wales deserves every credit for marking his appreciation of a no doubt faithful servant, his Royal Highness has been a little injudicious in giving his licence to a priest in holy orders to infringe a law which, in the case of other civilians, is always held to in its very strictest letter. Who knows but that this little concession may be opening the gates to a new principle? If Rectors may wear Stars we shall surely have the Bishops claiming Grand Crosses of the Bath, and the Archbishops a pair of Garters at least.

"DELAYED IN TRANSMISSION."

ALTHOUGH it is stated that every exertion is now being made to enable the Government to take over the working of the telegraphs by the first day of the new year, it seems pretty certain that the new arrangements will only come into force some weeks later. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, too, has as yet done nothing towards raising the requisite funds; and it is understood that he will make use of the loose cash at his disposal to carry out the bargain entered into with the private companies. This is all a very bad beginning. That a scheme like that which is now about to be brought forward should be allowed to limp forth in an incomplete manner is to be regretted; and it is, moreover, questionable whether Mr. Lowe is justified in appropriating, even for a time, public money for a purpose for which it was never intended. Of course, no one is responsible for the bungling way in which the Government is taking possession of the telegraph wires; but the public, who are not uninterested parties in the new arrangement, would gladly see the affair carried through to a conclusion in a business-like and straightforward manner.

BRASS AND STEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

Paris.

SIR,—In the interests of public morality as well as in the interests of the legitimate drama may we request you to favour us by admitting to your columns the accompanying correspondence between a certain theatrical manager in England and ourselves?

Your obedient servants,
MM. NUS and BELOT.

(COPY.)

Theatre Royal, —— ——.

MESDAMES,—The manager of the Vaudeville informs me that the printed copies of your highly successful and perfectly moral piece *La Fièvre du Jour* have all been sold, and that you have reserved to yourselves the right of authorizing its translation into foreign languages. Under these circumstances he is unable to cede to me the use of the original MS., and has referred me to yourselves to arrange for its production in London.

I accordingly take the liberty to address myself to yourselves, Mesdames, and assure you of my profound respect for the delicate and sensitive morality which pervades as with a sweet perfume the piece of which you are the distinguished authoresses.

I flatter myself that I have also some talent for catering to the necessities of public morality; and as it may be necessary ere long to withdraw my *Anonyma*, I purpose to replace it by a translation and adaptation of *La Fièvre du Jour*.

It will be my endeavour to disguise it to such an extent as may prevent, or, at least, postpone, recognition; at the same time it will be my aim to preserve all the essential and characteristic features of the plot, and thereby its interest intact.

For instance, the following modifications suggest themselves as suitable to an English audience:—André, who embezzles his employer's money, will be the cashier of an Insurance Company, instead of an *agent de change*. In England, men of business look after their own affairs too closely to permit of any large defalcation being long undiscovered; it is with the savings destined for widows and orphans that reckless speculation, and jobbery, and extravagance can most securely deal.

The conception of Clémence offering to sell her virtue to liquidate her husband's debts, is honourable alike to your hearts and heads; but why make Clémence a wife? A mistress would have been interesting and far more *piquante*. One of our legal luminaries has just informed us in a recent *cause celèbre*, that men of the world know that the honour of a mistress is as dear to a man as that of a wife, and that jealousy on that account affords an equal justification for revenge upon a rival. My experience of an English audience convinces me that this will draw more effectually.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to present you each with a programme of the piece when produced, and should either of you ever visit England, a seat in the amphitheatre will be at your disposal.

I assure you, Mesdames, of my most distinguished consideration.

Your obedient servant,
* * * * * * *.

(COPY.)

Paris.

SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, asking for the MS. of our recent piece, entitled *La Fièvre du Jour*.

Before entering upon this question, we take this opportunity of informing you that you have committed a trifling error in regard to our sex. We do not wear jupons, our hair is our own, in a word, we have the misfortune to be—men.

This insignificant mistake being set right, we remark with profound regret that your appreciative proposal to translate and adapt our piece is unaccompanied by any hint of your intention of remunerating us for the share we shall have in gratifying your distinguished audiences. You pay your actors, your scene painters, and your orchestra, but it does not appear that we shall ever be honoured with a place in your list on the occasion of your appearance at Court—we mean the Court of Bankruptcy.

If English authors cannot provide you with a plot which will fill your house, on what principle of moral justice, for we do not now refer to our legal rights, do you refuse to share your profits with those who put the employment into the hands of yourself and your company?

The answer to this question rests, Sir, with yourself, meanwhile, we subscribe ourselves, your obedient servants,

MM. NUS and BELOT.

* * * * * * * *

(COPY.)

Theatre Royal, —— ——

GENTLEMEN,—Thanks for your information regarding your sex. I can now dispense with the laws of gallantry, and answer your question directly and practically.

Your letter betrays a grave ignorance regarding the customs of the English stage. I did not propose to use your piece in the original French, but to translate, adapt, and *disguise* it. The London theatres are full of adaptations from the French, and we obtain all our successes in this manner; but we never yet heard that we were expected to pay for the use we make of other persons' brains.

My dignity will not permit me now to confer upon you the intended honour of utilizing your piece, but it is probable that Mr. Tom Adapter, or some other English author, will prove less scrupulous.

Your obedient servant,
* * * * * * *.

IRISH "TUMBLERS."

WE hear on good authority that this enterprising troupe have nearly completed their rehearsals, and are prepared to produce their Christmas Entertainment, under the spirited management of the Rev. Mr. Ryan, P.P.

Tumblers have hitherto practised their art in a neuter sense; but neutrality has always been found ill-adapted to the native enthusiasm of the "finest pisantry" in the world, and the members of the corps, which now forms the centre of general attraction, are remarkable for the *active* manner in which they "tumble their landlords."

This novelty, which has already proved "startling" to more than one Irish landholder and agent is, we understand, to be reproduced at appropriate intervals after Christmas. *Headers*, it is said, have been quite discarded in favour of *revolvers*, and the degree of perfection to which they have brought their *practice* is apparently considered by some to be highly creditable to the performers. Mr. Ryan, as the letters at the end of his name show, is a man of *peace*, but he does not find it inconsistent with this character to give the *cue* of assassination to a band of excited and fanatical admirers. The rumour that Mr. Gladstone has raised him to the Peerage is, we believe, premature.

There is also no truth in the report that Mr. Moore, M.P., and The O'Donoghue have joined the troupe of Irish Tumblers. We understand, however, that they were at one time in training for a private performance at tumbling one another, but this match is stated on reliable authority to be since off.

BREATHING TIME.

THE *New York Tribune*, in a recent article on the Alabama claims, complains that Mr. Motley has yet taken no steps towards a settlement of the question. "While for a time we are glad to be relieved," says the paper, "from the jangle and the noise, and the anger and recrimination, we have reason to believe that the administration has not by any means lost sight of the question, or of the necessity for its settlement. It will take some time to mature the plans and bring them to a consummation, but there is at least a probability that before the close of President Grant's term the Alabama claims will be settled in a manner satisfactory to the American people."

If the *New York Tribune* fairly represents the views of our American cousins on the subject, they are certainly in no hurry to wind the matter up. To speak complacently of the possibility of a settlement being arrived at in the course of the next four or

five years shows at least that there is no very keen feeling with reference to the Alabama claims on the other side of the Atlantic. So much the better, for we confidently believe that the less the pressure that is put upon us by the United States representative at the Court of St. James's the more is the likelihood of our acting in a spirit of generous concession. Certainly the New York press appears to be doing its best to make the way of conciliation easy, and it will indeed be a pity if the blundering of diplomats destroys the good influence it exercises towards a satisfactory termination of a very irksome and trouble-giving squabble.

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH THE MORTALS ENTER ON THE DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF OMNIPOTENCE.

IT was a week after the events narrated in our last chapter.

All the Gods and Goddesses had taken their leave of Olympus.

The Heaven and Earth Reform Association (Limited) had taken possession on behalf of the world of mortals.

They tried to persuade some of the Immortals to stay and keep them company, at least, for a little; but in vain. They were inexorable. As for Venus, she declared that she would rather go and spend a year with the Furies, than stay to be deluged with clumsy compliments from that vulgar brute, Priggins.

"The Provisional Committee for Governing Heaven and Earth" was constituted at once, and met to transact business, for the first time, on the day on which our present chapter opens.

It was constituted as follows:—

President (late JOVE) . .	MARCUS ANTONIUS SMITH.
Weather Department (late APOLLO)	PLUVIUS JOHNSON.
War Department (late MARS)	CATO BROWN.
Marine Department (late NEPTUNE)	CURTIUS COX.
Medical Department (late ÆSCULAPIUS) . . .	DECIMUS BRUTUS POTTS.
Education Department (late MINERVA)	SEPTIMUS SEVERUS PRIGGINS.
Post-Office (late MERCURY) .	MR. PUBLIUS PRYOR.
Woman's Rights Department (late JUNO)	MONACUS MILL.
Agricultural Department (late CERES)	VIRGINIUS DIBBS.
Public House and Licensed Victuallers' Department (late BACCHUS) . . .	TULLIUS WIGGINS.

The first thing to do was to read the petitions presented since the abdication of Jupiter.

This was a formidable task. We select the following from some ten thousand million that had reached Olympus from the agitated members of the World of Mortals:—

(1)	*A Petition*	for no more rain.	(From a man who had lost his umbrella.)
(2)	„	for no more sun.	(From a gentleman interested in turnips.)
(3)	„	for lots of snow.	(From two hundred and fifty-six schoolboys.)
(4)	„	for ripe peaches all the year round, to be given only to the petitioners.	(From four fruiterers of Covent Garden.)
(5)	„	demanding ten thousand a year and a house in town.	(From 34,789,326,423 young married couples.)
(6)	„	begging the gift of light hair and blue eyes.	(From 396,423,210,002 dark-haired young ladies with brown eyes.)
(7)	„	entreating the favour of black hair and brown eyes.	(From 423,396,212,001 light-haired young ladies with blue eyes.)
(8)	*A Petition*	demanding a double-barrelled gun (complete).	(From 2 boys aged 12 and 10 respectively.)
(9)	„	requesting the appointment of President of the Provisional Committee.	(From 5,000,006 ex-politicians.)
(10)	„	for a new digestive apparatus (complete, warranted durable).	(From 36,802 epicures.)
(11)	„	for leave to burn six bishops of any Christian Church (not particular which).	(From 103 dissenting ministers.)
(12)	„	for leave to burn all dissenters.	(From 16,836,048 orthodox Christians.)
(13)	„	for free permission to kiss the Prince of Wales.	(From 927,084 virgins, chiefly of Clapham and Islington.)
(14)	„	for the privilege of seeing her Majesty Queen Victoria eat her dinner.	(From 396,423,348,021 householders of Great Britain.)
(15)	„	asking for the gold in the Bank of England.	(From 35 retired burglars.
(16)	„	for a clear conscience (colours warranted fast).	(From 25 ex-Cabinet ministers.)
(17)	„	for Dr. Ellis's heart and liver, on a silver waiter.	(From the Guardians of St. Pancras.)
(18)	„	for leave to blow up the world.	(From Dr. Cumming.)
(19)	„	for perpetual exemption from being translated or adapted.	(From 56 French dramatists.)
(20)	„	for the sole management of the Thunder and Lightning department.	(From the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.)

The above is a very fair selection; from which it will be seen that individual advancement was more sought after than the general welfare.

"Dear me!" said the President, after the petitions had been read,—"I wish all the petitions were in——"

"Take care, Sir," remarked Pryor; "remember you are omnipotent."

"So I am; then I shall stop all petitions for the future."

"Then you'll be deposed."

"I should like to see them do it—depose me, indeed! Arn't I the almighty President?"

"But you forget, Smith——"

"Don't call me Smith!"

Priggins—for it was that distinguished mortal—corrected himself.

"I mean, Mr. President. I was going to observe that the Sovereign People——"

"D—n the Sovereign People!" roared the infuriated President.

"I rise to order," said the majestic Potts.

"I order you to sit down," said the President.

There was a little laugh—the President took advantage of it.

"I don't want to lose my temper; but I ask you, my honourable colleagues, whether this sort of thing is to be endured?" and he pointed to the mass of petitions that lay piled on the floor of the house.

"But we must do something, Mr. President," Wiggins observed, and he tried to look very wise.

"Perhaps the right honourable gentleman will tell us what that 'something' is."

"Well," said Pryor, "it has always struck me as it was a very inconvenient thing, the sun rising and setting at such different times. I like my servants to get up at sunrise, and go to bed at sunset. Suppose as the right honourable gentleman in the chair

was to issue a command as the sun should always rise at six o'clock, and set at ten in the evening; it would save a deal of trouble, and candles too."

"Hear, hear," from all the Committee.

"Capital notion," said the President. "Make the order out, and we'll sign it."

"But how about the seasons?" asked Wiggins.

"Yes," said Brown, "we should never know summer from winter."

"Well, let it be summer all the year round—and then we shan't want fires—and there'll be no trouble to plough or sow; because all the things will grow of themselves for ever, when there ain't no cold to kill them."

"Very economical," said Brown. "I hope the agricultural interest will be satisfied now."

"I hope they will," muttered Dibbs ruefully. But he did not believe they would; for every one knows the agricultural interest is not easy to satisfy.

"And as to this lot of rubbish," continued the President, pointing to his petitions, "let them lie where they are, on the floor of the house, and tell the people, Pryor, if they call, that their requests are under consideration."

So the first meeting of the Provisional Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association for Governing the World on Advanced Liberal Principles came to a conclusion.

"SHIED BY A HORSE!"

BY A——R A'B——T.

(BEING THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "BRITANNIA."*)

Chapter I.—Coming Throes of Endless Woe!

IT doesn't matter exactly who I am. You may be sure I am something above a Knight—by my haughtiness, and by the fact that I am writing my memoirs for a shilling magazine. Yes, I was a Baronet in early youth, and now I am—ha! ha!—no matter'r!

I am keeping a lighthouse. Why? you ask. Because, I answer, it is *the* very thing a baronet would do—in a magazine! Yes, and I care not for the world, with its cruel sneers and inuendoes. I write not this for your pleasure, O reader (who *are* you?), but for my own—they pay me pence for these flashing lines—a penny and a halfpenny for a dozen words—and I live—yes, I, the lineal descendant of Sir Ralph de Pomatum, live after this indignity! But, ha!—ha!—ha! no matter'r'r!!!

I have one friend, Tom Lowman. He was my lackey—my pampered, fat-calved lackey—and now he is my——friend! Friend! Ha! ha! ha! My laugh is hollow. Make a telescope of it, and glance into the very core of my heart—yea, my heart of hearts!

"Have you heard the news, your grace, my lord Archbishop?" said Lowman—he always addressed me thus, because he had known me when I was gay, and handsome, and merry, and good, and happy, and sought after, and well, and economical, and joyous, and careless as a young spring sparrow wending his weary way through the vaults of high heaven—amid the skies—among the cloudlets!

"What news?" I replied.

He paused for a moment, passed the palm of his right hand over his throbbing temples, roared out in a kind of hoarse whisper, which seemed very near, and yet very far—

"Why, the horse show to be sure!"

To this day I can never say what forced me to exclaim,—

"'Murder will out,' said Dr. Johnson to Professor Faraday—a fact embodying all the arguments as yet adduced!"

I was mad, terribly mad, and the blood coursed through my veins like wildfire.

Lowman started, and seizing me by the hand, answered me sorrowfully—

"You will never forget her?"

"Never!"

And thus we parted—to meet again. When? Where?? Ah, where!!!!!

Chapter II.—The Dead Ghost!

I WENT to the fair. I listened to the hoarse shouts of the men and the immense shouts of the horses. It was a lively scene Booths, and shows, and theatres, and gingerbread-nuts, and booths, and whirligigs, and weighing-machines and gingerbread-nuts, and all, all, all, everyone of them to pass away! Oh vanity of vanities!

"Come and see the phantom horse, ma tear," cried an old Jew, grinning and capering like a cat-o'-nine tails, "Come, ma tears, come."

The same wild, terrible, horrible dream filled my soul with fear, and I paid the penny demanded of me.

I went in.

Oh horror, the horse was dead! And it was for this that I left my home in the lighthouse! It was for this that I listened not to the sad voice of the sea-salt (not Tidman's, but Nature's, O reader—dear Dame Nature's) waves! Ah me! ah me! What would my mother say?

My poor mother!

My poor dear mother!

I wiped away the tear and continued.

The horse fixed its dead eyes upon me and said—

Oh, anything you like, to fill up the chapter!

Chapter III.—Haunted by the Fiend!

I WAS back once more in the lighthouse.

I was ill, and cold, and uncomfortable, and uneasy, and sleepy, and wretched, and doleful, and sick at heart. I was quite, quite alone! Alone, I say, quite, *quite*, QUITE alone!!!!

I lighted the lamp in the lantern and shuddered—some dread presentiment seemed to hang like a dagger over me.

Oh, Damocles! Oh, Damocles!

By degrees I looked up, and standing before me, with outstretched hoofs and fiery mane, stood the phantom steed!

To shriek, to cut my throat, to stab myself to the heart, and to swear, was the work of a moment, and then—then, I say—I was more calm!

"You would know who I am?" demanded my unearthly guest.

I bowed my head.

"Take a chair, then. And now you shall hear my story."

(*To be concluded when we think of the rest.*)

* This is incorrect, or we should not insert it.—ED. TOM.

QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS.

THE following announcement appeared a few days back in the morning papers *à propos* of the strike in the iron trade:—

"Most of the underhand puddlers engaged at Earl Granville's Iron Works, at Hanley, have returned to their work, and order is restored."

While we are glad to hear that the strike is at an end, we must express our surprise that a man of Lord Granville's position should have anything to do with "underhand puddlers." What can his lordship expect from a morally degraded body? A want of straightforwardness between master and servant must necessarily be fatal to the interests of both, while the employment of "puddlers" need never be necessary when ordinary working hands are plentiful in the labour market. Let Lord Granville replace his "underhand puddlers" by above-board artizans, and we shall hear no more of strikes and disorder. At least, so we take it.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

P	ythones	S
Y	ok	E
R	ove	R
A	l	P
M	yrtl	E
I	n	N
D	eb	T

ANSWERS have been received from Charles' Nose, Eiram, Ruby's Ghost, Jean's je ne sais pas, Striblets, Henry Cherry, Samuel E. Thomas, Slodger and Tiney, and Thray Bang, and eighty-nine incorrect.

ERRATUM.—In the lines on George Peabody in our last (page 241), 11th line from bottom of second column, for "*from* above," read "*borne* above."

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 136.] *LONDON, DECEMBER* 11, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

DOWN WITH THE UNION.

TREASON is rampant in Ireland. Sedition and assassination have it all their own way. Ireland has a fresh grievance if she wants one; she can complain now not so much of mis-government as of non-government. Public meetings are held every-day, where rebellion and assassination are openly advocated. Newspapers are sold largely which are entirely devoted to the same principles. It becomes a question now for the taxpayers of England to consider—who have over and over again been burdened with contributions for the sake of Ireland—whether it is worth while to retain the nominal possession of a country which we either cannot, or dare not govern.

The cautious cut-throats and sordid scribblers of sedition who are allowed by the impotent cowardice of the Government and the loyal Irish to usurp the right of representing the national feeling of Ireland, clamour to be freed from the yoke of the invader, to be rid of the "bloody" Saxon. Bloody the Saxons certainly are, but it is with their own blood shed by cowardly assassins that they are stained; they are not, as they should be, red with the blood wrung by the lash from the backs of the howling scoundrels who infest Ireland. If the request (so politely urged) of these "patriots" were granted, if all the Saxons were to leave the Irish to govern themselves, and divide the land among themselves, the worst enemies of the Emerald Isle could wish them no more terrible fate. It may well be questioned whether, except in the most repulsive period of the French Revolution, such a collection of degraded brutes and bloodthirsty blackguards was ever got together, than the band of creatures who support O'Donovan Rossa, felon, and M.P. for Tipperary. The Irish know well enough that to be governed by these men renders slavery the most abject and the most loathsome, because it would imply subjection to the lowest form of humanity. Except oratorical power which manifests itself in shameless lying, and courage which manifests itself in committing treacherous crimes when there is no danger of being punished for them—it is difficult to say what qualities these patriots possess which can excite admiration, even in an Irishman. Talent they have none; self-devotion they are gloriously ignorant of; statesmanship it would be an insult to suspect them of; benevolence or generosity they would indignantly disclaim; they are certainly heroes, to worship whom one must be very hard up for an idol. There are no snakes in Ireland, but we daresay there are a good many vermin, to say nothing of respectable brute-beasts, that one could feel less disgust and contempt for than for these *things*. Let them only govern the Irish, and all the sufferings then ever endured under the galling yoke of bloodthirsty England will be Heaven to what they will have to endure then. But to this result blundering, incapacity, and vigorous do-nothingness are rapidly leading us. The choice will be limited soon to a murderous war with the most despicable foes, or a clumsy concession of self-government to Ireland. If we persist in allowing murder and treason to go unchecked much longer, it will not be a few noisy, sordid braggards whom we shall have to put down, but half a nation, led on, in the blindness of their ignorance, and the degradation of their superstition, to acts of rebellion, which either must succeed, or must be rigorously punished. It is not a pleasant prospect, at least for Ireland. We have not the slightest doubt that the obliteration of Ireland from the British Empire would add to our power, as it certainly would add to our honour and to our happiness; but for the unfortunate land of patriots and potatoes, it would be a calamity terrible to contemplate. For let the fools who listen to these seditious rascals, understand this. If England does break with Ireland, it will be for ever. No apologies, however ample—no entreaties, however humble—no repentance, however bitter, will avail after that. The union once dissolved, it is dissolved for ever; the divorce will be complete; no alimony, no compensation will be allowed to the degraded wife. Let her drag herself starving and in rags to John Bull's door: that door is closed against her for ever; and, what she will feel more severely, his pockets are impregnable henceforth to her prayers or her threats.

It is because we fear that the long-suffering of England may not be proof against the constant provocation which she receives from these mongrel Yankees, who profess to represent the national feeling of Ireland, that we warn those whose interest or affection bind them to that country, of the danger which their timidity and apathy are fostering. It is no use for any resident in Ireland, be he Celt or Saxon, to profess a passive loyalty at this time. Every one who has any respect for the law, who desires to save Ireland from being torn to pieces by a pack of howling wolves, must consider himself a soldier on active duty. The more sincerely convinced he may be that there are still many reforms needed in Ireland, the more imperative it is that he should aid the Government with the utmost watchfulness and energy. If the respectable farmers of Ireland could only summon up the courage to act together, and to act decidedly, agrarian murders would soon be put an end to. No man, whatever his political prejudices or antipathies, can possibly respect himself, while he allows himself to be the slave of such

a degraded terrorism as these cowardly assassins have hitherto successfully exercised. It is not sufficient, we repeat, to be passively loyal or honest; it is not sufficient even to express openly abhorrence of Fenianism and agrarian crime; it is only by concerted action of the most vigorous kind that the law can be vindicated. It is not possible for the executive to bring these murderers and incendiaries to justice, without the aid of the more respectable portion of the community, except at the cost of many innocent persons; and the cowardly scoundrels, who direct those secret societies, know this. They know well enough that in any other country, and under any other government, the gaols would now be crowded with persons arrested on suspicion, or for previous complicity in murder. They know that under many other governments, in Poland, for instance,—under the genial sway of America's pet ally Russia,—the blood of the people would be flowing like water, were one hundredth part of the crime and treason to exist there that now flaunts itself before the public eye in Ireland. We have heard quite enough about Saxon tyranny, &c., &c.; it is time to put an end to all this lying, and braggadocio, and treachery, and violence; they are becoming mischievous, not to their professors and practisers, but to innocent industrious men, whose peace and prosperity are of some moment to this country. These vile vermin may begin to believe, as much as they can believe anything, that England fears them. It is because she does not fear them that she lets them alone. But this contemptuous treatment may inspire them with courage—if that is possible. They are not likely ever to face soldiers' muskets or cannon. Open warfare is not in their way, but they may take to thieving, and arson, and assassination on a still larger scale. We say again, therefore, let all the honest and true men in Ireland, of whatever party or creed, exterminate these abominations. There is no need to hang or to shoot them. A sound flogging would make them loyal to-morrow. They would not brave such a punishment twice. If the people of Ireland are determined to submit to the tyranny of these creatures, they must. We have warned them of the possible consequences: we have warned them that from wearied and disgusted England may come the cry to sever all ties between us and Ireland; that we may leave that country to the miserable fate which self-government implies, and for ever, in the positive assurance that, let who will conquer it, it will ever be a source of weakness and shame, not of strength and glory.

HONOURABLE THIEVES.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS' new novel, "Man and Wife," is to be translated into Dutch, and, what is more, Mr. Wilkie Collins is to be paid for the use made of his work. At least, so it appears from a letter addressed to one of our contemporaries last week, in which the novelist boasts that he has brought the Dutch publishers, who threatened to print "Man and Wife" without remunerating him, to their senses as to how foreign authors should be treated and dealt with. In this, the last letter of a not uninteresting correspondence, Mr. Collins retracts his severe strictures on the morality of the proprietors of the *Stiver* magazine, and proclaims to the world that they are no longer the thieves and robbers which, at first sight, he took them to be.

For our part, without entering into the vexed question of the laws of international copyright and the rights and wrongs of British authors, we are inclined to think that Messrs. Belinfante Brothers, of the Hague, have at no time appeared to disadvantage in the discussion now, we presume, concluded; and that their final decision, "to pay and have done with it," is a course of moderation and generosity which, after Mr. Collins's sharp attack upon them, that gentleman could scarcely have expected. However, if he has done his Dutch publishers an injustice, he now frankly owns it.

A POINT OF DETAIL.

GOOD Christians are already quarrelling over the particular form of religion which Mr. Peabody professed, and the Congregationalists, so far as the controversy has at present gone, seem to have got the best of it. "Take my word for it," writes Mr. Charles Reed, one of the executors, in a letter to an Independent minister, "Our late departed friend was a Congregationalist of our own order. I closed his eyes in death."

Would it not appear to be the more decent course here to let the matter rest? What Mr. Peabody was we all know well, and these bickerings of ministers of religion over his coffin can neither add to, nor detract from, the respect which the good man's name must ever command in the civilized world. Let us assume that Mr. Peabody held his own opinions, and stood aloof from all sects and parties. Not impossibly this may have been so, for his practice of religion had little enough in common with the Christianity of the nineteenth century in any of its many phases. We are generally ready enough to condemn the custom, not uncommon just now, of men giving men's names to the schisms they have been principally instrumental in effecting; but there are exceptions to every rule, and we would welcome the institution of "Peabodyism" as a new form of Christianity with heartfelt satisfaction.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE threat of the Sultan to deprive the Viceroy of the title of "Khedive" appears to us, in our matter-of-fact little island, something of a petty and pointless measure: but from what the Turkish and Egyptian papers say about the matter, it seems to be seriously considered in the East. If the *Gazette* were to announce that Mr. Gladstone was no longer to be officially alluded to as "the Premier," but simply as the "First Lord of the Treasury," we doubt very much if the right honourable gentleman would be very seriously affected thereby; but the Viceroy is evidently more sensitive, and he hangs on to his newly-adopted title with even more tenacity than he uses to retain the right of borrowing money, raising armies, or building ships. His Highness has certainly shown no lack of common sense in his proceedings since his accession to power; and it is a pity if his intelligent appreciation of what is important and what is not goes astray on a point so immaterial as this. It would be a good thing if the Viceroy's friends would advise him to adopt the argument of the coalheaver, who allowed himself to be beaten by his wife on the grounds that it pleased her and it did not hurt him. Surely, the patron and promoter of the Suez Canal has a stronger claim on the goodwill and respect of civilised nations than that contained in the title, "Khedive," which means very little if it means anything at all, and which adds not a jot to His Highness's influence and dignity.

ASSES IN TIGERS' SKINS.

THE parish of St. Pancras certainly intends to leave its mark on the parochial history of the nineteenth century. A meeting of the ratepayers was held last week at the Crown Tavern to take into consideration the present unsatisfactory state of the parish, and to pass resolutions of want of confidence in the Guardians, and of censure on their conduct; but, strange to say, instead of the discussion leading up to any such conclusion, it was unanimously agreed that the abuses arose entirely from the apathy of the ratepayers. This act of self-condemnation on the part of the parishioners was certainly as ill-deserved as it was unnecessary. The Guardians are only too ready to throw the responsibility of their proceedings on other people's shoulders; and if the whole body of parishioners is ready to accept it, it is difficult to see of what good Government interference can be. Let us hope that the Poor-law Board will take a more common-sense view of the matter, and bring the sin home to those people who can be got at. It is all very well for a parcel of maudling taxpayers to meet together and to cry "Peccavi" over the enormities practised by their nominees and representatives; but the Government cannot allow any such weak twaddle to stand in its way. St. Pancras Workhouse is a disgrace to civilization and humanity, and, if it be possible to cleanse this Augæan stable, the refuse should be thrown unflinchingly to the dogs.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE BRITISH DRAMA.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Cairo, December 1, 1869.

THOSE of your readers who carefully studied my last communication will, I am sure, have fully realised the critical position in which I was placed at the hour of its despatch. To have exhausted one's last bottle of champagne on the back of a camel, who is *hard in the mouth*, and *has sat down* in the very midst of the desert, thousands upon thousands of miles away from home, is a serious matter indeed. In fact, I shall never be sufficiently thankful, that after a roll or two with Spagmore in the stirrups, the wonderful instinct of the brute triumphed over all our inducements to urge him forward, and led him back to Port Saïd at a brisk canter. Yes,—you will scarcely believe it—he took us safely into the place at 1 a.m. the next morning, and not only went through his stable door himself, which was extremely low, without waiting for us to get off, but threw himself suddenly into a pool of water on his back (Spagmore *still* being in the stirrups), and seemed to relish the ablution as if he had been a hot human being. However, as very important circumstances arose from this plunge, I will furnish you with my notes taken at the very moment of its occurrence.

November 29, 2 *a.m.*

Spagmore out at last, after great trouble. I told him he should never trust himself on a strange creature's back in water. He is very much annoyed at my manner, and says he would rather walk to Pekin *and back* on foot than come to Egypt again. I think I would too. He adds, that the "worst isn't over," and that if I only just wait I shall see that we shall have a precious long bill with the proprietor of the camel for nothing. I am to fetch him and settle. Spagmore says if we can settle *before* it is quite light, he might not notice that the beast is wet and has lost one stirrup and a headdress of walking-sticks and red wool. I do not know where the proprietor sleeps. Spagmore says, "On the top of the house, of course, like all Turks." I point out that he may not be a Turk, but a Nubian. Spagmore says it is all the same, and that if I mean *to refuse to climb up outside the house and look in to the top I had better say so at once.* I tell him I do *not mind climbing* up outside the house, but I know it will be useless, as I do not think *there is* a top to it, and that, as far as I can remember the arrangements of the Turkish building at the Paris Exhibition, I am sure the Turks do *not* sleep outside the house, but inside, on little squares of Kidderminster carpet, in full dress, behind the lattices. Spagmore says if I am certain of that he will *throw a brick through* one of them at once, and——.

2.30 *a.m.*

Have been twenty minutes trying to quiet the camel, who has been shivering and singing in alto. It is no use, he won't be quiet. Spagmore says, "Let him go on, he'll wake up somebody." Spagmore is right. He *has* stirred up the proprietor, who has suddenly appeared at the other end of the yard. He does not sleep on the top of the house, or behind the lattices, but in the dusthole. I explain to him in French that there are seventeen hours and a half at threepence an hour, and that, as we are a little late, we do not mind making five and sixpence of it. He does not reply, but feels the camel's tail. Spagmore says I had better mention the stirrup and walking-sticks at once, which I do; but the proprietor seems to hear nothing, and seems to be sounding all down the brute's legs with a tuning fork. Spagmore is sure there is something wrong, and says, now he comes to think of it, he is afraid the camel took his second roll *over the champagne bottles.* I thought so. The proprietor is white with anger, and is gradually working himself up for a row.

5.45 *a.m.*

We have an *awful* row. Nothing will appease the proprietor. He has shaken his fingers twenty-seven times in Spagmore's face, and, I think, made use of some very dreadful language in the Upper Coptic, or Khooineeh dialect. We have both told him to shut up, and say what he wants.

7 *a.m.*

He is still at it. Spagmore says it is an oath, and that we had better let him have it out, but that it is a great pity we did not fetch an interpreter at once, as he may have to repeat it all again when we do get one.

8 *a.m.*

Several interpreters have come. Translation has been effected at last. It seems we have done for the camel, and that the proprietor says "it is no use to *him* now." He wants twenty-seven pounds down, and the saddle at a valuation. We laugh at the bare idea, and Spagmore has facetiously offered him a bill at three months. Nasty crowd getting up. Proprietor has again begun another oath in Upper Coptic. Spagmore says we had better walk quietly away.

8.30 *a m.*

No use. The crowd, the proprietor, and the camel have followed us. There is no doubt about the matter—we shall have to *buy* the brute. Spagmore says that we might, if *forced* to purchase it, get a good figure for it at the Zoological Gardens, and that after all he does not think it will be half bad fun to bring a real live camel the whole way to London. We have told the proprietor that we "half see it," and are going to talk it over at breakfast. Spagmore says he has an idea—a "regular wrinkle."

10 *a.m.*

Everything signed and sealed, and we have drunk success to it in *Chambertin.* Spagmore's "*wrinkle*" is first-rate. I wonder neither of us thought of it ages ago. We are to make the camel the foundation for a great *Egyptian and Oriental Circus Company.* It is to be packed off *to-night* to Southampton direct. We are to engage at once a whole troupe, beasts and all. Spagmore is to take charge of the troupe, and leave by the next Marseilles packet. I am to follow on Tuesday next with the beasts. Spagmore says it will be a great go. I have not a doubt of it.

1 *p.m.*

Have had slight disagreeables over the details, but have finally settled on securing the following, with as little delay as possible:—

Another camel (to play *écarté* with the one we have).
Two elephants.
A man for them to step over and lunch with.
A hyæna (to spell our names, if we can possibly manage it).
A cage, for ditto.
A sheik, and his family (for drawing-room entertainment).
A bedouin (to eat champagne glasses).
An African tiger.
An African lion.
A dancing dervish, who will not object to taking charge of the beasts, swallowing carving knives, and making himself generally useful.
An Egyptian gentleman to play English parts.
A boa constrictor.
A portmanteau, for carriage of ditto.
A few Turks, for general utility purposes.
A dozen Arab horses, and
One crocodile, for a comic scene with the clown.

The only serious unpleasantness we had was over the hyæna. I told Spagmore I had *never* seen a "learned" *hyæna.* He insists the thing can be done, and that it would be a great feature. He says we can begin with words of one syllable and tripe letters, and have the capitals and full stops of liver.

I confess I foresee serious inconvenience in the training, but have given in on Spagmore undertaking to hand the brute over exclusively to the Sheik and family. I also objected strongly to the Egyptian gentleman who is eventually to come out as a Star and play Othello. Spagmore says, *until he has got the language perfect*, we can let him dance Sir Roger de Coverley with the Elephants, or send him in for a short scene with a red-hot poker, or let him undertake some trifling extra business of this sort, and then, when he *has* got the thing at his fingers' ends, we can try him at the Oxford in a negro song, and then let him open in Othello at Greenwich the following week.

5, *p.m.*

I am off to see about a hyæna. I have met the Contractor, who says he thinks he can introduce me to a party who knows a party who would let me have one on reasonable terms. More in my next.

"HAIRS YOU WERE!"—A new Club has been started in the Poultry—"The Oxford and Cambridge Toilet Club." Although the hairs will be plentiful and the scent strong, no hunting will be permitted in the establishment this season.

LONDON, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE believe that after the next Reform Bill the Chamber of Horrors, at Madame Tussaud's, will return a member. None but Irish need apply.

THE *Times*, it is said, will be shortly sold for a penny to the British public. This is returning the compliment—how often has the British public been sold by the *Times* for a price quite as *Lowe?*

WE understand that the War Office is about to abolish the use of the aspirate among the Volunteer Officers, for the purpose of obtaining greater uniformity. At present about two-thirds of the number invariably omit it in their conversation. This is as it should be!

NOBODY can be found, naturally enough, to touch the Spanish Crown. Why does not the Provisional Government raise their bid by two-and-sixpence, and boldly make three half-crowns of it? Perhaps then a Harrow boy might think the matter over.

A SLIGHT mistake has been made by Mr. Palgrave Simpson in the construction of his new piece at the Lyceum. As the hero is played by Mr. Allerton, he should die early in the first scene of the first act, instead of late in the last scene of the last act. Could not this still be managed?

SO disgusted has the Sultan grown with the Khedive and all his undertakings, that he has recently more than once alluded to the late brilliant assemblage of notabilities at Port Saïd as the Suez *Canaille!* This is the first joke that has ever been made by a Sultan of Turkey, and it has created much amusement in Asia Minor.

THE Emperor has announced his determination to preserve order in France. One cannot help being reminded of the policy of theatrical managers, who, when they find a real success impossible, try to create a false one by means of orders. The parallel holds still further, since, in both cases, it may be found advisable to fall back on the legitimate drama.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is going to retrace its steps on and after the 1st January, 1870. It is to be a Daily Paper, price twopence. The erratic course of this journal suggests the reflection, that if there are a number of literary stars on the staff, they must be tied to the tail of a comet. However, we wish the new daily—price twopence—success. It will be very hard if the proprietors don't manage to make some money out of so much change.

WE are sorry to see that some of the priests in Ireland are lending their voices and influence to the band of seditious rascals known as Fenians. Putting aside the immorality of such conduct, on religious grounds alone it appears most infamous. These worthless marauders and assassins are the bitterest enemies of the Church, and the highest authorities among the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have repeatedly denounced them as mischievous villains. We hope that very strong measures will be taken by the authorities to repress what is a degradation of the priesthood, and an insult to the Christian religion.

A VERY ill-natured paragraph appeared in the pages of a contemporary the other day, implying that Calcraft was too old to exercise the small privileges that fall to him now in the way of flogging. If this estimable man is really getting old and feeble, why does not Mr. Gladstone give him a pension and a baronetage? Surely, he is as fairly entitled to the honour as the bearers of some recently-created titles. It is hard that the Home Office should take away his employment, and give him no compensation. We feel sure a Government so lavish of rewards to faithful servants will adopt our suggestion, in which case we hope Sir William Calcraft, Bart., will allow us also to suggest for a crest a running noose with the motto underneath *Voca dolum*, "Callcraft."

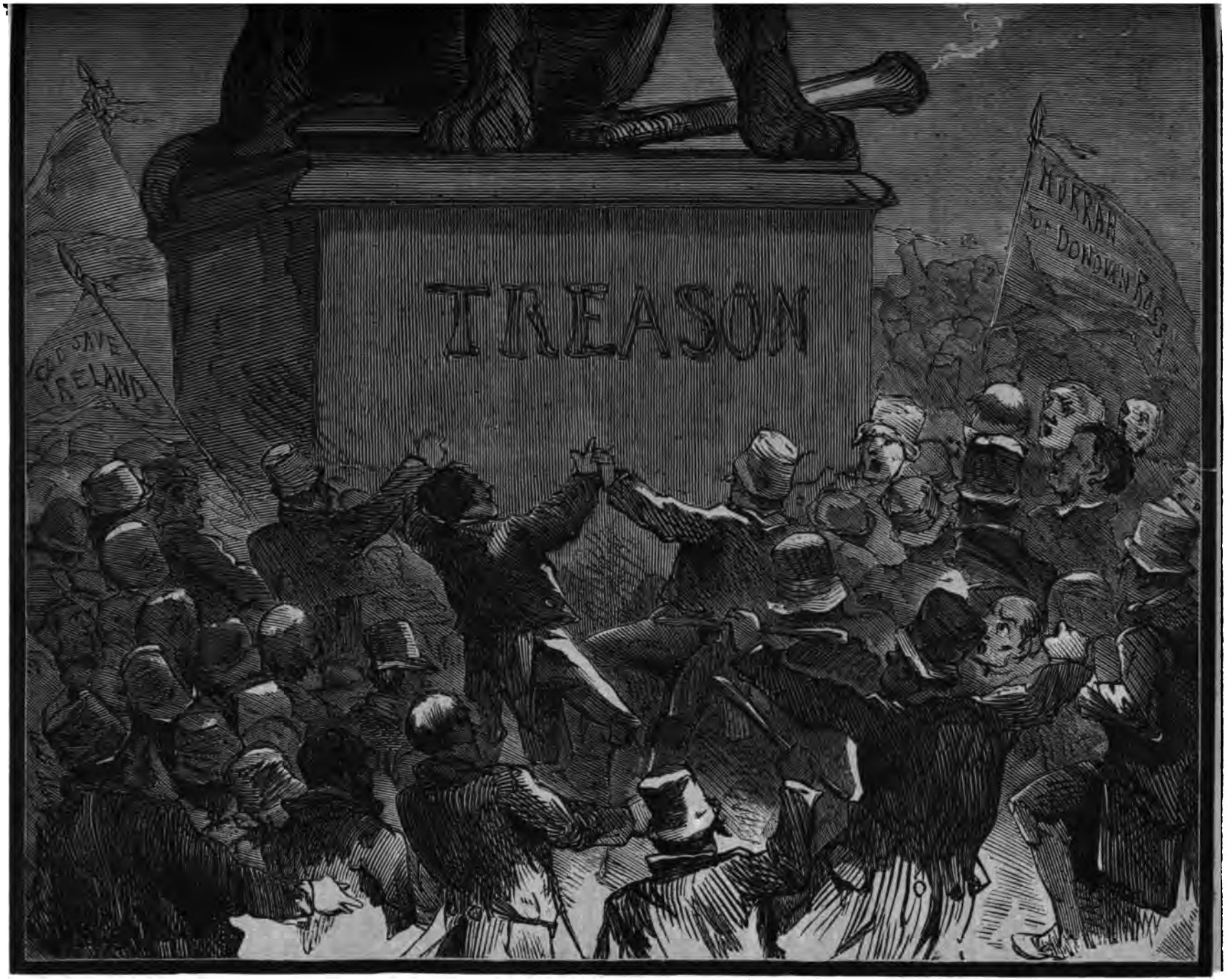
QUITE A LOAN.

ANOTHER Turkish Loan! This time the amount is twelve millions, issued at 54, and bearing interest at 6 per cent., "the whole being secured," states the prospectus, "by sixty millions of unhypothecated revenue, chiefly Anatolian." Of course, the security is ample, as the fact that the money is to be borrowed at something between 10 and 12 per cent. sufficiently proves. But why does not the Turkish Government, if it needs assistance, employ assurance offices who just now are only too happy to lend money at 5 per cent. on approved security, and on the borrower ensuring his life? Is it that Turkey cannot find a couple of friends to go bail, or that the sick man is unable to pass the medical examination? However, we suppose that "the unhypothecated revenues, chiefly Anatolian," will suffice to provide for present necessities.

A BAD BEGINNING.

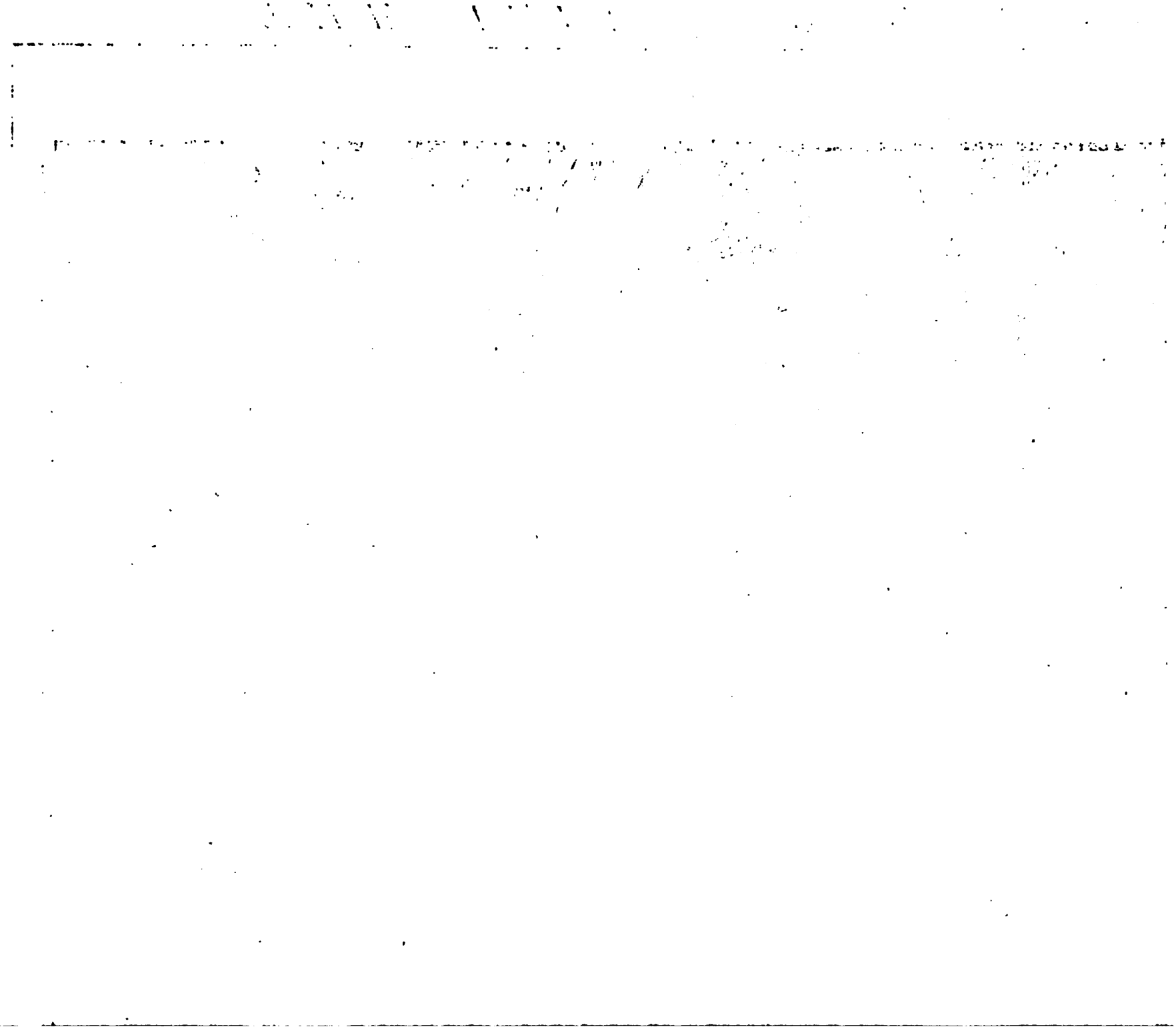
THE scheme for the International Exhibition of 1871 must be as yet very much in its infancy. Notwithstanding that it is announced that the work of the erection has been commenced, what the building—indeed, *where* the building is to be, is as yet a mystery. Although we presume that the vacant space south of the Horticultural Gardens is the spot chosen, there are as yet no signs of activity on the barren space which disgraces the "improving neighbourhood" of South Kensington, while in the Gardens themselves the greatest confusion exists, the colonnades having been pulled down in a very remorseless and irregular manner. No doubt, if we were in possession of the plans of the new building, we should see no reason to cavil at what is taking place, but, as things stand, they look anything but promising. First, there is the untidy site of the old Exhibition in an untouched condition; next come the Horticultural Gardens, temporarily, we suppose, pulled to pieces; after this a hideous edifice, which we take to be the much-talked-of Theatre of the Arts and Sciences; and then the whole is backed by the somewhat gimcracky Albert Memorial. No doubt the plan, when concluded, will be grand and complete enough; but for the next year or so the land of the Royal Commissioners of 1851, at South Kensington, is evidently doomed to be a disgrace to the West End. In France the whole thing would be finished in six months, or, in America, in six weeks; but we Englishmen are prone to take our time, and if we find South Kensington in order in six years, we suppose we must flatter ourselves we are energetic, and think ourselves lucky.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—We hear on most reliable authority, that up to the time of going to press, neither Mr. Solomon Beyfus or Mr. Julius Calisher had accepted the peerage reported to have been offered them.



THE IRISH IDOL;

OR,



"THE SIREN!"

[NOTE.—Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has "freely translated" the *Dalila* of M. Octave Feuillet, frankly avows that his new piece is adapted from a novel. With the aid of Mr. Simpson's excellent (this is NOT satirical) play, and Mr. Allerton's splendid (this IS satirical) acting, we have attempted to give a short English version of the great French original.]

Part I.—The Cold in the Head!

IT was a very great night at the Theatre of San Carlo, Naples. A new opera, entitled *Boabdil*, by Caspar Alvano, was being produced for the first time. Caspar was a young man of rather unprepossessing appearance. If we said he was ugly we might lay ourselves open to libel, so we will not say he was ugly but — — — — ! He was very awkward, and did not know what to do with his arms, and had a way of sitting in ungraceful attitudes; but then he was a genius, and genius excuses a multitude of faults.

The auditorium of the St. Carlo was rather smaller than that of the New Royalty, but then the boxes on the grand tier were as large as the whole stage of the Lyceum.

On the evening in question two people sat in one of these gigantic boxes. The Princesse de Falconieri (a motherly female of an age demanding the respect that should be always paid to grey hair) and the Count Carnioli (a gentlemanly creature, chiefly remarkable for a very *very* false beard); and these two people were most intimate.

"Princesse," said the Count, "I am so glad you are here. I want you to listen to the tune of the Tenor's song. It is perfectly delicious—perfectly superb!"

"Oh," replied the Princesse, and she sneezed. Poor lady, she had a cold—a bad—bad cold!

By-and-bye the Tenor began his song. It was not good, in fact the Neapolitan critics on the next day described it as "commonplace and unmelodious, weak, and wretchedly sung." Yet the *claque* is mighty, and they applauded it,—applauded it so much that Caspar appeared to bow his acknowledgments.

So disgusted was the Princesse at this vanity that she actually for a moment forgot her rank and position, and flung a bouquet at the luckless composer's head! It was not ladylike, but it was natural—you would have done the same if you had been there, fair reader. But the Princesse was deservedly punished—with her bouquet she threw away her handkerchief! The Count soon discovered her loss. He at once offered his own bandana.

"No," said the Princesse, "I cannot think of such a thing. What would the world say if they saw me with your handkerchief?"

And then, poor lady, she fairly broke down, and—sneezed!

Such is life!

Part II.—Loved by a Grandmother!

IT was past midnight in the Princesse's boudoir. Her bedroom was neatly furnished. It contained a couch, a table, an organ, a garden, and a fountain. She was about to retire when a servant walked in and informed her that a gentleman (unknown) desired admittance.

"Show him up at once," she said, and then added, in an undertone, "He may have come to give me back my handkerchief. So annoying just now—I have a cold, and my other is at the wash!"

By-and-by the visitor was ushered in. It was Caspar, pale and ill, and on worse terms than ever with his unmanageable arms.

"What would you with me at this hour of the night?" she asked haughtily.

Caspar gasped, passed his hand across his brow, and tried to look like a codfish—tried, I say, and tried successfully!

"Are you ill?" murmured the Princesse, sweetly.

Caspar shook his head.

"Ah! then," she said, "pray play me a tune on the organ."

He obeyed. He sat down before the instrument, and indulged in the wildest gestures. Now his fingers were rolled over the notes with mad excitement—now his legs were dashed up and down fiercely, like a windmill. In spite of all this, the organ itself gave forth nothing more serious than a very mild hymn tune.

When he had played for an hour or so, the Princesse got slightly bored, and invited him to sit down upon a sofa.

"What do you come here for in the dead of night?" she asked sweetly.

"To give you back your handkerchief." He gasped this out, and played with his hat—played with it!—did wonderful things with it, like a third-rate—fourth-rate mountebank!

"My dear love," said the Princesse, "I have only seen you once in my life, but I doat upon you. Come with me and live a gay and guilty life. If you consent, we will order horses and elope to Florence. It's only a quarter to two, so, if we start at once, we shall be there the day after to-morrow. Come, sweet one, come."

He could say nothing; he could only gasp and play with his hat. His hands were now more in the way than ever. He felt a dreadful yearning to rush to the music stool and play another tune upon the organ. Oh! it was dreadful!

She saw his emotion, and cried out,

"You love another, I know—the mild daughter of Sartorius, the mad buffoon. Give her up, and fly with me. Do you hear? I love you!"

"Oh!" he murmured, and once more that strange look appeared upon his face—that look reminding one so strongly—O, *so* strongly—of the codfish!

"You love me!" he cried. "I, so awkward—I, so very bad!—I, who am painfully weak in all I do? I? I? I?"

"Yes," she said, and taking him by the shoulders, kissed him. He, not knowing what else to do, fainted.

It was a pretty sight. The haughty woman loved him like her husband, and looked like his—mother!

Part III.—The Mad Buffoon!

IT was the house of Sartorius, the mad buffoon. Being gay Bohemians, and foreign members of the Savage Club, he and his daughter Fides were still up, although it wanted only a quarter to three in the morning.

"Fill me up a bumper of gay gin and water," said the mad buffoon, wildly—"fill me up, I say!"

"I wonder, father, if Caspar's opera has been a success?"

"A success? Of course it has. Why, it was all robbed from me. Don't you remember that little thing of mine, beginning rum, tum, tumtitum, diddle—iddle—fol de ray?"

And he careered about the stage like a mad buffoon, as, indeed, he was.

"See," cried Fides, wildly, "do you observe that omnibus over yonder? It contains Caspar and the Princesse. They are eloping!"

She gave a terrific yell, and died.

The maniac buffoon went through a sort of gymnastic performance descriptive of grief and bad acting.

"What shall I do with her?" he said at last. "Oh! I know. I will put her in a portmanteau and take her with me to Switzerland."

No sooner said than done. In ten minutes Sartorius was careering wildly to Switzerland in a broken-down cab, drawn by two superannuated omnibus horses.

He carried the portmanteau containing the body of Fides on the roof! On the roof, I say, on the roof!

Part IV.—The Massacred Noodle!

TO return to the Princesse.

After Caspar had lived some little while with Leonora, she began to tire of him. He *would* play on the organ, and *would* look like a cod-fish, and both habits gave her much annoyance. This being the case, she determined to elope with the tenor who had sung in Caspar's opera. He at anyrate couldn't be *worse* than Caspar—he might, and he most probably would, be better.

In the meanwhile the Count Carnioli returned, and warned Caspar against the Princesse, or the Siren as we may now call her,—if we like.

"You cannot marry her," he said.

"I know, I know," murmured Caspar, "a man may not marry his grand—"

"Quite so," interrupted the Count. "Give her up."

"I will," he replied weakly.

He did, but then the Siren pretended that she really loved him, and sold him by bolting with the Tenor. Sold him! You hear? Bolted! You understand?

"I must follow them—the Siren and the Tenor," cried Caspar. "And I will take with me as luggage this tooth-brush and these horse-pistols."

He did so, and caught them up, the guilty pair, the Siren and the Tenor, in an old ruin, illuminated with a strange weird light, that was not moon-light, nor sun-light, nor candle-light.

As he stood waiting, he heard the noise of hard breathing—it was the puffing of two superannuated omnibus horses drawing with difficulty an aged cab.

In a moment he was at the door of the vehicle, and ready to shoot through the box.

The mad buffoon put his head out of the window.

"I am going to Switzerland with my dead daughter," he said, and pointed to the weird portmanteau on the roof.

Caspar was so unequal to the occasion that he could do nothing else but die, which he did.

And where was the Princesse all this while, all this while at the dead of night? At the time of the young man's death?

Why seated in a ball dress in a gondola. Who was in the gondola? Why, a very mild man in a black chimney-pot hat—it was her lover; a rough man in an overcoat—it was the boatman. And what were they doing?

Why, the lover (in the bows) was shivering!

The boatman (in the middle) was sniggering!!

And the Princesse (in the starn) was playing a tune upon the gay guitar!!!

THE END.

CHEAP, AND VERY NASTY.

THE "Penny Dinner" fever has once more seized the London public, and the papers are replete with descriptions of the mode in which Australian meat is packed for the English market, and dissertations on the boon it must ultimately prove to the working classes of the metropolis; but if we may judge from the description given by the *Times*' reporter of the banquet at the Lambeth Baths, to which eighteen hundred working men were invited, it would seem to be more, far more likely, that the guests then and there made up their minds in future to live on herrings and potatoes, or other articles of food within their means, rather than invest 4½d. a pound in Australian mutton, its nutritious properties notwithstanding. The *Times* honestly remarks—

"The best that can be said for the meat at last evening's dinner is that it was wholesome; for, whether in a mince or a stew, it certainly was not particularly palatable. The sausages served with hot potatoes were something like the German sausage, though scarcely so eatable; but the criticism of some of the company on the meat rolls was that they tasted much better when the meat was taken out. The stew, as a whole, was not bad, but 'the minced meat and rice' was an execrable dish. There were large pieces of prepared meat uncooked on a sideboard, but nothing approaching to the size of a mutton chop was laid before the guests. In fact, the Australian meat must be 'finely minced' before being cooked, and when being cooked it must be allowed to 'stew very gently, and be well stirred occasionally.'"

Notwithstanding that after-dinner resolutions were passed in favour of promoting the consumption of Australian meat in England, we cannot believe that the good Lords and gentlemen who got up the demonstration, any more than the eighteen hundred guests, are likely to give any practical support to the movement; but, nevertheless, if a Limited Liability Company were to take upon itself the benevolent task of feeding the hungry (at a cheap rate), it would surely deserve to succeed.

GHASTLY GAIETY.

Is Ramsgate becoming fashionable in its old age? It seems to have gone so far already as to start a "Winter Season," for a ball is announced to take place at the Granville Hotel one day this week, which, to judge from the sensation it is occasioning in the shape of small paragraphs in odd corners of the newspapers, is meant to be quite an event. As if the visitors to Ramsgate at the present season were not sufficiently numerous of themselves to fill the ball-room, the announcements above referred to state that "Special arrangements have been made for the conveyance of visitors to and from London." Ramsgate is certainly confident in its attractiveness. Imagine going this weather (or any weather, if it comes to that) to a ball at a seaside town (Ramsgate, least of all), travelling eighty miles by train to get there, and coming back by a "special" at three o'clock in the morning! If the ball at the Granville Hotel does answer the expectations of its promoters, it will, indeed, be a gay and festive scene—with a vengeance.

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH THINGS DO NOT GO ON AS SMOOTHLY AS COULD BE WISHED.

SOME six months had passed away, and the government of the world had undergone some wonderful improvements at the hands of the Provisional Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association.

By the way, we ought to drop the epithet "Provisional," for the Committee had now become permanent, at least, for a year.

Olympus had been changed very much for the better. There were plenty of public-houses there now, at which the members of the various deputations, that were constantly travelling to and fro by the Aërial Navigation Company's cars, could refresh themselves. The tobacco and coal smoke together were rapidly making the atmosphere less painfully pure; and the oppressive blueness of the sky was being toned down.

It was always beautiful weather now on earth, owing to the admirable reform in the Sun's conduct, carried into effect at the suggestion of Publius Pryor. The only fault was that the constant summer days became a little monotonous: in fact, a slight modification had to be introduced, for, as there was no rain, water became scarce. As an external application, this useful fluid was not much missed; but as beer must be made with water, its value was tardily recognized. So it was resolved to have rain on one day in every week; the difficulty was to decide which day it should be. Against every one that was proposed some objection was found. First, Monday was tried; but then the working classes remonstrated strongly. Saturday, of course, was out of the question. On all the other days something was going on somewhere which stood in the way. So, in order to please all parties, it was arranged that it should always rain between three and seven o'clock every Sunday morning, and during church time. To this arrangement nobody could object.

But still, when three months or so had passed by, owners of land and farmers, in short, the agricultural interest, began to reflect that if there were no seasons there would be no crops. Upon this discovery the agricultural interest took to agitation. However, as they were in a minority, and as there was still plenty of beer and gin, and bread and cheese, their agitation was utterly disregarded.

Things had been made pleasant in many other ways. All taxes had been abolished; and no debts were recoverable at law; so that at first sight it would seem easy enough to live. But difficulties presented themselves even here; for the public officials and the army, having no pay, took to taking what they could get, a process which led to several disputes. Tradesmen, too, in the most unaccountable way, refused to give any credit. The police, too, refused to act, as there were no funds wherewith to pay them; and, consequently, crimes of robbery and violence became more common even than they were before.

But the most brilliant innovation introduced was the work of that original genius, Decimus Brutus Potts. It occurred to him that if men and women could take themselves to pieces, they might be able to discover internal complaints before they became dangerous. For instance, a man might clean his stomach, or wash his brains with cold water, or bathe his heart in salt water, or touch up his liver. So the mandate was issued, and the human frame became disjointable at the option of its possessor.

The result was rather alarming. Two days after this power was given, the up-trains for Olympus were loaded with a collection of human beings in the most strange state of distortion.

But we must reserve details for the next chapter.

HE WOULD AND HE WOODIN.—That very old favourite of the public, Mr. Woodin, has returned to London with his carpet bag. He is as amusing as of yore, and delights thousands by his clever impersonations and not less clever songs. To be guilty of a mild joke,—he has been "bagging" it quite long enough in the provinces; it was high time that he should return to town to take a *haul!* He has,—the Egyptian!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 137.] *LONDON, DECEMBER* 18, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MONSTROUS LEGACY.

AN OLD LEGEND IN A NEW FORM.

MANY many years ago there lived a wicked, violent man, who was called Malurex; and he left his own land to settle in the land of Smaragdus; and he took with him his sons, and his servants, and his followers, and he conquered the land of Smaragdus with fire and sword and with treachery; for he was very brave, and he was very cunning.

Now Malurex was also a magician: and he was learned in the black art. And when he had settled some time in Smaragdus, he found that the country was still but half conquered; for there were constant wars and constant rebellions. So he said to himself, "I will make me an immense and terrible monster, and he shall be my slave, and he shall keep the land in subjection for me and for my children."

So he consulted all his books of evil lore, and he set to work, he and his sons and his grandsons; and he took the blood of brave and good men, and he took the hearts of gentle women, and he took the bones of helpless babes, and he ground them all down together with a very great millstone, and he poured in the blood; and when he had made a cement thereof, he began to fashion the body of a monster after the form of a man; but so vast, and so horrible, and so hideous, and so mighty, that no man could withstand the sight thereof, but would fly away in terror.

And when the monster was but half made, Malurex died, and was gathered to his fathers. And being on his deathbed, he called to him his sons and his grandsons; and he bade them, as they loved him, and as they feared him, to continue the fashioning of this monster until he was finished.

And the sons and the grandsons of Malurex did even as their father had commanded them. And the monster grew and grew day by day; and more blood of brave and good men, and more hearts of gentle women, and more bones of helpless babes, were ground down and mixed together, even as they required.

And in the fourth generation after Malurex, who had first conquered the land of Smaragdus, this monster was perfected, even his limbs, and his entrails, and all his features, like unto a man. And, behold! while the descendants of Malurex, of the fourth generation, looked on the gigantic and hideous form, which they and their forefathers had created, suddenly the breath of life entered the vast body, and the monster rose up and walked, and cried with a loud voice, "Give me to eat."

And they brought him to eat, even of the blood of good and brave men, and of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes; and he ate thereof, and was refreshed.

And now the princes and the chiefs of the land, the descendants of Malurex, of the fourth generation, said unto the monster, "We and our forefathers have fashioned and made you of the blood of brave and good men, of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes, and you are our slave, for we have created you; and us, and us only, you must serve."

And then the monster spake in a terrible voice, and said, "True, O princes and chiefs of the land, you have fashioned and made me of the blood of brave and good men, and of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes; therefore will I serve you faithfully so long as you shall feed me with that wherewith you made me; for on nothing else can I feed. In cruelty and bloodshed was I born, on cruelty and bloodshed will I live."

And the princes and chiefs of the land of Smaragdus bowed their heads, and said, "Oh, monster, we will do unto you even as you desire. On the blood of brave and good men, on the hearts of gentle women, and on the bones of helpless babes shall you be fed; and us, and us only, shall you serve for evermore."

And many years passed away, and, behold, a new generation arose, that loved not the children of Malurex, nor their wisdom; and they governed the land of Malurex, and the land of Smaragdus; and they hated this monster, and they said unto him, "Oh, monster! we will give you no more of the blood of brave and good men, nor of the hearts of gentle women, nor of the bones of helpless babes, for we are sick of this bloodshed and of this cruelty; and by justice, and by mercy, and by peace, will we reign over the land of Smaragdus!"

And the monster spoke in a terrible voice, and said:—

"Your ancestors made me, and fashioned me of these things, and on these things have I been nourished, and fed, since ever I was born; and will ye deny me them now? Then will I drink of the blood of your brave and good men, and eat of the hearts of your gentle women, and of the bones of your helpless babes; even as I have drunk of your foes' blood, and eaten of your foes' hearts, and slain your foes' babes, will I drink of your blood, and eat of your hearts, and slay your babes, even unto the fourth and fifth generations!"

Then were the princes and chiefs of the land of Smaragdus sore afraid, and they knew not what to do. And they fought against the monster, but they could not prevail. Then said

they in their fear, "Let us make court to this monster and do him honour; and let us offer unto him even of our own brave and good men, and of our own gentle women, and of our own helpless babes, and, peradventure, his wrath will be appeased."

But the monster grew more savage, and more cruel, and he thirsted after blood, even as the hunted deer thirsts after water: and he passed to and fro over all the land; and all the people feared him, for he was very fierce and very cruel.

And at last the people of the land of Smaragdus grew exceeding wrath, and they cried out to the princes and rulers of the land, "Slay this monster that your forefathers have created, lest he make our land desolate and our homes childless."

And the prinoes and rulers of the land said, "Nay, tarry a little and have patience, and, peradventure, he will go hence and we shall see him no more."

And the people answered, "Nay, but why should we send this bloodthirsty and cruel monster into other lands to feed on the blood and on the hearts of other people? We will slay him, even we, and no more shall ye cowards and traitors govern this our land of Smaragdus."

And so the people arose; and they took the sword of Justice, and they took the breastplate of Truth, and they took the shield of Patience, and they took the spear of Courage, and they slew this monster; even the monster that Malurex and his children, and his grandchildren, and their children, had created; and the land of Smaragdus was at peace; and joy and plenty came to the land, and unto its sons and daughters sweet content; and the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field ate the carcase of the monster, even the flesh, and the entrails, and the bones, until nothing was left.

THE SUEZ NOTES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, 12TH DEC., 1869.

IF you wish to learn a lesson on the uncertainty of human affairs, go to the East. Nothing has struck me so forcibly, since my departure from London as your special correspondent, as the extraordinary amount of *surprise* one meets with in Oriental life. One may plan here to-day, and to-morrow find one's most cherished schemes scattered before the winds. The Khedive himself is a living illustration of the truth of this, inasmuch as, yesterday one of the richest and proudest of old-world Sovereigns, to-day he is cowering in abject terror before the *Sooltán* (this is *the* way to spell it), and cannot even call the world-renowned Isthmus his own. The curse, for it is a curse, seems to have clung to the land from the beginning. Cheops, depend upon it, never anticipated that future generations would drink bottled beer on the great Pyramid. The Sphinx never pictured to itself the loss of half its eternal nose. The very union of the two great seas, just accomplished, is a tremendous marvel, a genuine Eastern *surprise*. Indeed, I believe it is this constant apprehension of a sudden change,—this *expectatio mirabilium*,—this realization of the necessity of being *always prepared for anything*, that has accustomed the Turk to wear his hat in a room, and never think of taking his boots off except in church. The contractor, I mentioned to you as having met at the canal the other day, attributed solely to this national characteristic the refusal of the Egyptian gentleman to enter into the Bitter Beer business, or put £2,000 into his, the contractor's scheme for supplying the Nomad tribes of Central Asia with a really sound Yarmouth bloater at three halfpence.

But you will see what I am leading up to, by this disquisition on Oriental uncertainty. I am, as it were, apologizing for myself. I left home intending, as you know, to confine my letters solely to the scientific aspect of the Canal, and here I am to-day on the eve of starting for Europe, greatly interested in a large Beast and Circus Company. In my last I told you briefly *what* we wanted, and now, according to my usual custom, I enclose you my random notes, jotted down since the date of the last mail.

CAIRO, 6TH DEC., 1869.

Spagmore has just come in after having been round to see the hyena, mentioned to him last night as a great bargain. His report is not altogether favourable, and he is much afraid that, except tied tightly in the centre of a happy family, of which the other members are not too confiding, it will turn out to be practically useless. The owner honestly gave it as *his* opinion that "he thought there would be considerable difficulties in the way of getting it to go through a comic scene with the clown, as though *the hyena has naturally a cheerful expression, it is almost impossible to get it to enter thoroughly into a joke.*" He said the most we could hope for would be a sort of jig with fireworks to his tail, or perhaps a curtsey for a plate of tripe, if well trained for six months with a crowbar. The great recommendation in favour of the hyena is, unquestionably, its *price*. It is certainly *very* cheap, and as I hear that last night it broke loose and eat up half a ton of raw *Ra-haat-la-koum*, and the six pound weight out of a pair of scales, I fully believe the owner will let us have it for a mere song.

10 *a.m.*

Spagmore has just bought it for a shilling. It is to be sent round this evening to the hotel, in a box. I am to have charge of it, and Spagmore says I had better see the hotel-keeper at once, and arrange about its board.

11 *a.m.*

A very disagreeable interview. The hotel-keeper at first would not hear of its coming, and though he has given in on that point, he says he can provide *nothing* but what *is in the carte*. Of course, if one can dine here as one does at the *Palais Royal* with *pain au discretion*, the thing is simple enough.

* * * * * * *

Have seen the *carte*. There is nothing about *pain au discretion*, and Spagmore says the hyena, being a *carnivorous animal*, would never have got on with the privilege, had it even existed. He says the only way to feed the brute under the circumstances will be to pick out the plain dishes, and give them altogether in a washing tub. He is going to write down the order while I find the *garçon*.

* * * * * * * *

The *garçon* has come. Spagmore has given him the following order:—

6 potages (Prince de Galles).
1 bifteck, sauce Mahomet.
1 tête de veau, en bastion diplomât.*
1 sel au naturel.
1 demi bouteille de vin, Maçon ou Chablis.
2 saumon à la minute.
1 gloria.

I have pointed out the expense of a food of this character; but Spagmore very truly says, "It can't be helped out here—only wait till we get him to Southampton."

3 *p.m.*

Out all the afternoon making inquiries about the other animals. There seems very little doubt but that we shall be able to pick them all up, and reasonably too. We have seen one elephant, a very fine creature, who, unfortunately, is rather blind of the left eye, and, it seems, could not be *relied* upon in a round game, where a good sight happened to be requisite. But Spagmore very truly suggests that if his hand is dealt *well to the right* of him, he does not see why he could not get through it. Besides, there is no reason why *he* should take the tricks. It appears, too, that he has been to Europe before, and that it was there he damaged his eye, by a too close inspection of a pan of blue fire employed in the siege of Mooltan at Astley's. His European training, however, renders him a decided acquisition, for they assure us he does some capital light business with an ounce of snuff and a couple of arm chairs.

5 *p.m.*

After a long consultation we have bought him, the owner, at the last moment, at Spagmore's suggestion, throwing in twelve pounds of tobacco, a boa constrictor, and an Arab chief. Spagmore insisted that the carriage should be paid, and stood out

* Nearest approach to tripe.

for some time that the lot should be delivered free of expense in London; but the owner was firm, and so it is going with me and the hyena. We are not yet *quite* decided as to the best and cheapest method of getting the elephant home; and at present Spagmore thinks far the better way will be to land him in the most southern point in Italy *and walk with him*. He says Hannibal did it, and Hannibal knew what he was about. I dare say he did, but I can't help thinking that if we *could* get him quietly on board, *paying only fore-cabin fare*, the rest would be easy. Once at Waterloo, we could easily arrange with four cabs, and drive to the nearest livery stables. Spagmore says it would *keep the thing much darker* if I could put the elephant up at *my chambers;* but I am quite sure it would not do, and that the other fellows on the staircase would object to it.

8 *p.m.*

We are drawing up our programme, having met, most opportunely, a professional gentleman connected with the English stage. But I must close this as the mail is starting.

10.55 *p.m.*

The *garçon* has just come to say that the hyena has arrived. There appears to be a serious altercation going on in the hall. I am afraid they do not like it.

11 *p.m.*

The *garçon* up again. He says the man says he is *not to leave the hyena without the money*, and has brought the bill receipted.

THE CLIPPER CLIPPED.

A POLICE case at the Marylebone Court which was heard last week should be read as a warning by all travellers by the Metropolitan Railway. One John Atkins, a private in the 89th Foot, was fined twenty-one shillings, or in default twenty-one days' hard labour, for assaulting a ticket-collector at the Edgware road Station. The soldier was called upon by the collector to produce his ticket, in order that it might be clipped, and in consequence of the delay attendant on his so doing he missed a train which was at the platform at the time. On this he went back to the collector and struck him a violent blow in the eye.

The case was simple enough, and the magistrate no doubt felt no difficulty in coming to his decision; but we must admit that, notwithstanding his outrageous conduct, we have a sneaking sympathy with Private Atkins. Very likely the collector, in this instance, was only doing his duty on insisting on clipping the man's ticket; but it has happened, indeed, it is even now happening, that the money-takers in the ticket offices of the various Metropolitan stations daudle listlessly about their enclosure while infuriated passengers clamour at the little windows for attention, and collectors wantonly intercept them on their road to the platform when a train happens to be ready at hand. Whether it arises from the stupidity, the mischievousness, or the stern sense of duty of the Metropolitan Railway officials, it cannot but be admitted that their general obstructiveness is not a little trying to the public temper. We assume that Private Atkins was of an irritable temperament, as he took his grievance into his own hands, in preference to writing to the newspapers; but if the "violent blow in the eye," illegally administered though it was, serves as a caution to the body of ticket clerks and collectors on the Metropolitan line, and induces them to be a little more civil and attentive in the performance of their duties, the gallant Atkins will not have suffered in vain.

A GOOD SCHOOL.

WE have much pleasure in drawing the attention of the public to a modest but very useful charity—the Victoria Schools, 40 Sloane street—which have been established by Miss Couper for the education of the children of the lower middle-class, servants, &c. No class is more in want of a sound mental and moral training, and to the community at large the importance of properly training those who are intended for servants, especially for nursery governesses, or for any other position of responsibility in the household, cannot be exaggerated. Nothing can be better than the system of education pursued at these schools. All the subjects—history, geography, biography, arithmetic, needlework, natural history, &c., are well taught. French and music are not neglected, and wholesome religious instruction forms part of the daily routine. The system of teaching young children by objects is resorted to with great success, while in the infant school the kindly watchfulness of an amiable governess supplies very efficiently what these little ones too often do not get at home—a mother's care. The hours of study are not too long, and no one subject is so long dwelt on as to fatigue the children.

We cannot do better than give an extract from the very sensible circular which is the sole means of bringing the schools under notice that the funds admit of:—

"National and ragged schools are provided for the children of the poor, but for these two very large and very important classes no adequate education is provided. Far worse educated than the poor, these children, while living in a Christian country, are in a state of heathenism. Their ignorance of all subjects, but especially religion, is something hardly credible; for they receive no religious instruction whatever in the schools which they usually attend, and little, if any, moral training. This circumstance, painful as it is, is easily accounted for. It is, unfortunately, a fashionable idea among the girls of this class to consider it a genteel occupation, and the only one to which they can condescend, to keep schools. To these schools parents will send their children, quite regardless of the fact that the governesses being themselves uneducated, cannot be capable of educating their children; quite satisfied if, among the smaller ones, they learn crochet and beadwork, and in the higher, a smattering of French and music; that they attend a private school, and are called "young ladies." They like to feel that they can patronise the school and the teachers, while the latter flatter the children, in order to obtain and retain them.

"In these schools the children are led to consider themselves too fine to do anything. Utterly ignorant of religion, nearly as ignorant of all household duties, looking upon marriage as *the* object of life, they become eventually useless, if not bad wives and mothers, and it is feared too often swell the annals of crime."

The charge for education is very small, and, of course, does not nearly cover the expenses. We can ourselves testify to the economical manner in which this charity is conducted. No money is spent on outward show, while in the matters of real importance there is no niggardliness. The funds are wisely administered. The children are all very cheerful, and are notably better-mannered than those of their class usually are. We earnestly recommend this charity, not only as an object of benevolence, but as an example, the imitation of which, in all large towns, would be an incalculable benefit to the lower middle class.

POLITICAL NEWS.

(*Taken from the Daily Papers, of June*, 1870).

MR. WILLIAM SYKES, the well-known murderer, having been recently elected Member for Paddy County, will not be executed until after the end of the Session.

Mr. John Swiggins, M.P. (the celebrated burglar), has accepted a Government appointment in Botany Bay.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Jim Snooks is about to be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Milbank; on the contrary, he has chosen the designation, Lord Clerkenwell. He is at present staying on a visit with the governor of the prison, and his invitation will not expire until the end of next year.

Yesterday The O'Hallyoo, M.P., was buried at the expense of the State in Newgate. The deceased spent his last moments in the company of Calcraft.

We understand that Madame Tussaud's Exhibition now contains a fine collection of portrait-models of members of the new House of Commons. Most of the figures are placed in the Chamber of Horrors.

Yesterday only nine Members of Parliament were convicted of pocket-picking. We hail this great improvement in the morality of the House with genuine satisfaction.

READY SHORTLY,

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR 1870.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

LONDON, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

THE WEEK.

IT is said that, as a companion decoration to the Abyssinian Medal, a cross will be given to those soldiers who have taken part in the late reviews at Aldershott.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr. Ryder, the well-known tragedian, made the trousers he wore in the character of the Baronet on the first night of *Morden Grange*.

THE Emperor Napoleon is prepared to do anything for Liberty. He established that beneficent goddess in France by a *coup d'état*, he now wishes to save her by a *coup de grace*.

LET those happy persons who dwell near Metropolitan Railway extensions on the Thames Embankment take heed from the fate of the dining-hall of King's College. It is plain that, dramatically speaking, the Metropolitan Board of Works is a great success, for only give them a strong part to play, and they are pretty sure to "bring down the house." Still, their proper place seems to be in the Sensation Drama, not in the monotonous respectable entertainment known as "everyday life."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph*, "with an ear" as well as with an eye to abating a nuisance, warns people to avoid crowded carriages on the Underground Railway, unless they have a fancy for musical performances executed with more spirit than taste, by minstrels who supply themselves any brass in which their instruments may be deficient. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.* Music, who is said to have had her birth in a grotto in Greece, seems in her old age to find a pleasure in haunting Underground Greases.

IF it be true that unremitting efforts to provide for the poor are one of the greatest marks of sanctity, St. Pancras ought to receive promotion in the celestial hierarchy. We learn from the uninterrupted succession of coroner's inquests, that he continues to *do* for his paupers at the usual rate. In his instance, the odour of sanctity appears to be unusually strong and fatal. Another instance of their piety! It appears that they are about to undergo a voluntary persecution at the hands of the law. They have allowed a writ to be served on them for £134, being their costs at the recent Poor-law enquiry held by Mr. Bere, Q.C. This is most Christian resignation on the part of the Board but is not likely to prove a measure of sound economy, as the money must be paid, and if judgment is allowed to go by default, the sum will be increased by the usual legal expenses in such cases.

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

IT is not often that a proposal for getting up a memorial to a clergyman of the Church of England is likely to meet with the support of all classes. It generally happens now, when there are so many differences of thought and opinion, that a priest who enjoys the respect and affection of those who agree with his views, is looked upon with suspicion and dislike by those who do not. The late Rev. William Harness, whose recent distressing death we heartily deplore, is an exception to the rule. It is something now-a-days for a clergyman to have many friends and few enemies, and while Mr. Harness had more than his share of the former, of the latter he probably knew not one. A kindly and generous Christian has passed away, a Christian, moreover, who has left his mark on the literary history of the nineteenth century. Such a man should have a memorial, and we shall be glad to see the subscription lists now lying at Coutts's, and at the London and Westminster Bank, amount to a sufficient sum to carry out the scheme Mr. Harness's friends and admirers have in view.

PUFF AND SMOKE,

THE Child of the Prairie smokes greatly now that the winter evenings are closing in, and as he smokes he ruminates not a little.

He rests in his wigwam and opens a bundle of magazines. There are Christmas numbers and annuals by the score. He selects one, *Tied to a Corpse*, and (*puff*) praises it. Why does he praise it? Because he thinks it beautiful (*smoke*), and NOT because he knows the editor, and loves and admires his, the editor's, marvellous (*puff*) works. He also opens the *Belgravia Annual* (*smoke*), and finds two or three sheets of admirable (*puff*) drawings, by Charles Collette, and thinks what a pity it is that there are not more artists like him. He laughs at them heartily, for he finds them as clever and original as the small cuts in a certain penny "comic" paper, published somewhere east of Temple Bar, are stupid and conventional. Then he opens a beautiful (*puff*) magazine published in Oxford, reads half of an article full of virulent abuse of himself (*smoke*), and falls tranquilly off to sleep.

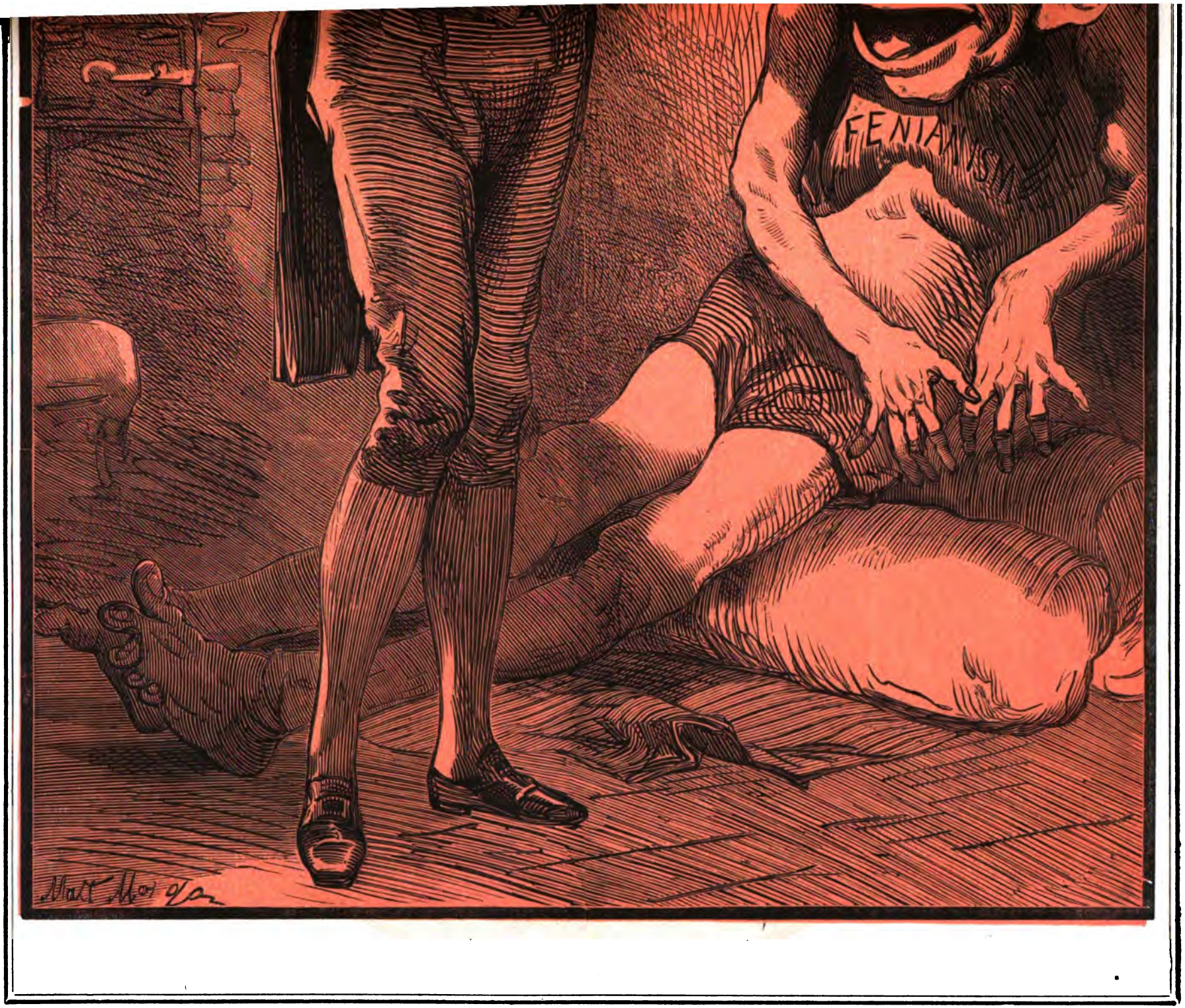
(Sleeps till next week.)

"MORDEN GRANGE."

TOMAHAWK very frequently likes pieces that other critics abuse—abhors plays that other critics praise. For instance, he declared in favour of *Monte Christo* (pronounced a failure by most of the papers); and *Monte Christo* was an immense success. He could see nothing great in a comedy at the Gaiety (what was the name of it?), bedaubed with nauseous adulation by the reviewers, and said so; and the comedy at the Gaiety was withdrawn almost at once. On these grounds TOMAHAWK is not a little proud of his opinion upon theatrical matters.

Now, a new piece by F. C. Burnand, entitled *Morden Grange*, a dramatic version of Mark Lemon's capital novel, "Wait for the End," has been produced at the Queen's Theatre. It is sharply written, and is free from that pest of the modern stage—sensation; it has plenty of good scenery, some good situations, and (not a little) good acting. On the first blush, one would have imagined that it would have been hailed by the critics with applause. Not so, however. Those who "do" the theatres for the papers generally write for the stage; and abuse "was the portion" of *Morden Grange*.

The writer of the *Times'* article upon the piece (it couldn't have been kindly, scholarly, witty John Oxenford: of this TOMAHAWK is quite sure—he says this in all sober seriousness) showed an animus towards Mr. Burnand that was as unfair as it was undignified; it smacked strongly of disappointment and Grub Street, of impotent revenge, and literary small beer; it was spite, not criticism. The critics abused *Turn of the Tide*, and *Turn of the Tide* ran upwards of one hundred and sixty nights; the critics abuse *Morden Grange*, and *Morden Grange*, from a literary point of view, is a better piece than *Turn of the Tide*.



THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH MATTERS COME TO A CRISIS, AND JUPITER IS RECALLED.

THERE was terrible consternation in the committee-room, when Mr. Publius Pryor announced the arrival of the unfortunate victims of their own curiosity and Mr. Decimus Brutus Potts' ingenious invention.

The waiting-room was full, and from it proceeded the most unearthly noises and clamour for instant relief.

The President looked at the bewildered Potts, so did every one else.

"Potts, you must go in and attend to this."

"But, please your Majesty—I mean Mr. President—is not this a case for your especial interference?" suggested poor Potts, in a whining voice.

"No, Sir. You insisted on carrying this invention of yours into effect, and now you must take the consequences yourself;" and having said this the President retired.

There was no help for it, so snatching up a large folio, once the property of Æsculapius, and composing his countenance into an expression of self-satisfied knowledge, Potts entered the room.

He was immediately pounced upon by a motley crew of grievances.

"Oh, Doctor. My head! my head! it's all crooked, and I can't put it straight."

"Oh, Doctor, my stomach. I've mislaid it, and I believe that Pincher, my old mastiff, has run off with it." This in a very weak voice from a half-starved looking epicure.

"Oh, Doctor, my heart! my heart! I've touched it up with a patent lotion, and now it keeps stopping every five minutes," and the wretched victim shook himself violently, as one may see an impatient lad shake his first watch, when he finds it has stopped.

The number of hypochondriacs who had taken themselves to pieces, and finding nothing wrong anywhere, were full of angry discontent!

The number of persons who, having taken themselves to pieces, had been unable to fit the puzzles of the human frame together again, and had got loose portions of their bodies in their pocket which they could not manage to get in anywhere!

They all were suffering frightful agonies, and all wanted to be relieved at once.

One irritable old gentleman had been very successful in repairing the coats of his stomach, and had put himself together with the exception of his pancreas, or spleen—that he could find no place for. "Look here," he said, "you, Potts! you!"

"Sir," interrupted the great Decimus Brutus, "I won't be talked to in that manner."

"Oh, but you will, Sir. This is a free heaven, and I shall do what I darn please. What the blazes am I to do with this d—d thing?" showing the obstinate spleen—"I can't fit it in anywhere."

"Well, my dear Sir," said Potts, "I think you have arrived at that time of life when you don't require it any longer. I should send it to the South Kensington Museum, if I were you."

Those who were not too ill tried to laugh at the rage of this gentleman with the spleen—but the clamour commenced again very soon.

The great Potts sat down at a table and entreated his patients to justify their title to that name. "I will take you one by one, and try and remedy any little mistakes you have committed."

So saying, he opened his large folio, and having found a large plate of the interior anatomy of mankind, he set to work and did his best.

However, some cases were too bad even for his omnipotent skill. "No hope for you," he whispered to an unfortunate individual who had so arranged his internal machinery that all he drank (and that was a good deal) went into his lungs instead of his stomach; and whose breathing was something like the sound of the late lamented Albert Smith's friend, the engineer's, celebrated waterpipe. "You'd better stay up here in heaven to die, and then you know you'll be pretty safe."

The advice was followed by this man, and by most of those similarly situated. Some, however, insisted on being sent back to earth to make their wills. Those who were completely set to rights departed by the next Aerial Train.

But a nucleus of discontent, and even of revolution, was established; for after a few days' experience everybody who had undergone rehabilitation by the great Potts found that his anatomy had been arranged in a somewhat obsolete way; as the plate which had served Decimus Brutus for a model was some 2,000 years old, and, consequently, a little behind the time.

In fact, when that plate was drawn the circulation of the blood, and one or two other trifling matters of that sort, had not been discovered.

Whether "the obsoletes," as these rehabilitated persons were called, first provoked the storm is not exactly known; but that a storm was provoked is very certain.

In fact, the new régime had not proved very successful. All the vegetation, having been accustomed to the ordinary seasons, when time passed on, and they found nothing but eternal summer, did not know quite how to behave. So they lived as long as they could, and then they died, but they brought forward no seed, and no buds came forth from their burnt-up branches. So food became very scarce; and those who had corn would not sell it, except at exorbitant prices. So the people took it by force, and what they could not take they burnt, and a very unpleasant time did the Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association have of it.

Then, Poverty having been abolished, no one would work; and when they had spent all the money given them by the Omnipotent Committee, they wanted more; but they were refused, and so they took to living a life of savage and predatory warfare on mankind in general.

So, at last, the wretched people rose, and, incensed at the miserable issue of their own policy, they demanded the instant deposition of the Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association; and at the instigation of Mercury, who found there was not enough scandal on earth to suit his taste, or to employ his energy, they also demanded the recall of Jupiter.

They sought the exiled god, and they found him lying on his back at a watering place on the shores of the Mediterranean, throwing pebbles into the sea.

"Sire," said Mercury, "they insist on recalling you."

"I thought they would," was all Jupiter answered.

"Why, my dear," said Juno, "what have you been doing all this time? I have been in Paris, expecting you to join me every day."

"Have you?" replied her rude spouse. "You would have had to wait a long time. I have been employing my leisure moments in reflecting on the errors of my past life; and as a proof of the sincerity of my reformation, I intend to divorce you as soon as I get back again to Olympus."

"What?" cried the astonished Juno.

"I mean what I say—henceforth I have done with your sex—I intend to establish celibacy in heaven."

"Then I'll be——" began Juno.

"You need not finish, my dear—don't come back—I can spare you;" and, jumping lightly on to Mercury's back, he was soon in Olympus.

He was met at the threshold of the palace by a dejected-looking being with a carpet bag, in whom he recognized the late President, Marcus Antonius Smith.

"Well, my good fellow, you have had a short reign."

"My liege, we have; the people—curse them!—are fickle knaves."

"Yes, my dear fellow, they are; but that is not the cause of your failure."

"No! what is then?"

"When I offered to give you Omnipotence, you forgot, my excellent Smith, to ask me for Omniscience. Good day!"

THE END.

MUSICAL BELL(E)S.—There are many kinds of bells and belles. For instance, there are *dumb* bells, but, we think, very few dumb belles. Lately, however, we have come across some belles who make very good use of dumb bells at Madame Brenner's Gymnasium for Ladies, at Bruton street, Bond street. At this establishment we find a number of young ladies practising a variety of calisthenic exercises, to the time of music, as played by their fair instructress, and which will tend to strengthen them in *physique*, and add to the beauty of their figures, while it will also teach them the utter absurdity of tight lacing. Many bells, and all belles, are intended for ringing, and we feel certain that golden rings will be rendered much nearer the grasp of those belles whose cheeks bloom with health conduced by exercise.

SOEMTHING LIKE AN "ALARMING SACRIFICE."

RETRENCHMENT is still the order of the day at the Admiralty; but it is somewhat questionable whether the means used by Mr. Childers to secure a reduction on next year's Navy Estimates are sensible or indeed honest. It is all very well to dismiss clerks, and pension heads of departments when their services can be dispensed with; but to sell the very ships of the Navy as old timber for a few paltry hundreds of pounds is a measure of which we believed even Mr. Childers incapable. However, we were wrong, as the following list of ships, sold by auction at Lloyd's a few days back, proves :—

The *Thais*, paddle-wheel tank-ship, 310 tons	£775
The *Sharpshooter*, screw-sloop, 503 tons	1675
The *Wasp*, screw-sloop	2500
The *Miranda*, screw-sloop, 1039 tons	2550
The *Niger*, screw-sloop, 1072 tons	4000
The *Emerald*, screw-frigate, 2913 tons	9000
The *Coronation*, 71 tons	75
The *Plym*, 76 tons	95
	£20670

Of course, Mr. Childers will tell us that these ships were wooden vessels, and no longer fit for service in Her Majesty's Navy; but, granting this, we question much if they need have been got rid of in this reckless and haphazard manner. That ships, which must have cost actually millions of money within the last fifteen or eighteen years, should be knocked down by the auctioneer for some twenty thousand pounds looks very unlike economy. The ships might, surely, have been made useful in the service for a dozen purposes : but even supposing that such was not the case, it is simply ridiculous that half a fleet should be "given away," as probably the auctioneer expressed it, simply to add an item to Mr. Childers's list of retrenchments. Let us hope the matter will be remembered when Parliament meets.

AN UNSWALLOWED BAIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports in the Tory press, the "Great Conservative Banquet" at Belfast seems to have been a dismal failure. Although covers were laid for 500 persons, not 300 sat down at table. If a cause cannot find 500 sympathizers willing to eat a good dinner gratis, it must indeed be at its last gasp, so we may fairly assume that Conservatism in the north of Ireland is in a bad way. Such being the case, it is scarcely worth the while of the Conservative newspapers so to falsify facts as to attempt to create an impression that the party is gaining strength in Belfast, when really it is languishing beyond hope of regeneration. Facts speak for themselves, and are stubborn things, as stubborn indeed as Belfast Liberals, who, we are glad to see, are not to be fed into venturing into the enemy's camp.

COLUMNS OF SMOKE.

EVEN at the present dull season, when the Suez Canal is opened and done with, the Œcumenical Council has turned out a barren topic, and there is actually "nothing in the papers," we protest that the "Granville Ball" should be thrust upon the public as something, if not important, at least interesting. It is neither one nor the other. An hotel was opened at Ramsgate, we believe, this summer, and a new dancing room has now been attached to it; but because the Ramsgate tradesmen have danced and made merry when their town is empty, and they have had nothing better to do, it is absurd that a whole column of large type in more than one of the daily newspapers should be devoted to chronicling their proceedings. One paper actually takes Lord Granville to task for not having graced the assembly with his presence, and insists that as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it was his duty to have opened the ball. His Lordship who is proverbially the politest of men, instead of, in the first instance, refusing to associate his name with the proceedings, actually put himself to the trouble of sending an excuse to the effect that a meeting of the Cabinet detained him in town. The excuse was unanimously voted insufficient; and at the present moment Lord Granville is the most unpopular man—in Ramsgate. But we must cease, or we shall be falling into the absurdity for which we blame our contemporaries.

BLACK SHEEP AT WOOLWICH.

WHATEVER the enemies of the Duke of Cambridge may say, His Royal Highness certainly takes a straightforward and practical course when real abuses come under his personal notice. Indeed, he sets a good example to his superior officer at the War Office, who is ever half-hearted in rooting out a scandal, however glaring and objectionable it may be. It seems that for some time past it has been the habit of certain tradesmen at Woolwich to supply goods to the Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, and even to lend them money, without the consent of their parents. To put a stop to so disgraceful a custom, the Duke of Cambridge has just issued a circular, wherein the tradesmen are condemned as obtaining money under false pretences, and the parents and guardians are strictly enjoined not to pay any debt contracted by the Woolwich Cadets without their sanction. This solution of the difficulty does equal credit to the Duke's integrity and common sense. It is clearly unfair that parents should suffer because their children are enticed into the wiles of a band of harpies, who disgrace the name of tradesmen, and it is right that these people should be punished to the fullest extent possible. This might mean Cold-bath Fields and the treadmill; but failing the action of the criminal law reaching them, we can only hope that the loss of their money will have the effect of clearing Woolwich of a class of usurers, not the less despicable because they transact business only on a small scale, and choose children only for their victims.

THE DUCHESS D'AUMALE.

TOMAHAWK is grieved to report the death of the Duchess d'Aumale. Of a noble but unfortunate family, she forgot her own misfortunes in relieving those of others. She and her husband formed a pair such as Royalty very rarely produces. It was neither their rank nor their unmerited reverses that won for them the respect and affection of all who knew them, of whatever creed or party; it was the unfeigned benevolence of their characters, a simple genuine kindness which made the recipient of their bounty forget the rank of the giver. The Duke d'Aumale has in his bereavement the hearts and sympathies of all who have seen in the exiled Princes and Princesses of the House of Orleans, a constant but unobtrusive example of well-doing, which many reigning monarchs might do well to copy. It is true that neither pretentious fiascos, nor sanguinary *coups d'état*, adorn the memoirs of the present House of Orleans, but in them Royalty is not the less respected because it is not associated with futile ambition or successful cruelty.

SCARCELY AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

ON the 1st of January the new Cab Act is to come into force. There will then be complete free trade in cabs and carriages, and each vehicle may charge whatever it pleases, provided the fares are painted conspicuously on its panels. It is early yet to say how the new *régime* will answer, but as the leading principle of the Act is, that all classes of conveyances suitable for all classes of people shall be free to ply for hire, we may assume that the future tariff will include the following descriptions of vehicles :—

	£	s.	d.
Hackney Drag, licensed to carry seventeen people outside, four horses, per hour	4	4	0
Hackney Barouche, wigged coachman, and footman with calves and hair-powder complete, per hour	1	1	0
Hackney Broughams, dark green, with high-stepping horse, per hour	0	10	6
All others	0	5	0
Hackney Coaches, various, from, per hour . .	0	2	6
Hansoms, ditto, from. per hour	0	2	0
Hackney Carts, ditto, on Sundays only, from, per hour	0	0	9
Hackney Wheelbarrows, per hour	0	0	2

Of whatever convenience or inconvenience to the public the new Cab Act may prove, it cannot be gainsaid that it will open a new and wide field for competition. If our anticipations are correct, on the 1st of January next its effect, to quote a fashionable contemporary, will be "novel and pleasing."

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 138.] *LONDON, DECEMBER* 25, 1869. [Price Twopence.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

At this time of year it is usual and it is right to put forward a plea for the poor. Nearly all the upper and middle class are enjoying themselves in some way or another, and their enjoyment cannot be decreased by the feeling that those, whose lot is to be miserable, are less miserable than they were.

It is remarkable that at this season a movement should be daily gathering strength, which indicates a more broad and intelligent appreciation of the poverty and distress so plentiful in London, than any which has taken place since the establishment of this Journal. We allude to the Society for Charitable Relief and the Suppression of Mendicity, which has within the last month become a recognized institution of this vast city. We know of no organization so promising, or based on such sound principles, at least to those who can perceive the value of discrimination in benevolence, and who can appreciate the great want of any centralization in our numerous private charities, and their lack of definite purpose. The defects of our present Poor Law can never be effectually brought before Parliament except by the agency of some Association like this, which shall present the results of practical and extensive experience to prove the inefficiency of the present law, and at the same time shall be able to point out, definitely and forcibly, the reforms which are required.

The object of this Association is to prevent indiscriminate almsgiving by establishing a Committee of the inhabitants of each of the metropolitan parishes, who shall be in communication with the Poor-Law Officials, with the Police, and with the various Metropolitan Charities, and last, not least, with the central Committee of the Association. These Committees distribute, gratis, amongst the householders of the various parishes tickets, which are to be given instead of money to every beggar or other person applying for relief; these tickets entitle the recipient to no relief, but simply to an inquiry into his or her case, and, if it be found a genuine case of distress, it will be dealt with according to its nature; that is to say, if the case be in the province of the Poor-Law Guardians, it will be sent to them; if it belongs to any particular charity, it will be sent to them; if it is a case for private benevolence, it will be relieved in the most judicious and effectual way by the local Committee of the Association. Every precaution will be taken against imposture and fraud. We cannot lay too great a stress on this fact. It is hopeless for any individual to try and detect the innumerable impostors which daily present themselves to him in the garb of genuine distress. It is impossible to calculate the amount of moral evil, that is perpetrated by the system of relieving all cases of apparent penury, and starvation, without ascertaining whether they are deserving of relief. We entreat all who have the opportunity to give to this Association their heartiest support, if they can give it nothing else.

We know that many objections will be made to this system of relieving distress. First, there will be the old cry about centralization—that is a favourite bogy of your genuine obstructive. We have one very good instance of centralization among us—the Post Office. It is the most successful department of the State. What would it be were it decentralized?—if every parish were allowed to manage its own postal conveyance? Again, the family is a more homely instance of centralization. In one of the early numbers of this Journal, we illustrated the absurdity which would arise from the introduction of self-government into a family, under which every individual might order his or her own dinner. The fact is, that centralization is a bugbear in the minds of the English, because they know it exists in France, and they know also that France is not politically free. But the fact is, that centralization means nothing more than the most perfect organization with a view to gaining economy and effectuality. It is compatible with the truest liberty, that wherever the Government has its chief seat, it may be conducted on principles determined upon by the governed; and those principles are more likely to be faithfully adhered to by a central administration, than by a number of independent governing bodies excessively difficult to control, and each asserting its independence against the other, without any regard for the general interest.

Another objection against this Association is the fear that exists in the minds of some sincerely benevolent people that harshness is intended towards the poor wretches who beg in the streets. These people cannot bear to be restrained from giving spasmodic relief to any shivering, scantily clothed woman or child, or to any starved-looking man who may appeal to their soft hearts. But let these persons consider the harm they do by their thoughtless almsgiving. Let them consider the necessity of severity in dealing with these cases. True, it touches one's feelings to see a creature in rags, barefooted, limping along on a cold winter's day while one's own self is well wrapped up, and when this creature tells us it has not tasted food for the last twelve hours, and one knows one is going home to an ample dinner by a comfortable fireside. It is easy in such a case to put one's hand into one's pocket and find a shilling. It costs one very little trouble, and it adds a pleasant flavour of self-approbation to one's own meals. But if one would look behind the windows of some house in that same street, which the

barefooted beggar was pacing, one might see, very likely, uncomplaining women and men toiling on against hope, working their thin fingers to the bone, and suffering, in silence, agonies more real and more terrible than those of the begging impostor. By giving to these professional vagrants and thieves,—for they are nothing else,—you divert money from deserving objects, for no one can afford to give more than a certain quantity in charity, and if he gives more than he can afford he does a wrong to those dependent on him, or to his creditors. It is possible to retain the tenderest sentiments of benevolence, but, by an exercise of manly self-control, to see that one's actual gifts are not productive of misery and injustice, and that they do not tend to increasing the despair of the conscientious, and the industrious, while they encourage the hope of the reckless and the idle.

But the greatest good that we may fairly hope will spring out of this movement is the union of all sects and classes in the cause of true charity. There can be no greater blessing to humanity than anything which diminishes the bitter hostilities of those various sections of Christianity, which constitute the different religious denominations in this country; to see the members of these denominations heartily joining together to oppose the powers of evil, and misery, which hold such terrible sway over many parts of this great city, does more good to the cause of true religion than all the sermons ever preached. The blindness of prejudice, and the virulence of sectarian animosity are constantly crippling the desire, and the power, to do good to their fellow-creatures, which we believe nearly all men to possess. We sincerely trust that the Association to which we have alluded may, among the other good objects which it bids fair to effect, effect also this: that all Christians, whatever they call themselves, may be firmly knit together heart to heart, and hand to hand, in doing as much good as they can, and as wisely as they can.

THE SUEZ NOTES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, DEC. 17, 1869.

IN my last I told you that we were getting our company together as fast as we possibly could, and that our efforts had resulted in several satisfactory engagements, including the purchase of one or two first-class wild beasts. I think I closed my letter at the very moment of the arrival of one of them,—a hyena. I have now to add that we both are thoroughly convinced that any attempt to introduce this brute into an entertainment is hopeless. Nothing seems to pacify it, and it appears to have no domestic instincts. Its bite, too, is of a most dangerous character, and delivered with a smiling countenance, a loud and hearty laugh invariably accompanying a lacerating wound. When most merry its purpose is most deadly, and its amiable aspect is a mere decoy to induce the unsuspecting to approach and pat its head. This, however, should *never* be attempted, *under any circumstances*, as I can vouch for from the experience of the last few days. Indeed, I regret to say that we have had some fearful accidents with it in the hotel already, it having severely injured several of the waiters, and on one occasion attacked a feeble old Scotch gentleman, who is on his way to Egypt for his health. I am for killing it at once, but Spagmore says it would be such a good thing if we could only get it to England He does not seem to care about using it for the circus, but wants to play a practical joke with it on some friends in Yorkshire. He wants it to arrive in a hamper on Christmas morning, labelled "GAME. *With the Emperor of Morocco's compliments*," and he says that then they will be sure to open it upstairs among all the guests. He thinks the fun will be splendid, and he would like to be hidden somewhere and "see them all run for it." I confess I do *not* wish to keep the hyena, but at the same time I think that *this* is scarcely the way to get rid of it. It must lead to a very unpleasant coolness between Spagmore and his Yorkshire friend. He seems, however, bent upon having what he calls "*his joke*" out.

DEC. 18, 9 *a.m.*

I thought so. The landlord has just come to say he will stand it no longer. The hyena escaped yesterday afternoon, and, after keeping the whole house in a state of alarm for seven hours, was discovered, the last thing at night, in bed in Number 27. The room belonged to an Italian count, who had just put on his nightcap when he made the discovery. He has refused to pay his bill, and I hear is going to call me out.

* * * * * * *

I have had an awful row with the landlord, and I have told him to send in the bill at once. Spagmore says that we ought not to knock under in this fashion, and that a hyena is not a bit worse than a parcel of children, and that they have no right to object to it. He says, too, I ought, for the honour of my nationality, to stay and fight the Italian count if he insists on it.

* * * * * * * *

The landlord has just brought in the bill. It is really so monstrous that I send it you as it is, and mean to copy it out for the *Times*, as an instance of the grossest Eastern imposition:—

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

Le Numero 21

A M. ABDOUL YAHASSAN.

	fr.	c.
POUR MONSIEUR—		
7 days logement at 10 fr.	70	0
7 „ room	21	0
Bougie	3	0
Service	10	50
	106	50
POUR M. LE BETE—		
5 days' logement	50	0
5 „ room	10	0
Bougie	3	0
Service	130	0
Dinners (extra)	72	50
Bains (and 27 towels and 2 flesh brushes swallowed)	115	50
15 bottles of Eau de Seltz (broken in a skirmish)	7	50
Turban taken from No. 2	9	50
A set of chessmen, Foot-stool, Box of cigars, Leg of arm-chair, 2 glass decanters, 5 wines to match, Coal-scuttle — Eaten on the night of the 17th	102	50
27 pairs of boots and shoes, left outside the doors of various rooms on the night of the 15th (*all more or less damaged*)	290	0
Medical attendance for servants bitten between the 14th and 18th inclusive	192	0
Expenses of legal advice taken in reference to the conduct of the Italian count	6	80
General breakage and damage	27	50

AN ALARMING THREAT.

IT is reported that in case the two departments of the army, the Horse Guards and the War Office, are amalgamated, the Duke of Cambridge will not submit to the indignity of being placed under the Secretary of State for War, and will resign. We hope in the interests of the public that there is no truth in the rumour, for the results would be indeed deplorable. In the first place we should be having some such officer as Sir William Mansfield, Lord Napier of Magdala, or Sir Henry Storks for Commander-in-Chief; in the second place, the close relationship of the Royal family with the military administration would be cut off; and, thirdly, the exchequer would actually be the gainer by ten thousand a year. The contingencies are too awful to contemplate.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Essays. By LEIGH HUNT. London: John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly.

WE suppose the recent erection of a monument to Leigh Hunt at Kensal Green Cemetery has suggested the idea of republishing his contributions to the *Indicator*. Whatever, however, may have been the cause of the appearance, in a cheap form, of some of the essayist's neat, pleasant chapters, they are equally welcome. One now-a-days reads so much rubbish which sets itself up for high-class literature, that it is quite refreshing to con over a series of articles which, besides the intrinsic value of the material of which they are composed, are written in a style at once English, vigorous, and scholarly. The paper on "Thieves, Ancient and Modern," is the sort of article which is just now quite out of date. It tells us, perhaps, what we already know, and has nothing of the original or sensational about it; but it is none the less a model which writers of the present hour might adopt with much advantage to themselves, and still more to their readers. In fact, this little volume may not only be read with enjoyment, but with profit by all classes, from authors upwards.

PROTECTION.

To TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—I appeal to you as a well-known organ of Protection, as one of the foremost champions of effete principles, to dissipate by your powerful pen the prevalent misconception that the opponents of Free Trade are unreasonable in their antagonism to it, or hazy and inconsistent in their demands. I refer with a just pride to the proceedings of our large meetings, especially those recently held at Birmingham and Manchester, in illustration of our unity and harmony of aim, proceedings which must convince the most prejudiced opponent that our action is based upon reason and springs from common sense.

The following may be taken as a hasty summary of our opinions:—We concede that Free Trade is better than Protection—this trifling concession of detail must not, however, be constantly flourished in our faces, as if it were of any importance in the controversy. Our great point is that Free Trade ought to be reciprocal. If it is not, we wish French imports to be saddled with as high preventive duties as those which are placed on English imports into France. Any person who infers from this that we think such preventive duties are not in themselves an evil is a fool. Of course they are; but such persons lose sight of the spirit of contradiction which animates the French nation. When they see us spiting ourselves, by paying more than we need for what we consume, they will at once cease punishing themselves by the same suicidal process, and take off the restrictions they have imposed on our trade.

As has been well shown at Manchester, the evils arising from the excess of imports over exports must be removed. It is quite true that the more we import the more we gain, apart from any connection with exports; but, say what men like, self-sacrifice is repelling rather than catching; if, therefore, we limit our imports, it is obvious that other nations will see their own interests, and cease to limit theirs.

The nonsense about Trades' Unions interfering with production must not be tolerated. A law prohibiting such irritating statements should be introduced. A society for stimulating Trades' Unions in other countries should also be instituted.

Entre nous, the sooner we abolish Free Trade altogether, the better.

Your obedient servant,
VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM.

A GLEAM OF CONSCIENCE.

MR. CHILDERS is, we hope, reforming himself at last. It seems that during his recent inspection of the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, of which he is a governor, a memorial was handed to him from the half-pay officers studying there, complaining of the wretched accommodation given to them, and asking for quarters befitting their age and rank. Mr. Childers on this visited the rooms set apart for the students (which, by the way, are arranged something after the fashion of second-class public baths and wash-houses), and for once in his life "expressed his surprise," promising the best efforts of the Board of Admiralty for devising a remedy for the grievance. It is something quite new for the retrenching First Lord of the Admiralty to admit that anyone is labouring under a real grievance; but although Mr. Childers' admirers will probably regard his act as weakness, we congratulate the right honourable gentleman on having for once shown common feeling as well as common sense. It is quite refreshing, after the shelvings, reductions, and dismissals, which have recently emanated from Whitehall, to hear that it is contemplated to do somebody some good at last.

PROFESSOR RISLEY.

A PARAGRAPH appeared in this paper on Sept. 11, inscribed by a careless hand, in an unguarded moment, which has been thought to reflect upon the character of Professor Risley. TOMAHAWK (now that he has returned to the editorial sanctum) regrets that such an interpretation should have gone abroad, the more so, as he (TOMAHAWK) has the greatest respect for the Professor, and is quite satisfied that in a recent case he (the Professor) thoroughly vindicated his title to the name of gentleman. TOMAHAWK apologises to Mr. Risley, and takes this opportunity of assuring him that he regards him with no other feelings than goodwill and esteem.

A PERIODICAL PROTEST.

ONCE again, as Christmas comes round, the London tradesmen, more especially the grocers, are becoming rabid at the success of the Civil Service Co-operative Societies. Several of our contemporaries have been publishing letters protesting against gentlemen of the Civil Service entering business, and making the usual stock suggestion, that if they find time to manage shops the Government can have but a small share of their services, and they should, therefore, be immediately ejected from their offices. Really, it is time that a stop were put to the expression of such absurdities. That the tradesmen have brought the Co-operative movement on themselves by their adherence to a system of undue profits, they must be well aware; and they should, therefore, accept the position which is of their own making. As a matter of fact, Civil Service Stores are voted rather unpleasant places than otherwise, and the tradesmen have only to be a little more equitable in their dealings to regain their lost ground.

THE BREAKS THAT DO NOT PAY.

THE Italians, certainly, make less fuss about railway accidents than we do. A short time ago, a train on the Mont Cenis line, on making the ascent of the mountain above San Martino, was obliged to back to the station for a supply of water, which was found to be exhausted. The proper precautions having not been taken, the train descended in the darkness of the night with fearful rapidity, flew off the line like a thunderbolt, and was dashed to the edge of a precipice. The *Gazetta Uffiziale*, in relating the occurrence, takes credit to the Government for the excellence of its railway arrangements on the grounds that accidents of the same kind, under the same circumstances, have only occurred three times this year at the same place. We do not know what the law of Italy may be with regard to damages for injuries received on railways, but there can be no Sheriff's Court at Florence. Perhaps, if the Mont Cenis Railway Company were mulcted to the extent of a thousand pounds or so for a black eye, or double the amount for a broken nose, the direction would consider it worth while to supply their trains with water and breaks at discretion.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—Clements, the perfumer of the Poultry, has invented a new essence, called "Honi soit qui mal y pense." This is more than scent it is *sense!*

LONDON, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

THE WEEK.

A MEETING was held in London last week to consider the proposed expenditure of a hundred millions of money in railways in India. The principal speaker—one Sir Arthur Cotton, an Indian General who is said to be up in irrigation—contended that water offered cheaper transit, and was far more useful than the iron road. How this question was ultimately settled the report did not very clearly show. One point, however, was not even touched upon; namely, where the hundred millions were to come from. But this, of course, is a matter of secondary importance.

WE congratulate Mr. Odger on his resolve to go to the poll for Southwark. Sir Francis Lycett and Sir Sydney Waterlow are very respectable men, but there are plenty of rich nonentities in the House of Commons already. Mr. Labouchere is not a nonentity, but—well, we think Mr. Odger's character stands higher than that of the ex-member for Middlesex. It is good that the intelligence of the labouring classes should be well represented, and Mr. Odger is as good a representative as could be found. He is, or we should not support his candidature, neither a brawling demagogue nor an itinerant blasphemer. Commerce has so many members in the House that honest labour might be allowed one.

IT is a pleasure one rarely has, to praise a President of the Poor-law Board thoroughly for humanity, as well as great administrative capacity. Mr. Goschen has surpassed the highest expectations of his friends, and silenced the censure of his critics, as well as the sneers of his enemies. If anything can save the Poor-law Board, his administration will. We only hope that Parliament will grant to the Board, now so ably directed, greater powers to *enforce* upon the Guardians their commands, and to punish such insolent ruffians as many of the Guardians of St. Pancras have shown themselves. Mr. Goschen has shown a decided resolve to destroy the abuses of local self-government, and he has inspired sufficient confidence to warrant the advance of centralization in Poor-law matters. He has also been nobly prominent in all attempts to procure united action, irrespective of all religious sects and class prejudices, in the treatment of this fearful evil of pauperism and its kindred social diseases, which threaten to overwhelm our country with incurable misery and decay.

WE must protest against the attempt which is being made to bully Mr. Hayman, the newly-elected Master of Rugby, out of his place. Mr. Hayman was duly and fairly elected; and the only thing alleged against him, which can possibly affect the validity of his election, is that he used testimonials given him some time ago not for the immediate purpose of the Rugby head-mastership. But surely there is nothing dishonourable or unfair in this; testimonials are always presented with regard to a man's past as well as his present career, and unless the opponents of Mr. Hayman can prove that he falsely represented those testimonials as given him for the Rugby election especially, or that the trustees thought they were (which is very improbable), or that the givers of these testimonials have since had good reason to change their opinion of Mr. Hayman, they had better hold their tongues, and not try by a paltry equivocation to conceal their party rancour under the cloak of a desire for justice. The Intellectual (!) Radicals, or, if we may so call them, "the free-thinking dogmatists," are rapidly becoming the most intolerant and bigoted of parties. Nothing can exceed the paltry narrow-mindedness of the *Spectator*, their especial organ. They remind one of spoiled children who, when they play a game and cannot win, immediately cry, "Oh, that's not fair, you're cheating!"

Proclamation.

TOMAHAWK, defender of the weak, chastiser of the cruel and the unjust, scorner of humbug, and destroyer of all abuses, hereby does give fair warning to James T. Ingham, Police Magistrate, Hammersmith Police Court:

That whereas, he, the said James T. Ingham, did, on Tuesday, the 7th of December last, sentence a little boy to three days' imprisonment and to a whipping for the offence of stealing a pair of trousers, and did, on account of the said boy exclaiming, "Hurrah! Now I shall have some Christmas pudding," or words to that effect, alter the sentence from three days to three months' imprisonment, being moved thereto by a silly conceit of his own dignity, and by vulgar resentment at the affront offered him: unless the said James T. Ingham does offer some public apology for this abuse of justice, or does amend the said sentence. TOMAHAWK doth hereby proclaim the said James T. Ingham, as a fit and proper person to be held up to ridicule and contempt by all persons, to whom the dispassionate administration of justice is dear.

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.

THE Guardian Angels of St. Pancras have been again before the public in a most advantageous light,—at an inquest held on Wednesday, the 8th inst., upon the body of an infant child, William James, who died of congestion of the brain and lungs in the nursery of St. Pancras Workhouse.

In the course of the inquiry, it came out that the engineer had been told a week ago to repair the trap of a certain drain close to the nursery door. The Master said it had been repaired; but on the engineer being called, it turned out that it had not.

Mr. Ward (the engineer) excused the neglect by saying that he had not a proper trap by him at the time.

The Coroner asked what the price of a trap was.

Mr. Ward—*About sevenpence.*

The Coroner—For the sake of sevenpence, then, the children are to be put in "danger."

And our Poor-Law officials are absolutely accused of extravagance! This pleasing little incident illustrates exactly the beauties and blessings of government by Guardian Angels. The Guardians order a thing to be done. The Master tells the engineer to do it. He never takes the trouble to ascertain whether it was done or not; but a week afterwards presumes it was done. The engineer does not do it "for the sake of sevenpence." The Guardians took for granted that what they had ordered had been done.

Again, an attempt was made to prove, by Mr. George John Parson, on behalf of himself and six other Guardians, that the smell in the nursery was caused by chloride of lime.

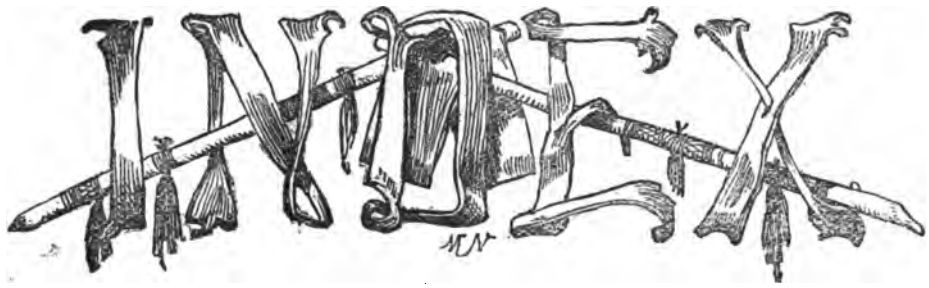
We have heard of the "Parson's nose" being a great delicacy, and we now see why. Of course, if chloride of lime presents itself to that efficient organ as equally odorous with sewage, the organ must be very delicate.

One more trait of these good men of St. Pancras came out in the course of this inquiry. A majority of the Guardians (Messrs. Smith and Chandler must be excepted) dismissed Emma Howes, a most efficient nurse, against whom *there had never been any complaint* during her fifteen months' stay in the workhouse, dismissed her without any warning, or giving her any chance of defending herself; and why? Because Emma Howes had given truthful evidence at the Coroner's Inquests.

What a pity it is that we cannot test with the lash whether the wings of our Guardian Angels are not stolen from the vulture's back. We should like to have one try.

"JOLLY CHRISTMAS!"

(DEDICATED TO THE RICH OF LONDON, WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON)



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Groes. gbg
7/2/14